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AN
GAIDHEAL;

PAIPEIR-NAIDHEACHD

AGUS

LEABHAR-SGEOIL GAIDHEALACH.

AN SIATHAMH LEABHAR.

(Aireamh 61 gu 72.)

Vol. 6
1877

> "Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
> Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."—Oisean.

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DR. MC. LAUCHLAN.

AN GAIDHEAL.

"*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein*
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."—Oisean.

VI. Leabh.] TREAS MIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1877. [61 Air.

AN T-OLLAMH MACLACHLAINN.

Chuir sinn an céill bho chionn beagan ùine gu'n robh e 'n ar rùn dealbhan cuid dheth na daoine a 's airidh agus a 's ainmeile de shlìochd nam fìor Ghàidheal a thoirt bho àm gu àm fa chomhair ar luchd-leubhaidh.

Ann an suidheachadh iomallach Tìr nam beann 's nan gleann, tha e 'n a aobhar taingealachd da rìreadh do a luchd-àiteachaidh gu 'm bheil fear agus fear r' a chomharrachadh a mach a tha ag gabhail gach cothruim air fianuis a thogail air an taobh, agus deanamh as an leth gniomh uasal an t-sàr-ghaisgeich agus an fhìor charaide: agus 'n am measg-san a tha beò an diugh, a tha a' dearbhadh le an saothairean lionmhor agus luachmhor gu 'm bheil leas aimsireil agus siorruith ar luchd-dùthcha a' laidhe dlùth r' an cridhe, 's e ar beachd nach 'eil iad ach ro ainneamh—ma tha iad idir r' am faotainn—air am bu chùbhaidhe dhuinn iomradh a dheanamh le uaill agus le urram, no a 's airidh air gu 'm biodh blàth cùbhraidh agus buaidh mhaireannach air an ainm ann an cuimhne gach mic agus nighinn a dh' ainmicheas iad fhéin air ar seann dùthaich, na an t-uasal iùlmhor a tha sinn a' toirt a dhealbh anns an àireamh so de 'n *Ghàidheal.*

Rugadh Tòmas MacLachlainn air an naodhamh latha thar fhichead de cheud mhìos na bliadhna 1816, anns a' Mhaigh, ann an siorrachd Inbhirnis, far an do shaothraich 'athair—an t-Urramach Seumas MacLachlainn—ré iomadh bliadhna.

B' i a mhàthair Catriona, ceud nighean Mhr Tòmas Friseal, Dhailchataig—bràthair Mhr Sìmon Friseal, am Farralin, Siorram Inbhirnis.

Fhuair e a' cheud earrann de 'ionnsachadh aig an tigh; agus a chum faotainn an fhòghluim fhreagarraich air son dreuchd an t-searmonaiche chaidh e a dh' Oilthigh an Rìgh an Abareadhain, far an deachaidh e troimh gach ceum de 'n chùrsa ghnàthaichte, agus ás an d' fhalbh e fodh fhalluing an àrd-sgoileir; ach a' bhliadhna m' a dheireadh de chùrsa 'fhòghluim chuir gu buil ann an Oilthigh Dhunéideann fodh theagasg an Diadhaire mhóir *Chalmers.*

Chaidh barantas searmonachaidh a thoirt dha anns a' bhliadhna 1837, le Cléir Inbhirnis; agus air dha saoithreachadh beagan mhìosan ann an Deimhidh, chaidh a shuidheachadh ann an sgìreachd na Maighe air an naodhamh latha deug de cheathramh mìos na bliadhna 1838, 'n a chomhoibriche maille ri 'athair, agus—na 'm b' e a b' fhaide saoghal—gu tighinn a stigh 'n a àite. Anns an sgìreachd sin shaothraich e gu dìleas, agus le mór thaitneas do 'n choimhthional, gus an do thachair Dealachadh na h-Eaglais.

Aig an àm dheuchainneach sin thilg am ministeir òg a chrannchur 'n am measg-san a thug thairis an dàimh ris an Eaglais, a thaobh a suidheachaidh fodh'n Lagh aimsireil.

Air tachairt dha a bhi 'n a bhall de 'n Ard-Sheanadh air a' bhliadhna 1843, bha e air àireamh na buidhinn a chuir, ann an Dunéideann, an ainm ris an Fhianuis-Dhealachaidh agus ris an Fhianuis-Liùbhairt; ach bu bheag sin am measg nan saothairean a rinn àite urramach a chosnadh dha am measg priomh luchd-togail na h-Eaglaise Saoire.

Air a' bhliadhna 'n a dhéigh sin, chaidh ' atharrachadh gu coimhthional Srath-Fharragaig, laimh ri Loch-Nis; far an do fhritheil e anns gach dleasannas a bhuineadh do dhreuchd an aodhaire le mòr eud agus aonfhillteachd rùin, troimh an d' thàinig beothachadh agus fàs a bha ion-chomharraichte air cor spioradail na sgìreachd. Araon mar shearmonaiche deas, agus mar fhear-teagaisg soisgeulach, bha 'ainm aig an àm sin iomraiteach anns gach ceàrn de 'n tìr; agus air luachmhorachd a shaothairean ann an leas coitchionn na h-Eaglais chaidh fianuis cho urramach a thoirt 's gu 'n deach a chur anns a bhliadhna 1846 'n a fhear-teachdaireachd bho 'n Eaglais Shaoir do *Chanada*, an *America* mu thuath. Anns an dùthaich sin dh' fhuirich e air chuairt ré sheachd mìosan, a' toirt brosnachaidh, seòlaidh, agus misneachaidh, ann a bhi a' cur air chois eaglaisean, sgoilean, agus meadhonan maitheasach eile, am measg a luchd-dùthcha, air feadh farsuinneachd na Mòr-roinne sin.

Ann an earrach na bliadhna 1849, chaidh a ghairm do Eaglais Shaoir Ghàidhealaich Dhunéideann, gu coimhthional aig nach robh, aig an àm, am measg an coimhearsnach, ach seasamh ìosal araon ann an àireamh agus ann an crannchur; ach air an d' thàinig fàs fodh 'aodhaireachd-san gu ìre an àite fhéin a sheasamh gu cothromach; tigh-aoraidh eireachdail a chur suas dhaibh féin; tigh-còmhnuidh snasail a thogail do 'n mhinisteir; agus gach tigh dhiubh a shaoradh bho fhiachan.

Anns an tigh-aoraidh sin—do 'n d' thugadh mar ainm, Eaglais Shaor Challuim-Chille—anns an suidh mìle pearsa, agus anns nach 'eil aon suidheachan gun urra, tha e gus an diugh ag cur an céill fìrinnean Soisgeil na saorsa do choimhthional soirbheasach, agus aig am bheil fìor spéis da mar am fear-iùil spioradail.

Air a' bhliadhna air an d' thàinig e do Dhunéideann thòisich e air teagasg a thoirt seachad ann an rian-cainnte agus ann am modh-labhairt na Gàidhlig, do bhuidhinn dheth na sgoileirean Gàidhealach a bha an ceann am fòghluim ann an Oilthighean a' bhaile; agus rinn e dorus fosgailte thuice do gach fear—a dh' Eaglais Shaoir no a dh' Eaglais eile —leis am bu toil a frithealadh. Tha e a' teagasg a leithid sin de bhuidhinn a nis bho chionn sheachd bliadhna fichead, gu saor-thoileach, gun phrìs gun phàidheadh, ach sàr-bhuidheachas agus deadhghean luchd sealbhachaidh na sochair: agus cha 'n ann ainminig a chualas caochladh dhiubh fhéin, air an dara laimh a' toirt luaidh air doimhneachd eòlais am fir-teagaisg urramaich air gach meur de sheann chànan agus de sheann eachdraidh nan Gàidheal; agus air an laimh eile, a' toirt fianuis air luachmhorachd a' mheadhoin sin do na fòghlumaich Ghàidhealach, ann a bhi a' toirt beothachaidh do an ùigh ann an eachdraidh an luchd-dùthcha; a' toirt farsuinneachaidh do an eòlas air an litreachas; agus 'g an cur ann an cothrom an seann chànan math Gàidhealach a labhairt agus a sgrìobhadh le blasdachd agus le pongalachd.

A thaobh an fharsuinneachd eòlais a thaisbean e a bhi aige mar so air eachdraidh na sean-aimsir, agus a fhuair aire spéiseil bho dhaoine fòghlumte, chaidh a dheanamh anns a' bhliadhna 1856, 'n a bhall de Chomunn nan Arsaidhearan; agus tha e nis fad àireamh bhliadhnaichean 'n a aon de Chinn-riaghlaidh a' Chomuinn fhòghluimte sin. Sgrìobh e air an son-san caochladh òraidean Beurla a tha 'cur soluis air eachdraidh na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh. Dhiubh sin tha trì òraidean gu h-àraid: "*On the Dean of Lismore's Gaelic Manuscript;*" "*On Standing Stones in the Ross of Mull;*" "*On the Kymric Element in the Topography of Scotland:*" a chaidh a chlo-bhualadh, agus a tha r' am faotainn ann an Leabhar-eachdraidh a' Chomuinn.

Anns a' bhliadhna 1858, chaidh "Am Fear-tachaich Mìosail" a thoirt dha r' a eadar-theangachadh bho 'n Bheurla; agus air an leabhran sin tha e bho mhìos gu mìos 'n a eadar-theangair gus an latha 'n diugh.

Ach gu beachd cothromach fhaotainn air òirdhearcas fòghluim, agus fiosrachaidh, agus foghainteachd inntinn an duine urramaich so, feumaidh sinn amharc air gach cuideachadh luachmhor eile a rinn e ri litreachas ar dùthcha anns na leabhraichean a sgrìobh e, agus an lorg an deachaidh tiodal Ollaimh (*LL.D.*) a thoirt dha, anns a' bhliadhna 1864, le Oilthigh Abareadhain. Am measg nan leabhraichean sin, a thuilleadh air cuid de shearmonan a sgrìobh e, gheibh sinn iad so: (1.) *Way to God;* leabhran anns am bheil an aon slighe gu ar n-Athair neamhaidh air a deanamh soilleir dhuinn anns an Eadar-mheadhonair. (2.) *The Early Scottish Church;* leabhar anns am bheil eachraidh eaglaiseil na-h-Alba ré dhà cheud deug bliadhna bho àm nan Abstol, air a cur sios ann an cainnt dheas, dhìrich, shoilleir, agus le cothromachd beachd, air an deachaidh iomradh spéiseil a dheanamh le caochladh a dh-àrd-sgoileirean araon aig an tigh 's ann an dùthchannan céin. (3.) *Book of the Dean of Lismore;* leabhar de sheann òrain Ghàidhlig, a chaidh ath-sgrìobhadh leis-san araon ann an Gàidhlig an leabhair as an d'thug e iad, agus ann an Gàidhlig an latha 'n diugh, agus mar an ceudna a dh'eadar-theangaich e gu Beurla. Tha e dlùth air ceithir cheud bliadhna bho chaidh an leabhar-sgrìobhte as an d'thug e iad a sgrìobhadh le Deadhan Lismór; agus bha an leabhar air fàs cho luideagach, agus an sgrìobhadh agus litreachadh nam facal cho eadardhealaichte bho Ghàidhlig an latha 'n diugh, 's nach b' obair shoirbh idir seadh a thoirt as. Ach an déigh anabarr saoithreach, chaidh na sgrìobhaidhean a dheanamh a mach leis gu cothromach; agus an leabhar 'ath-sgrìobhadh agus eadar-theangachadh mar a dh' ainmich sinn.

Air doimhneachd an eòlais agus a' bhreithneachaidh a rinn an leabhar sin a dheasachadh chaidh luaidh urramach mar an ceudna a dheanamh le daoine fòghluimte am fad 's am fagus. (4.) *Carswell's Prayer Book;* leabhar a rinn e ath-sgrìobhadh bho 'n cheud leabhar Gàidhlig a chaidh riamh a chlobhualadh; agus a bha air fàs cho tearc 's nach robh robhas ach air aon dhiubh eadar dà cheann na rioghachd. (5.) Dàna Oisein; air an sgrìobhadh ann an co-chumadh ri Gàidhlig an latha 'n diugh. (6.) *Celtic Gleanings;* leabhar anns am bheil ceithir òraidean air eachdraidh agus litreachas nan Gaidheal, a thug e seachad a réir iartais àireimh a dh' Ard-luchd-teagaisg agus a dh' fhòghlumaich Dhunéideann, agus anns am bheil beachdan tùrail air an toirt, agus laimhseachadh cothromach air a dheanamh air caochladh cheistean a tha buintinn ri cainnt agus eachdraidh ar luchd-dùthcha.

Chaidh na leabhraichean sin a sgrìobhadh leis bho chaidh a shuidheachadh ann an Dunéideann. Sgrìobh e mar ann ceudna caochladh de leabhranan fiùghail eile air nach 'eil àite againn anns an iomradh aithghearr so gu 'bhi 'toirt cunntais.

Ach ged a thàinig an t-Ollamh MacLachlainn gus a chòmhnuidh a bhi aige, mar so, am measg Ghall an taoibh-deas, cha do chuir e riamh cùl dearmadach ri Gàidheil an taoibh-tuath. Is àrd araon ann an àireamh agus ann an òirdhearcas na fianuisean a tha ag cur na fìrinn sin an céill; ach is lionmhor bonn-dearbhaidh, sean agus ùr, a tha r' a fhaotainn oirre gu sònraichte air feadh tir-mór agus eileanan ar dùthcha; agus a bhios air latha 's fhaide 'mach na 'n latha 'n diugh 'n a chàrn-cuimhne seasmhach air beothalachd agus buadhmhorachd a dhàimh ri treubh agus tìr agus teangaidh sliochd nan Gàidheal.

Araon air suidheachadh a luchd-dùthcha ann an coitchiontas, agus air cor ìosal agus aimbeairteach cuid àraid dhiubh, fhuair e sàr-fhiosrachadh troimh lionmhorachd nan turusan air an deachaidh e air chuairt 'n am measg; agus anns an ùigh spéiseil a ghabh e 'n an leas, cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach do rinn "an camadh 's a' chrannchur" aca iomadh latha iomguin agus doilgheis a chosnadh d' a spiorad, mar a choisinn e d' a bhodhaig iomadh latha buinntreidh agus allabain air muir 's air tìr, a ghabh e os laimh gun ghruaman, agus air an robh cuid againn fianuiseach uair 'us uair. Ach is fìrinn e a 's geal còir air a h-aithris, gur ann mar thoradh air a chomh-fhaireachduinn r' an cor, agus le còmhnadh a shaothairean gaisgeil agus féin-àicheil as an leth, a chaidh mór-àireamh a chur air chois dheth na h-eaglaisean agus dheth na sgoilean a chuireadh suas air feadh fearainn na Gàidhealtachd bho bhliadhna an Dealachaidh. Agus tha e 'n a aobhar toileachaidh a bhi 'toirt an aire, ri uchd gach deuchainn, agus a dh'aindeoin nàduir agus cudthruim gach duilgheadais ris am bheil aige gu tric ri connsachadh, ann a bhi 'cur air adhart leas a luchd-dùthcha, nach d'thàinig fhathasd neul fannachaidh no sgìtheachaidh air ann an earrainn seach earrainn dheth a shaothairean.

An car meud agus eug-samhlachd nan saothairean sin, a thuilleadh air seirbhisean cudthromach a dhreuchd mar Fhear-gairm Comuinn-Gàidhealtachd na h-Eaglaise Saoire, 's e ar beachd gur doirbh fear eile r'a lorg, a chaith a liuthad bliadhna dheth a bheatha ris ann a bhi 'cur air adhart leas coitchionn luchd-àiteachaidh Tìr nam beann 's nan gleann; ag agradh an còraichean fhéin dhaibh bho luchd-riaghlaidh; a deanamh chàirdean fiùghail dhaibh far nach robh càirdean aca; a' solar cobhrach dhaibh ann an àm teinn; agus cha 'n e mhàin a' faicinn eaglaisean agus sgoilean air an cur suas far an robh am feumalachd soilleir do 'n t-sluagh, ach—mar léigh a leigheas tinneis mharbhteich air nach b' fhiosrach an duine tinn gus an deach a leigheas—'n a mheadhon, air uairean, air a bhi 'buintinn sail dhorcha an aineolais a sùilean sluaigh aig nach robh mothachadh air dorchadas an suidheachaidh, gus an do bhris solus an eòlais a steach orra, agus an d'thug boillsgeadh a ghathan araon geur-shealladh agus geur-fhaireachduinn dhaibh air saidhleireadh an aineolais. Agus an car nam meadhonan prìseil sin, tha e fìor gur ann le còmhnadh a dhian-shaothairean as an leth a tha iad bho bhliadhna gu bliadhna air an cumail suas; agus an cuideachadh buadhmhor sin 'g a thoirt do 'n ullachadh choitchionn a chum dà chraoibh an eòlais aimsireil agus an eòlais spioradail a bhi a' doimhneachadh am freumhan, agus a' sgaoileadh an geugan òirdhearc, torach, air feadh cheàrnan iomallach agus ainniseach ar tìre.

Mar fhianuis air àrd-mheas na h-Eaglais air fhéin, air fhòghlum, agus air a shaothairean lionmhor agus eug-samhuil anns an fhionlios, chaidh a dheanamh, air a' bhliadhna a chaidh seachad 'n a Cheann-suidhe Ard-Sheanaidhnah-Eaglais—an t-urram a b' àirde a bha 'n a comus a chur air; agus urram a 's geal a choisinn e.

Anns an iomradh aithghearr so cha 'n 'eil àite againn gu luaidh a dheanamh air iomadh ni eile a tha 'toirt fianuis air deadh-chliù an duine urramaich so—gabhaidh tuilleadh ceartais a thoirt da sin leis an fhear a sgrìobhas eachdraidh a bheatha bho cheann gu ceann—agus anns an dòchas nach do rugadh am fear sin fhathasd, bheir sinn an t-iomradh so gu crìch le 'bhi ag guidhe gu 'm bi an t-Ollamh urramach air a chaomhnadh fada, gu bhi a' mealtainn na fìor spéise agus an àrd-chliù a tha ag cuartachadh'ainm am fad 's am fagus, mar dhuine air an do bhuilicheadh buadhan òirdhearc, a fhuair eòlas àrd-inbheach agus farsuinn, agus a chuir fhòghlum agus fhiosrachadh gu deadh bhuil; mar shearmonaiche deas agus soisgeulach; mar àrd-sgoileir Gàidhlig; agus mar fhear-dùthcha taiceil; agusgu'm bi cothrom buan air a thoirt do Ghoill 's do Ghàidheil a bhi a' mealtainn a làthaireachd agus a shaothairean maitheasach.

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SAILM.

[A chuir t- Urramach D. B. Blair, an Canada, h-ugainn mar shamhuilt air an iomlan de "Shailm Dhaibhidh," a chuir e 'an eagar as ùr.]

SALM XIX.

1 Na speuran foillsichidh glòir Dhé,
'San t-athar feuchaidh gniomh a làmh;
2 Tha là do là ag innseadh sgeòil,—
Us oidhche dh'oidhch' bheir eòlas àrd.

3 *Cha-n 'eil uirigioll, cha-n 'eil cainnt,
Us cha-n 'eil briathran annta féin,
Cha chluinnear fòs an guth-san shuas.
4 Ach chaidh am fuaim a mach mar théis

Air feadh na talmhainn uile bhos,
'S am briathran chaidh fad as an céin
Gu crìch an domhain. Annta chuir
E paillinn urramach do 'n ghrein.

5 Tha 'n neach ud mar fhear-bainnse teachd
A mach a sheòmar maiseach féin,
Ag éirigh suas gu h-aoibhinn ait
Mar ghaisgeach a chum ruith na réis.

6 A' dol a mach o chrich nan speur,
Mu 'n cuairt gu 'n criochaibh céin gun tàmh;
'S cha-n fholaichear bho theas na grèin,
Aon ni sa' chruinne-chè a tà.

7 Is iomlan lagh Iehobhah naoimh,
An t-anam iompaichidh e tric;
Is cinnteach fianuis Dhè gu fior,
An duine simplidh ni sin glic.

8 Is direach reachdan Dhé, gun fhoill,
Us ni iad aoibhneach cridhe ceart;
Is soilleur àithne Dhè nan Dùl
A' soillseachadh nan sùl nach faic.

9 Is fiorghlan eagal Dhé nan sluagh,
Us mairidh e gu buan gach ré;
Is firinn breitheanais an Triath,
Ro chothromach tha iad gu léir.

10 Is fearr r' an iarraidh na' n t-òr,
Na mòran de 'n òr fhinealt' ghlan;
Is milse iad gu mòr na mil,
Na cirean-meala shileas pailt.

11 Us fòs tha d' òglach uapa sin
A' faotainn rabhaidh tric gun cheist
Na'n coimhead curamach gach là
Mòr thuarasdal a ta am feasd.

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* 3 Air dhoigh eile—

Cha-n 'eil uirigioll, cha-n 'eil cainnt
Us cha-n 'eil briathran ann fo 'n ghréin
'S nach cluinnear fòs an guth-san shuas.
4 Oir chaidh am fuaim a mach mar thèis

12 Co thuigeas uile sheachrain thruagh ?
Bho lochdaibh uaigneach glan-sa mi ;
Bho pheacadh dànaduis ro mhòr
Air ais cum d' òglach féin, a Dhé.

13 Na riaghladh iad-san os mo chionn,
An sin bidh mise ionraic saor ;
Us bidh mi neo-chiontach ri m' bheò
Bho pheacadh mòr 's bho eucoir chlaoin.

14 Na briathran thig a mach, o m' bheul,
Us smuain mo chridhe fein a steach,
A Thighearna, mo charraig bhuan,
M' Fhear-saoraidh gabh-sa bhuam le tlachd.

SALM XXIII.

1 Se Dia mo bhuachaille 's mo dhion,
Cha bhi mi ann an dìth gu dearbh:
2 Bheir orm gun laidh mi sios gu ciùin
Air cluainibh ùrail glas nach searg.

Ri taobh aibhnichean 's nan allt.
Tha ruith gu mall le'n sruthaibh sèimh,
Ni e mo theòrachadh gach am
A chum nach bi mi fann gun fheum.

3 Tha 'g aiseag m' anma dhomh a rìs :
'S air ceum na fireantachd gun bheud
Bheir orm gun imich mi do ghnàth,
Air sgàth dheadh ainme ghràsmhoir féin.

4 Ged shiùbhlainn tre ghleann sgàil a' bhàis
Aon olc gu bràth cha-n eagal leam,
Oir tha thu marrium: 's ni do lorg
'S do bhata furtachd orm 's an am.

5 Dhomh dheasaich bòrd air beul mo nàmh ;
Le h-ola ghràsmhoir dh'ung mo cheann:
Cur thairis tha mo chup gun tàmh
Aig meud an làin a chuir thu ann.

6 Ach maith us tròcair leanaidh riùm
Ri fad na h-ùine bhios mi beò;
Us còmhnuicheam an àros Dé
Gu siorruidh, feadh gach ré an glòir.

SALM CXXXIII.

1 O feuch cia maiseach us cia maith !
Cia taitneach, tlachdmhor mar an ceudhn!
Na bràithrean a bhi 'gabhail tàimh
An aonachd 's ann an gràdh le cheil.

2 Mar oladh luachmhoir air a' cheann
A' ruith air bàrr na feusaig sios.
Air feusaig Aaroin, agus shruth
Gu oir a thrusgain-san a ris.

3 Mar dhealt air Hermon, 's mar an drùchd
A thig air stùcaibh Shioin shuas ;
An sin dh'aithn Dia am beannachd pailt
A' bheatha mhaireannach, bhith-bhuan.

SALM CXXXIV.

1 Feuch, beannaichibh Iehobhah mòr
Sibhs' òglacha an Ti a's àird',
A sheasas ann an àros Dé,
Gach oidhche 'deanamh seirbhis da.

2 Bhur làmhan naomha togaibh suas
'Na theampull uasal mar is còir;
Iehobhah beannaichibh gach là,
A' tabhairt dhàsan cliù us glòir.

3 A Sion àrd a's foirfe mais'
Gu'm beannaicheadh Iehobhah thu;
Oir chruthaich e na neamhan àrd
'S an talamh rinn a làmh air tùs.

SALM CXVII.

1 Molaibh Iehobhah, Righ nan naomh,
Uil' fhineachan an t-saoghail mhòir:
O molaibh e, a shlòigh gu léir
Gach la a' cur an ceill a ghlòir'.

2 Is mòr a thròcair chaomh gu bràth
A dheonaich e gu gràsmhor dhuinn ;
Tha firinn Dhè gu cian nan cian,
Molaibh an Triath air feadh gach linn.

SALM LXVII.

1 Gun nochdadh Dia a thròcair dhuinn,
Us beannaicheadh e sinn gu mòr,
Deadh sholus glan a ghnùis gach là
Gun togadh e gu gràsmhor òirnn.

2 Chum sòlas a bhi anns gach tir
Air slighe d' fhirinn-sa gach am;
Us air do shlainte gum biodh fios
Am measg nan cinneach uile th' ann.

3 Na slòigh bheir moladh dhuit, a Dhé,
Na sloigh gu léir bheir moladh dhuit;
4 Na fineachan ni aoibhneas ùr
Us seinnidh iad do chliù gun sgur.

Oir bheir thu air na slòigh breth cheart,
Gach fin' air thalamh riaghlaidh tu.
5 Na slòigh bheir moladh dhuit, a Dhé,
Na slòigh gu léir bheir dhuit-se cliù.

6 An talamh bheir a thoradh trom
Us bheir gach fonn a mach gu pailt ;
Ni Dia ar Dia-ne-féin le 'ghràs
Ar beannachadh gach là gun airc.

7 Ni Dia ar beannachadh gun cheist,
'S bidh 'eagal air gach neach a ta
'Nan còmhnuidh anns gach iomall tir
Gu crìch an domhain mhòir do ghnàth.

SALM CX.

1 Thubhairt Iehobhah ri mo Thriath
Dean suidhe sios air mo dheas làimh,
Gun suidhich mi do naimhdean mòr,
Nan stòl fo bhonn do chas gu brath.
2 A Sion cuiridh Dia a mach
Slat-shuaicheantais do neairt gu mòr,
Am meadhon d'eascairdean gun chiall
Bi féin a' riaghladh mar is còir.

3 Do phobull tairgidh dhuit iad féin
Mar iobairt thoileach reidh d'an deòin,
An la san tionail d' armailt cruinn
Nuair dh'fhoillsichear do chumhachd mòr,

Bidh iadsan sgeadaichte maraon
Le sgèimh na naomhachd mar is dual:
Tha d' òigridh agad lionmhor dlùth,
Mar dhrùchd o chom na maidne nuaidh.

4 Iehòbhah mhionnaich dhuit gu fior
'S cha b' aithreach leis-san riabh gun d' [rinn,
Réir òrduigh mhaith Mhelchisedec
Bidh tus' ad shagart domh gach linn.
5 An Tighearna ta air do dheis
Min-phronnaidh e 'gan sgrios gun truas
Mor-righrean cumhachdach us garg
An la a lasas 'fhearg-san suas.

6 Bheir esan breth measg chinneach fiat,
Gach ionad lionaidh e le cuirp;
Us buailidh e cinn-fheadhn' an t-sluaigh,
Air feadh gach tir mun cuairt gu tur.
7 Oir air a thurus anns an ròd
Deoch òlaidh e a struthaibh luath,
Us air an aobhar sin gun dàil
Togaidh e cheann an àird le buaidh.

——o——

SLOINNTEARACHD.

(Air a leantainn bho Leabh. V. slios 368.)

Do Genelach ic an abhane.—Gillemare ic Eogan ic Aengusa ic ic Biad ic Aengusa ic Gillemare Logaig ic Fearchair ic Finlaeic ic Donncsi ic Firtire ic Gillafaelan ic Gillamart ic Firtead ic Loairn ic Fearchair ic Cormaic mc Oirbertaig ic Eirc ic Donaill duin ic Fearchar abradhruaidh ic Fearadaig.

Genelach Clan Grigair.—Maelcolaim ic Padruic mc Eoin ic Grigair ic Donch mc Maelcolaim ic Gillacrist mc Fearchar ic Muiredaig ic Ainreas mc Cormac ic Oirbertaig ic Fearchair mc Fearchair fada ic Fearadaig fin.

Genelach Clann Maelanfhaig .i. Eogan ic Domnaill dubh me Ailin Maeilanfaig ic Poil ic Gillapatruig mc Gillamartain ic Poil ic Mailanfaig mc Neill. . . .

* *Clann Gillacolum .i.* Gillamartan . . . ic Gillapoil mc Gart . . . ic Eogan ic Panilac . . . moir ic Ereloch.

Genelach ic Eogan na hoitreac̄[7] anso.—Baltuir ic Eoin ic Eogain ic Gillaesp . . . ic Sabarain ic Duinsleibe ic Dedaalain renebarta buirrce ic Anradan .i. F. Baedeinac.—

Genelach clann Labhachtin.—Domnaill agus . . . colim mc Domnaill ic Eogain ic Baltuir Labhachtin mc Aeid ic Eogan ic Imaig ic Tisiab ic Gillacrist ic Gillamichel ic Philip ic Finlaec oig mc Finlaeic moir mc Dubhgall ic Baltuir mc Carlusa ic Domnall oig ic Domnuil dnin mc Feradach finn.

Genelach clann Cainig.—Muiread ic Cainig mc Eoin ic Cainig ic Aengusa ic Cristin ic Agam mc Gillaeon oig ic Gilleon na haird.

Genelach ic Matgamna anso sis .i. Muireachach mc Doincaig ic Donch ic Donch ic Muireachach mc Cainig[8] ic Matgamna ic Cainig ic &c.

Genelach ic Nicail.[9] — Eoin ic Eogan ic Eoin ic Nicail mc Aigh ic Neailb ic Nicaill ic Gregall ic Gillemare ic Seailb ic Toircill ic Totin ic Torstain mc Sdacaill ic Erble o fuiled ic Erble mc Arailt ic Muireachach ic Fogail ic Poil ic Ailln mc Carfin ic Taidg ic Amlaeimh ic Turc Atacliath ic Arailt ic Asmain ic Ard.

Genelach clann Anrias.—Pal[10] ic Tire ic Eogan ic Muiredaigh ic Poil ic Gilleanrias ic Martain ic Poil ic Cainig ic Cranin ic Eogan ic Cainig ic Cranin mc Gilleeoin na hairde ic Eirc ic Loirn ic Fearchar mc Cormac ic Airbertaig ic Feradaig.

Genelach clana Cailin anso.—Cailin og ic Gillaesp mc Cailin ic Ailin ic Neill ic Ailin moir ic Gilleesp mc Dubgall ic Donch ic Gilleeasp ic Gilleeolm renabarta ic Duibne ic Duibne ic Eirenaid mc Meirbe ic Artuir ic Uibar .i. rig in dom aingarusam.

Genelach clann Aid[11] *anso.*—Fearc̣har mc̣ Imair ic Gillacrist mc Gilleeasp ic Gille . . . ic Gillacrist ic̣ Cormac mc Gillamitel ic Aid ic Gallbuirt ic̣ Gillacatan mc Domnaill ic Eogan ic̣ Filip ic Disiab ic Eirdi ie Angusa ic Finlaeic ic Carla ic̣ Domuaill og ic̣ Domnaill duin ic Fearadaig.

Genelach ic Duibsi anso.—Donaill[12] agus Niell agus Gillecolaim tri mc Gilleeasp ic . . . mc Gillacrist ic Gillacolm ic Dubgall moir ic Duibsi mc Muirecac ic Finlaec cais ic Muirechach me Fearc̣har ic Cormac ic Airbeartaig ic Fearchar fada ic Fearadaig.

Genelach clann Ectigearna.—Gillaam . . . ic Cailin ic Icair mc̣ Gillacrist ic Icreit ic Marceartaig ic Cormaic ic Disiab mc Fearchar ic Finlae ic Nicail ic Nicail ic Muirecac.

* . . . . [13]

* *Do Genelach clann Guaire.*—Ceallach mc Poil mc Cellach inenig mc Turcaill mc Ceallaig mc̣ Guaire mc Cormac mc Airbertaig mc Muirceach mc Fearchair mc Beathach mc Finlaeic mc Fearchar fada mc Fearadaig mc Fergusa.

Do Genelach ic Finguine.—Niall ic Colum mc Gillabrigde mc Eogan mc Gillabrigde mc Saineagain mc Finlaeic mc Finguine ofiled clann F mc Cormac mc̣ Airbertaig mc̣ Muircheach mc Fearchair oig.

Do Genelach ic̣ Lachlan oig.—Cained ic Eoin mc Lachlain mc Gillapadruic mc Lachlan moir mc Gillapadruic mc Gillacrist mc Dedaalain renabarta buirrce mc Anradan condergaid clanna Niel nai giall Caitrina ingen Donch mc Lagmain mr Cainig agus Padruig agus Gilleeasp agus Agais ingen ic Domnaill mr Eoin agus Calusaid in Mormair Comgaill mr Lachlan oig agus mr Gillepadruic in Denaill ic Eiri ic Ceined Tigerna Cairge agus in Lachlan ic Ruaidri mr Gillepadruic .i. Athochlach Alx mc Eogan ic Gillepedur mc Alx moir ic *Eogan mc Donch ic Dubgaill Donch ic Dubgaill ic Lachlan ic Alx moir Ragnall ic Colum ic Donch aen marle Malcolm ic Dubgaill ic Gilleeasp ic Donch Donch mc Glleeasp mc Donch ic Gillacolm ic Imair ic Donch, Niell ic Cailin ic Donch ic Dubgaill, Persuin ic Dubeiran ic Donch.

Genelach clann Somarle.—Donall ic Gilleeasp mc Angusa ic Domnaill mc Somarle ic Fearchar mc Dunsleibe ic Bean.

Craebsgaeiled clann Domnaill anso .i. clane Eoin a hile, Eon agus Ragnal agus Gofraig tri mc in E mc Ruaidri Domnaill og agus Eon agus Angus agus Alex IIII ic in Galtra .i. rig Albuin Gilleeasp ic Eon ic Ragnall ic Alx oig ic Anggusa moir Gofrig ic Angusa ic Alex oig ic Angusa moir Somarle ic Gillebrigde ic̣ Gofrig mc Alx moir Domnaill ic Alx ic Domnaill mc Ragnall Donch agus Eon da mic Alx mc Domnaill ic Raignaill Eon agus Gilleeasp da mic Donch ic Alex ic Domnaill ic Ragnall Tordelbach agus Laclan da mc Eocain ic Alx mc Domnaill ic Ragnaill Domnaill ic Angusa mc Eoin sprangaigh ic Angusa moir.

Genelach clann Somarle,[14]—Ailin ic Eoin ic Ailin mc Eoin ic Alx ic Donch ic Dubgal mc Ragnal mc Somarle, Eoin agus Somarle agus Ailin agus Alx og IIII ic Eoin ic Donch ic Dubgail.

Clann Eoin bogaig .i.[15] Eogil mc Lochlan ic somarle ic Eoin Donch mc Dubgaill donch ic Alx ic Eon ic Donch mc Maelcolm ic Lochlan ic Eon ic Donch ic Dubgail Ferchar agus Loclan agus Imar tri mc Gillacolm ic Imar ic Dubgaill mc Loclan ic Donch ic Dubgaill Alx agus Somarle da mc Eon ic Donch ic Dubgaill.

[ ]16—Ragnallfin ir Ruaidri ic Ailin mc Ruaidri ic Ragnal ic Somarle Ragnalfin ele ic Lochlan ic Ailin [ic Ruairi] ic Ragnal, Ferchar agus Donch da mc Donch ic Dubgaill mc Ruaidri ic Ragnal condercaid clann R. agus clann Domnaill agus clann Dubgaill.

Clann Eondub ic Alex ic Angusa moir ic Domnaill mc Ragnall ic Somarle ic Brigde Ag Eoin a hile condergai clann Domnail agus clann Ragnall agus clann Gofrig .i. clann Ragnall Ailin agus Eoin dobi dall fadoig agus Domnaill agus Angusa riabach agus Dubgaill agus anso a clanna sin .i. clann Ailin Ruaidri agus Uisdiun agus Eon clann Domnaell ic Ragnaill .i. Eoin dar mc Laiglib in Cimair agus Alx na Caill agus Angus oig clann in ic Cimisin Eoin dall aeu ic les .i. Eoin Angus riabach aen ic mait aige .i. Angus og *agairobusa fen amaelanacog.* Clann Dubgaill ic Ragnaill .i. agus Angus Ruad clann Gofrig Angus agus Eoin agus Somarle agus Ragnall Angus trat nir fagaib clann mac agb ata sil.

AN T-SUIRDIH THUBAISTEACH.

Och nan Och ! gur mi tha dubhach
'Caoidh a ghuire 'rinn mi 'n uraidh
'S daor a phaidh mi air an t-suiridh'
'S nach d'fhuair mi uibhir na pàig'.

'S e dh' fhag mise 'n diugh fo airsneal
A bhi 'n raoir am baile Champsie
Sealltainn nionagan a' Chaisteil,
'S 'a toirt tacain air an òl.
Och nan och ! &c.

Dh' fhalbh mi leis na gillean siobhalt'
'Dhol a shealltainn ar cuid nionag ;
'S nuair a thaoghail sinn aig Iomhair
Cha robh spiocaireachd 's na seoid,
Och nan Och ! &c.

Tubaist air an fhear bhiodh spiocach
Ann an cuideachda nan nionag ;
'S mur a h-oladh iad am fioruisg'
Gheibhte' fiona dhaibh gu leoir.
Och nan Och ! &c.

B' e bhi dimeas air na Gaidheil,
'Thog an iorghuill measg nan armunn,
Dh' fhag siod cuid le claiginn ghearrte
'Nuair a dh' fhailnich briathra beoil.
Och nan Och ! &c.

Ach bha mise gun chul-taice,
'S mi fada bho thir nan gaisgeach,
'S ged a dhearbh mi dhaibh 'bhi tapaidh
Rinn iad mo phacadh fo'n bhord.
Och nan Och ! &c.

Air chor 's nach leiginn siod air dhichuimhn',
Dh' fhag iad leam cuimhneachan sgriobhte
Am buill dhubha agus ghrisfhionn
Le an ingnean air mo shroin.
Och nan Och ! &c.

'S e dh' fhag mise 'n diugh fo thamailt
Bhi ga leubhadh siod am sgathan
'Sa 'm *policeman* le ghlais-lamh aig'
A toirt Dhaniel gu mod.
Och nan Och ! &c.

Am Bard Luideagach.

MR. IAIN MAC-LACHAINN.

Anns an àm so, an uair a tha grian nan Gaidheal agus na Gaidhlig air eirigh gu airde mheadhon latha ; am feadh a tha an t-àm air dol thairis anns am bu chur sios air duine, ann am beachd iomadh aon an da chuid Gallda agus Gaidhealach, a radh gu 'm bu Ghaidheal e, agus a tha an dorchadas agus an cadal a laidh cho fada air daoine anns na cùisean sin air teicheadh roimh aghaidh na soillse a thainig oirnn, is cubhaidh gu 'm biodh cuimhne orrasan a bha gu dichiollach a' saothrachadh, agus gu foighidneach a' feitheamh ri teachd an latha agus a' chamhanaich fhathast fad' as—an dream sin a bha re iomadh latha a' cumail beo air eiginn nan eibhleagan sin a tha nis, le cuideachadh Phrofessor Blackie agus muinntir eile, air an seideadh suas gu faloisg a tha a' sgaoileadh am measg an fhraoich bho cheann gu ceann d' an tir. Na 'm measg gu leir cha robh aon a b' fhearr an airidh air cliu, ged bha obair a lamhan gu mor ann an uaigneas, na an Gaidheal ceanalta, grinn, a tha run oirnn clach a chur na 'charn an drast.

Bho chionn a nis tuilleadh mor agus tri fichead bliadhna thainig gille og, smiorail, á Blàr an Athall, a sheirbheiseachadh uine ann am bùth leabhraichean am Baile Pheairt. An deigh dha greis a chur thairis an sin thainig e agus ghabh e aonta ann am buth eile ann an Duneideann, mu choinnimh an Ard-oilthigh, agus cha robh e ro fhada an sin an uair a dh' fhag fear a' bhuth an t-aite sin agus a chaidh e do chearn eile d'an bhaile: Ghlac an Gaidheal misneach, ghabh e fein am bùth, agus mar so, anns a' bhliadhna 1818, chaidh fhosgladh tobar as an do shruth caochan fionnar Gaidhlig, air uairibh mall agus caol, agus air uairibh eile bras agus beothail, ach daonnan a' sruthadh, a nuas gus an latha 'n diugh. B'e an t-Athallach og Mr. Iain Mac-Lachainn. Ghabh e mar fhear-cuideachaidh Mr. Stiùbhart, a chaochail o chionn ghoirid, agus riabh bho 'n bhliadhna a dh' ainmich sinn, tha Gaidheil na h-Alba agus dhuthchan cein gle eolach air an ainm, *Mac-Lachainn agus Stiùbhart.*

Cha b' fhada gus an do tharraing gliocas agus subhailcean Mhic-Lachainn ga 'ionnsaidh moran d'an ardluchd-theagaisg anns an Oilthigh. Bha moran d'an oibrichean ùra a' teachd troimh a lamhan, agus a' chuid bu mho de na leabhraichean a bhiodh a dhìth air na foghlumaich oga air an ceannach na 'bhuth. Shoirbhich leis gu grinn anns gach cùis; ach is ann gu sonraichte ann an co-cheangal ri craobh-sgaoileadh oibrichean Gaidhlig a chuir e na Gaidheil fo chomain cho mor. Cha mhor leabhraichean Gaidhlig a thainig a mach bho chionn tri fichead bliadhna nach robh a' giulan comhara Mhic-Lachainn; agus is cinnteach sinn gur iomadh uair a chuir e a chuid ann an oidhirpean d'an t-seorsa so gun mhoran gnuise no cuideachaidh fhaighinn bho 'n mhuinntir d' am bu chomain an t-atharrach; oir, c' aite air bith an tuit an iomachoire, cha robh iarraidh mhor riabh air leabhraichean Gaidhlig, no moran beairteis ri fhaighinn asda. An tuilleadh taing, ma ta, dhasan a lean cho fada air bhi a' cumail leus laiste do na Gaidheil am measg ceathach na neo-shuim' agus an aghaidh gaillionn na tarcuis.

Bha Mr. Mac-Lachainn na 'dhuine fior ionraic na 'chaithe-beatha; caoimhneil, seirceil na'nadur; na'shàr fhear-labhairt air cainnt a dhuthcha, anns an do ghabh e mor thlachd. Is iomadh uair a sheas Professor Blackie ann am bùth Mhic-Lachainn a' deothal a stigh na cànaine sin anns am beil e fein a' gabhail toileachaidh cho mor, agus as leth an do chuir e a liughad cath air feadh na duthcha. Ma bha Mac-Lachainn barraichte mar fhear-teagaisg, bha de thoil-inntinn aige gu'm fac' e an sgoilear a' deanamh a leithid de dh-aghartas anns a Ghaidlig 's gu'n rachadh aige air facal mu seach a chumail ris fein; agus tha sinn cinnteach nach biodh Mac-Lachainn no duine a bhuineas da duilich ged bheireadh am "foghlumaiche barr air Mac-Cruimein" ann an labhairt na cainnte sin mar tha e gun teagamh a toirt barr air gach Gaidheal agus Gall ann an neart agus ann am buadhalachd a thagraidh as a leth.

Chaochail Mr. Mac-Lachainn ann an Duneideann aig toiseach Ciad Mhios a' Gheamhraidh, so chaidh aig aois cheithir agus ceithir fichead bliadhna, làn laithean, agus fo mhor mheas aig gach neach d' am b' aithne e. Tha 'aite air a lionadh anns a' cheart bhuth sin anns an do chuir e fein tri fichead bliadhna thairis, le a mhac is sine, Mr. Donnachadh MacLachainn nach 'eil air dheireadh air an fhear nach maireann ann am baigh ris na Gaidheil agus ann an togradh agus ann an toil a bhi dichiollach anns gach obair a chuireas ann am feobhas leas agus suidheachadh a luchd-dùthcha—agus bu dual athar da sin.

——o——

LITIR 'US ORAN BHO MHAIRI NIC-EALAIR.

A Ghaidhil,

Tha mi cur g' ur n-ionnsuidh beagan rannan a rinneadh le Calum MacLeòid, sgiobair luinge a bha 'fuireach aig Loch-nam-madadh ann an Uithist. Bha Donull Mac-an-Rothaich d' an rinneadh an t-òran, bliadhnaichean a' dianamh a dhachaidh de thigh Chaluim. Cha robh a chiall uile aig Donull bochd, ach bha e na 'dhuine mór, tróm, agus cho laidir ris an each, agus bha e cho leisg ris an lunndaire. 'S e an "Speireag" a bh' aca mar fhrith-ainm air, agus bhiodh corruich mhór air an uair a theirteadh an t-ainm so ris.

Thàinig e latha do thigh Mhic-Leòid an deaghaidh a bhi air falbh ùine mhór gun fhios càite, agus thuirt Calum ris:—

Dh' fhalbh an Speireag air iteig do 'n iarmailt,
'S thug i 'n taobh-siar oirre dh' iarraidh a lòin.
Tillidh i rithist mar shneachda gun iarraidh,
'S gabhaidh i sìos gu Calum MacLeoid.

Bha greann anabarrach air Dònull daonnan, ach laidh gruaim gu tur air a mhalaidh an uair a chual e an rann ud, agus thuirt e, "Cha dian mi car oibre gu bràch tuille dhut, a Chaluim."

"Ud, a Dhònuill, osa Calum," cha b'e sid a bha mi 'ciallachadh ach so:

'S math thu fhein, a Dhònuill mhóir,
As do léine, as do léine;
'S math thu fhein, a Dhònuill mhóir,
As do léine phlangaid.

Bha Dònull bochd làn riaraichte leis an rann mu dheireadh, agus chaidh e dh' obair gu sunndach.

Chaidh Dònull latha air chéilidh do thigh aon de na coimhearsnaich, agus shìn e e-fhein air beingidh a bha fa chomhair an teine, 's tuitear na 'chadal, 's rachar a lamh 's an teine, agus loisgear i. Ruith e dhachaidh 's a' chaoineadh mar gu'm biodh leanabh. Chuir te de nigheanan an sgiobair cungaidh ris an làimh, agus an deaghaidh a ceangal suas chuir i meatag mhor le 'h-athair air. An ceann tacain chrìn chual i Dònull ag caoineadh a rithist.

"Carson a tha thu 'caoineadh a nis, a Dhònuill?" os an nighean.

"O, cha 'n iongantach dhomh bhi caoineadh," osa Donull, "agus te dhe m' mheòir ag goil na poit-bhuntàta 'an tigh ar coimhearsnaich."

Sheall an nighean air laimh Dhònuill a rithist, agus chunnaic i mar a bhà—chuir i dithis de na meòir aige an aon mhiar na meataige, agus mar sin bha fear de na meòir falamh. "Is math, a dhuine bhochd gu'n d' thug thu an aire dha," os ise; "ach gheabh mise am miar dhut agus cuiridh mi ort e, agus bidh e cho math 's a bha e riabh." Chuir i a' mheatag ceart, agus bha Donull làn chinnteach gu'n deach i dh'iarraidh a mheoir do 'n teine, agus gu'n do chuir i air e a rithist.

Bha Dònull mar a tha moran dhaoine is glice—ro throm air an tombaca. Uair a bha sid a thainig MacLeoid dhachaidh bharr turuis fhada, thachair Donull air 's an dorus, agus 's i chiad fhàilte a chuir e air, " Am beil tombaca agad domh, a Chaluim." Bha mu phunnd aig an duine chòir dha na 'làimh, agus thilg e air e. Leig Dònull e fhein sìos gu faicilleach air an ùrlar ag gabhail air gu'n robh e marbh, agus thòisich Calum air an rann a leanas a dhianamh dhà mar mharbhrann:—

Righ gur mis' tha dheth brònach,
A h-uile latha 's Didònaich,
Bho'n a chuir iad thu, Dhònuill,
An cistidh bhòrda gu teann.
Ga d' ghiùlan aig fearaibh
A dh' fhalbh leat do Sgeallair ;
Sgeul ar cràidh bhi ga 'aithris,
Thu gun aithne, gun chainnt.

Na 'm b' ann am baiteal no 'n còmhraig,
A rachadh do leònadh,
Gura h-ioma laoch dòrn-gheal
A dhianadh stròiceadh le lann ;
A thigeadh g'ar còmhradh,
A dhìoladh do thòrachd
Bho Chaisteal ud Fòlais
Le 'n cuid sròiltean ri crann.

Thigeadh Rothaich na 'n céudan,
Mar bheum tuile le sléibhtean,
Luchd a dheanamh an euchd ud,
'N uair a dh' éight' an *adbhanns.*
Ann am blàr Chlach-na-h-aire,
'S mór an cliù fhuair na feara,
Dh' fhàg iad Frisealaich ainneamh,
Gad bha 'm barrachd dhiubh ann.

Gur h-ioma laoch treubhach,
A dh' fhág iad gun éirigh,
'Call am fala bho 'n créuchdan
As gach féith a bha annt'.
'S na 'm biodh tus' ann le d' éideadh
Le d' chlaitheamh 's led' sgéithidh,
Cha robh laoch anns an Fheinne,
A dhianadh d' fheum air an ceann.

Bha mo ghréidheir-sa làidir,
Bu mhath gu feum 'us gu stàth e,
Na b' eòlaich air àiteach,
Mu na bàigh, cha robh ann.
Foghar, geamhradh, 'us céitein,
Bhiodh tu 'g àrach na spréidhe,
Bhiodh tu muigh air na sléibhtean,
Air an déigh anns gach am.

'Tighinn bho shiubhal an aonaich,
'S ann ort fhein bhiodh an fhaoilte,
Fiamh a' ghàire bhiodh daonnan
Air an aodann gun sgraing.
Bhiodh mo thigh air dheagh-chomhdach,
Air dheagh-ghréidheadh mo mhòine,
'S mòr an call a th' ann dòmhsa,
Gu'n deach am fòd air do cheann.

Cha robh Dònull bochd an uair sin ach a' leigeadh air a bhi marbh ; ach beagan bhliadhnaichean an deaghaidh sin fhuair e bàs cruadalach. B'àbhaist do Chalum MacLeòid a bhi ga 'chur le h-airgiod astar á Loch-nam-madadh, agus bha fios aig daoine air sin. Turus a bha 'sin chaidh e 'chur seachad na h-oidhche 'am bothan mnatha-eòlais. Mharbh a' bhaobh e 'an duil gu'n robh airgiod air a shiubhal—chuir i an clobha mu 'amhuich 's e na 'chadal agus thachd i e ! Tha 'n sgiobair còir a nise fo 'n ùir mar an ceudna, agus thar leam gur bochd na rannan a leigeadh air dì-chuimhne. Uime sin, a Ghàidhil cheanalta, bhithinn ad chomaine, na 'n tugadh tu, uair no uairigin, cearb a d' bhreacan daibh.

MAIRI NIC EALAIR.

* * *

CAIB. III.

1. Bha bean choir ann roimh so, a bha chomhnuidh ann am bothan beag, suarach, ri taobh an rathaid, agus bu bhantrach i.

2. Thachair e gu'n do chailleadh a fear-posda, maille ri a dithis mhac comhladh, air do'n luing air an robh iad a bhi air a briseadh le doinninn uamhasaich a thainig orra, agus cha do thearnadh anam air bord.

3. Dh' fhagadh a bhantrach bhochd fo bhron gun choimeas air son a companaich ghradhaich, a bha 'na dhuine air an robh eagal a Chruitheir, agus air son a dithis mhac, a bha 'nan oganaich chliuiteach agus measail aig an luchd-eolais air fad ; ach dheonaich am Freasdal an toirt air falbh mar aon.

4. 'Bha bhantrach bhochd so a nis air a fagail gun chuid, gun chuideachadh, gu'n sliochd beo, ach a mhain dithis chaileag a bha

n'an leth-aoin, agus ochd bliadhna a dh' aois an uair a chaill iad an athair.

5. Air amannaibh bha am boirionnach truagh so gu searbh air a claoidh agus air a saruchadh le gainne, air di a bhi diblidh, fann 'na pearsa, agus gu minic air a leagadh sios le tinneas, cha robh cumhachd aice le 'dichioll fein, air teachd-antir a chosnadh, agus solar a dheanamh air son a cloinne.

6. Cha do dhi-chuimhnich i gidheadh, air la sam bith a dochas a chur anns an Ti Bheannaichte sin, a gheall a bhi 'na Fhear-posda do'n bhantraich, agus 'na Athair do'n dilleachdan.

7. Is tric a bha i ann an dubhbhròn, air chor is gu'n robh laigsinn na feola, a' toirt air amannaibh buaidh air neart a creidimh. Ach an deigh sin, dhuisgeadh i suas, agus ghlaodhadh i a mach, Solairidh an Tighearna.

8. Agus dh' fhas a dithis chaileag suas ann am macantas, dillseachd, agus modhalachd. B'e aon run an cridhe a bhi 'toirt misnich agus comhfhurtachd d'am mathair fein; agus a thaobh sin, bha an gliocas aca a' dol os ceann an aoise.

9. Is iongantach cumhachd an Ti sin leis an do dhealbhadh gach creutair beo, agus b'iongantach ri fhaicinn ionannachd an dithis chaileag so r'a cheile. Cha robh e an comas am mathar fein dealachadh a chur eatorra. Cha'n aithnicheadh i *Sine* seach *Mairi*, no *Mairi* seach *Sine*, agus is minic, air son toilinntinn dhoibh fein, a dheanadh iad cleasan air am mathair leis an aon a bhi dol ann an riochd an aon eile.

10. Bha bhantrach dichiollach 'na dleas'nas d'a nigheanaibh fein, le bhi 'gan teagasg chum Facal De a leughadh, agus chum a bhi 'cur an dochais Ann-san 'na aonar.

11. Bha na caileagan bochd a' fas suas ann am maise, le 'm falt orbhuidh a' tuiteam sios na chiabhagaibh bachlagach air an guaillibh.

12. Thainig e gu crich aig am araidh gu'n do bhuaileadh a' bhantrach thruagh le searbh-thinneas, agus re dheich laithean cha robh e 'na comas eiridh bharr na leapach. Theirig gach lon agus goireas 'san fhardaich, agus cha robh innleachd aig na paisdibh bronach air athleasachadh a dheanamh.

13. An deigh do'n ghrein eiridh air an ath la, thubhairt Mairi ri Sine, gu'm fac i aisling air an oidhche, far an d'thainig bantighearn air a sgeudachadh ann an geal da h-ionnsuidh, agus a deir i rithe, Rach do'n Bhaile-mhor, agus gheibh thu furtachd do'n teaghlach.

14. A nis bha 'm Baile-mor seachd mile dh 'astar air falbh, ach chuir Mairi roipe dol da ionnsuidh, far nach robh i riamh ach aon turas roimhe, an dochas gu'n tilgeadh am Freasdal ni eigin 'na gar.

15. Le cridhe trom dh'fhag i an tigh gun innseadh d'a mathair, d'an d' thugadh comas an leabaidh fhagail, a' cheud uair, air a' mhaduinn sin, o'n laidh i. Shiubhail a' chaileag bhochd gu bras, agus cha b'fhad gus an robh i air sraidibh tiorma, cruaidhe a' bhaile, a' tilgeadh a suilean air gach ni taitneach 's na h-uinneagaibh; nithe air nach b'urrainn d' i ruigheachd gu'n bhonn 'na fochair.

16. Bha i a' gluasad a null 'sa nall, an uair a chunnaic i ni eigin soilleir air a' chabhsair, a thog i suas 'na laimh.

17. Cha b' fhad gus am fac i gu'n d' fhuair i sporran lan airgid, anns an robh na ficheadan punnd Sasunnach.

18. Ciod a ni mi ri so, ars' ise rithe fein, oir cha leamsa e, agus is

meirle, anns nach bi mise ciontach an sporran a ghleidheadh ?

19. Aig an am chaidh duin-uasal seachad r'a taobh, labhair i ris, agus dh' fheuch i dha ciod a fhuair i.

20. Thig-sa maille ruimsa, a chaileig laghach, deir an duin'-uasal, agus chith sinn mar a bhitheas.

21. Chaidh e, agus dh'orduich e clag a chur a mach, a dh' eigheach gu'n d' fhuaradh an sporran, agus cha b'fhad gu'n an d'thainig esan a chaill e.

22. Lan taingealachd air son gach sgillinn dhe'n chaill e fhaotuinn, maille ri nithe luachmhor eile a bha 'san sporran, shin e cuig puinnd Shasunnach do'n chaileig, an deigh dha gach ni fhaotuinn a mach m'a timchioll.

23. Ruith i gach ceum dhachaidh leis an airgiod, a thilg i air glun a mathar, agus a thuilleadh air sin, na h-uiread de nithe freagarrach air a son a thugadh dhi 'sa bhaile mhor, an uair a chualadh cia co h-ealamh 'sa thug i an sporran suas.

24. B'esan a chaill an t-airgiod aon de luchd-riaghlaidh a' bhaile, agus chaidh e ann an carbad beagan an deigh sin a dh' amharc air a' bhantraich, mathair na caileig, agus cha d'rinn e sin le laimh fhalaimh.

25. Thug e stigh do'n bhaile am boirionnach bochd, dh' ionnsuidh tighe a dh' ullaich e air a son ; chuir e na caileagan do'n sgoil, thugadh deagh fhoghlum doibh le cheile ; dh'fhas iad suas ann an gliocas agus ann am maise, fhuair iad deagh phosadh, agus chaomhnadh a' bhantrach bhochd gus am fac i na h-uiread de na h-oghachan aice fein.

26. Cha treig an Tighearn iadsan a chuireas an dochas ann, agus cha dearmaid e a bhantrach agus a sliochd 'nan trioblaid. Is beannuichte an ti a dh'earbas as an Tighearna, oir cha mhealla e 'na dhochas.

SGIATHANACH.

AM MUILLEIR CAM AGUS AM BALBHAN.

O chionn mòran bhliadhnaichean thachair dròbhair Albannach agus dròbhair Sasunnach uair 'us uair r'a chéile air aon de na féilltibh-cruidh an àit eiginn faisg air crìch Shasuinn. Ann an ùine ghoirid dh'fhàs iad gu maith eòlach air a chèile. 'N uair nach biodh mòran aca ri dheanamh bu ghnàth leo suidhe taobh ri taobh gu companta a' comhradh r'a chéile chum an uine chur seachad mar is gnàth le luchd-malairt a bhi deanamh. Coma co dhiu, latha de na làithibh 's iad an déigh gloine no dhà 'm fear a ghabhail de stuth bu treise na 'm bùrn, thionndaidh an seanachas air dòigh-eiginn o ghnothaichibh na féille 's na prìse, 's o gach ni eile air am b' àbhaist dhaibh a bhi labhairt gu gnothaichean a bhuineadh do chor na dùthcha 's do chleachdadh nan daoine o 'n d'thàinig iad taobh air thaobh. Thòisich an Sasunnach, mar a b' àbhaist d'a luchd-dùthcha 'dheanamh, air ruith sìos 's air di-moladh nan Albannach, ag ràdh nach robh annta ach cladhairean, 's daoine gun sùgh, gun seadh, gun eanchainn, gun tuigse, gun ghliocas, 's nach robh iad idir ri bhi air an coimeas, ann an geur-chuis, no am fiosrachadh, no an tuigse, no 'n eolas, no 'm breithneachadh, no 'n grunndalachd inntinn, ris na Sasunnaich. Sid rud nach aidicheadh an t-Albannach fhad 's a bhiodh an anail ann.

"Cha robh duine riamh an Sasunn agaibh," ars' esan, "nach taighteadh fear an Alba a sheasadh ris agus a bheireadh buaidh air anns na h-uile dòigh ; 's cha tig an la bhios a chùis air a chaochladh. Faodaidh tusa 'bhi ri bòsd 's ri meud-mhòir mu ciod e 'ni na braogharnaich bhronnach, theilleach, a th' agaibh an Sasuinn, ach cha d'thàinig iad riamh a dh' fheuchainn nan Albannach nach do thill iad dhachaidh mòran n'a bu mhiosa na thàinig iad. Agus dh' éireadh a ni ceudna dhaibh an diugh nan tigeadh iad."

"An cluinn thu so," ars' an Sasunnach, 's e fàs rud-eiginn blàth, "tha balbhan a' fuireach 's a' choimhearsnachd agam 's cuiridh mi geall sam bith riut nach faigh thu mac mnath' an Alba a fhreagras aon cheist no 'dh'fhuasglas aon dubh-fhacal a chuireas e. Tha iomadh fear glé ghleusda 's glé thuigseach de na Sasunnaich an déigh deuchainn a thoirt dha mar tha, 's ma tha, cha b' urrainn daibh ite 'chur as. Agus tha mise 'g ràdh riutsa an là nach deanadh na na Sasunnaich a' chùis air nach ruigeadh na h-Albannaich a leas a dhol g'a fheuchainn."

Dh' éisd an t-Albannach le fìor mhi-chiataibh ris na briathraibh searbha so, agus ged a dh' éisd bha e cho fada 'na bharail fhéin 's a bha e riamh. Chuimhnich e aig a' cheart àm gu'n robh maighstir-sgoile 's a' sgìreachd d'am buineadh e a bha 'na sgoileir ro thapaidh, agus a bha ainmeil 's an dùthaich air son a gheur-chuis 's a ghleustachd. Bu duin' e aig an robh fuasgladh facail aig gach àm do gach neach a chuireadh ceist air. Smuainich e gu'n rachadh aig a' mhaighstir-sgoile so air gach ceist leibidich a chuireadh am balbhan fhuasgladh, agus air eagal a dhol air ais 'na fhacal, 's e thainig as a' chùis mu dheireadh gu'n deach' an geall a chur sìos. Chuir gach fear luach a dhrobh fhéin air a gheall. Dh' ainmich iad latha sònruichte air an coinnicheadh iad am baile Dhunéideann chum 's gu'm feuchadh na fir a bha gu tighinn a chosnadh a' ghill cò bu chumhachdaiche inntinn. Dh' fhàg iad slàn aig a chéile 's dhealaich iad.

Bha 'n Sasunnach 'ga dheanamh fhéin cinnteach as a' gheall; oir cha robh earbsa sam bith aige ann an gleusdachd nan Albannach. Ach bha 'n t-Albannach ann an teagamh mu 'n chùis fad an rathaid dhachaidh. Chuir e suim mhòr air a' gheall cha 'n ann a mhain a chionn gu robh làn earbsa aige 's a' mhaighstir-sgoile ach air eagal tilleadh as fhacal an déigh mar a labhair e 'n aghaidh nan Sasunnach. Smuainich e nach robh leasachadh air a' chùis ach feuchainn ris a' bheairt a b'fhearr a dheanamh de 'n bheairt bu mhiosa. Bha aon ni ann a bha 'n comhnuidh 'g a mhisneachadh agus b'e sin nach robh cunntas aige gu'n d'fhuair na Sasunnaich riamh, air aon dòigh no dòigh eile, buaidh air na h-Aalbannaich. Cha bu luaithe ràinig e dhachaidh na chaidh e far an robh am maighstir-sgoile, agus dh'innis e dha facal air an fhacal mar a bh' eadar e fhéin 's an dròbhair Sasunnach, mar a chaidh an geall a chur, 's gur esan an neach a bha 's an amharc aige fad na h-ùine mar an t-aon duine bu fhreagarraiche a b' aithne dha gu dhol a dh'fheuchainn a' bhalbhain, 's gu'n robh e 'n dòchas nach diùltadh e dhol a Dhunéidionn 'nuair a thigeadh an t-àm.

"Ma ta," ars' am maighstir-sgoile, "cha d' rinn sibh car riamh cho gòrach ris a' gheall a chur. Caillidh sibh e gun teagamh sam bith. Cha teid mise, cha 'n 'eil feum dhomh ann, a dh'fheuchainn an duine. Na'n saoilinn gu'n deanainn an gnothach air rachainn g'a fheuchainn cho toilichte ri car a rinn mi riamh. Ach chuala mi uair 'us uair mu'n duine cheana, 's a réir coltais gur ainneamh iad, ma tha iad idir r'am faotainn, a ruigeas a leas dùil a bhi aca gu'm faigh iad buaidh air. Ged rachainnse g'a fheuchainn ch-deanainn ach amadan agus ball bùirte dhiom fhéin 's an dùthaich. Tha mi, air a shon sin, ro dhuilich sibhse chur a leithid a dh'earbsa annam a thaobh ni nach urrainn domh air aon chor a leasachadh. Ach cha teid mi muigh no mach a chur mo laimhe ann ni a tha fhios agam nach urrainn dhomh dheanamh."

'Nuair a chuala 'n dròbhair so thuit a chuid 's a ghad air, 's cha robh smid sìos no suas aige. Chaill e thapadh. Cha 'n e call a' ghill ged a bha 'n t-suim gu maith mòr a bha cur dragh air 'inntinn ach a bhi 'smuaineachadh gu'n gleidheadh Sasunn a' bhuaidh, s gu'm biodh Alba fodha dheth. Ach a réir coltais cha robh ann da ach a'chùis a ghabhail mar a bha i. Cha ghabhadh an gnothach leasachadh tuilleadh.

Bha duine tapaidh 'na mhuilleir 's an àite a chaill an dara sùil le sgiorraig air choireiginn. 'S e am Muilleir Cam a theireadh muinntir an àite gu bith-dheanta ris. Bha e 'na dhuine aig an robh fuasgladh facail do gach neach a labhradh ris. Ach cha robh a' bheag a sgoil no dh' fhoghlum aige. Bhiodh an dròbhair uair 'us uair a' taoghal air. Là de na làithibh 's iad air tachairt r'a chéile thubhairt am muilleir, "Cha chreid mi fhein nach 'eil rud-eiginn a' cur dragh air ur n-inntinn 's an àm so nach 'eil gu maith, oir tha mi 'cur umhail gu bheil sibh ro throm-inntinneach 's ro ghann a chòmhradh seach mar a b' abhaist duibh a bhi. Mur 'eil e mimhodhail dhomh fhaighneachd, 'De tha cur oirbh ?

"Ma ta," ars' an dròbhair, "ged dh' innsinn mo ghalar dhuibhse tha eagal orm nach bi dad agam air a shon ach mo shaothair. Dh'innis mi e ma thràth do neach a tha mi meas a h-uile buille cho glic 's cho tuigseach ribhse 's cha mhòr a bh' agam air a shon. Mar sin, tha e cho maith dhomh chleith."

"De fhios agaibh," ars' am muilleir, "nach faodainnsa aobhar ur bròin a bheagachadh a chionn 's nach tugainn air falbh gu léir e. An cuala sibh riamh an Sean fhacal:— Comhairle an rìgh ann an ceann na h-òinid ?"

Dh'innis an dròbhair an sin do'n mhuilleir an sgeula o thùs gu deireadh mar a bh' eadar e fhein 's an Sasunnach 's mar a bha e air a mhealladh a thaobh a' mhaighstir-sgoile.

"Mur faigh sibh ni's fhearr," ars' am muilleir, "s ann a leigeas sibh mi fhein a dh' fheuchainn a' bhalbhain. Theid mi ann gun teagamh. Cha bhi aig Gall ri innseadh 'Ghaidheal nach 'eil duine 'n Alba aig am bheil 'mhisnich na dh' fheuchas e."

Smuainich an dròbhair gu'm bu chòir dha, o nach robh e air thuar na b' fhearr fhaotainn, am muilleir fhein a thoirt leis. O'n a bha 'n t-àm a nis a' tarruing dlùth anns an robh aca ris a' choinneamh a chumail ris na Sasunnaich an Dunéideann cha robh aca ach iad fhéin a dheasachadh cho maith 's a b'urrainn dhaibh air son an turais, 's a bhi falbh. Bha astar maith fada aca ri dhol, ach 'san àm, cha chluinnteadh thall no bhos, shios no shuas, srannail an eich-iaruinn, oir bha e gun bhreth. Coma, bha casan lùthar, laidir, luatha, aca airson dìreadh bheann 'us tearnadh ghleann. Nuair a bha iad a' falbh thug am muilleir leis cuig no sia de bhonnaich mhaithe choirce, "a chumas," ars' esan, "an deo annam gus an tig mi air m' ais, oir cha 'n 'eil mi 'smuaineachadh gur fhearr an t-aran cóinnich a th' aca 'n Dunéidionn 's an taobh sin na'n còsan a tha fàs air na staimh air chùl na sgeire leithne."

Ràinig iad Dunéidionn air a' cheart là 'chaidh ainmeachadh airson na coinnimh. Bha 'n dròbhair Sasunnach 's am balbhan air thuar dùil thairis a thoirt dhiu. Cha robh tiotadh ri chall, 's chaidh na fir a chur a steach leo fhéin do sheomar. Cha robh iad deich mionaidean 's an t-seomar 'nuair a chaidh a' chùis an dara taobh. So mar a bh' eatorra:—

Shin am balbhan aon mheur ris a' mhuilleir, agus ghrad shìn am muilleir a dha mheur ris a' bhalbhan. An sin shìn am balbhan a thrì meoirean ris a' mhuilleir, agus ghrad dhùin am muilleir a dhòrn 's chrath e ris a' bhalbhan e. Chuir am balbhan a làmh 'n a phòcaid 's thug e ubhal aisde 's thòisich e r'a h-itheadh. Chuir am muilleir e fhéin a làmh na phòcaid 's thug e pìos mòr de dh' aran coirce aisde 's thòisich e r'a itheadh. Cha robh 'n corr eatorra.

Dh'éirich am balbhan a mach as an t-seomar 's chaidh e far an robh 'mhaighstir 's dh' innis e dha gu'n d' rinn am muilleir càm a chuis air. "Fhreagair e," dh'innis am balbhan, "na h-uile ceisd a chuir mi air, agus thuig e, tha mi smuaineachadh, an nì 'bha mi ciallachadh cheart cho maith 's ged a bhiodh mo smuainteanan sgrìobhta fa 'chomhair air paipeir."

Shìn mise aon mheur a' ciallachadh gu'n robh aon Dia ann. Ghrad shìn esan a dha mheur a' ciallachadh gu'n robh 'n t-Athair 's am Mac ann. An sin shìn mise mo thrì meoirean a' ciallachadh gu'n robh 'n t-Athair 's am Mac 's an Spiord Naomh ann. Ghrad-dhùin esan a dhorn 's chrath e e 'ciallachadh gu'n robh 'n triuir 'nan aon. Thug mise ubhal as mo phòcaid 's thòisich mi r'a h-itheadh a' ciallachadh gu 'n do pheacaich Adhamh le itheadh de 'n mheas thoirmisgte. Cha bu luaithe rinn mi so na thug esan aran as a' phòcaid 's thòisich e r'a itheadh a' ciallachadh gu 'n robh aran na beatha ann 's le itheadh dheth gu 'm faodadh gach aon a bhi beo. Nis, cha robh feum sam bith domhsa dol na b' fhaide. Tha mi 'làn aideachadh gu 'n do ghléidh e orm, 's cha 'n 'eil agadsa nis ach pàigh an geall 's grad bhiomaid a' falbh." Gun tuilleadh dàlach phàigh an dròbhair Sasunnach na h-uile peighinn dheth, 's dh' fhalbh e, 's bu mhall leis a chasan gus an deach e null air a' chrìch Shasunnaich.

Fad na h ùine bha 'm muilleir 's an t-seomar a' feitheamh an dùil a h-uile mionaid gu 'n tigeadh am balbhan air ais a chur nan ceisdean 's nan dubh-fhacal air; oir shaoil leis nach do thòisich an gnothach fhathast. Mu dheireadh thall thainig a mhaighstir—an dròbhair Albannach—a stigh do 'n t-seomar 's fiamh gàire air a' ghnùis. "Buaidh 'us piseach leat fhir mo chridhe, nach maith a fhuaireas thu 'n uair a chuir thu 'm balbhan 'na thosd, 's a ghléidh thu dhomhsa 'n geall, 's a ghléidh thu urram do dhùthcha." "'N e mise" ars' am muilleir "'s e freagairt le mòr ioghnadh." Cha do ghléidh mise 'n geall, cha d' fhan am balgaire tiotadh maille rium 's cha do chuir e ceist ormsa fhathast. Cha chreid mi co dhiu gu bheil ann ach am fior bhurraidh dheth. Mac na caillich nach ann a thòisich e ri fàlmhagadh orm mu'n do tharr mi suidhe 's an t-seomar. Shìn e 'mheur rium a' ciallachadh nach robh agam ach aon suil. Shìn mise mo dha mheur ris san a' ciallachadh gu 'n robh dha aigesan. Shìn e, 'n uair sin, a thrì meoirean rium a' ciallachadh gur e trì sùilean a bh' againn 'nar dithis. Leum mo nàdur orm 's dh' fhas mi cho cas 'n am inntinn 's gu 'n do dhùin mi mo dhorn 's chrath mi ris e 'ciallachadh gur goirid a bhithinn-sa 'cur a h-uile suil a bha 'na cheann as mur sguireadh e 'mhagadh orm. Chuir e 'n uair sin a làmh 'na phocaid 's thug e ubhal aisde 's thòisich e ri itheadh a' ciallachadh gu robh measan 's nithean grinne de 'n t-seorsa sin a' fàs a' Sasunn, direach mar gu 'm biodh toil aige, 'n uair a sguir e 'mhagadh orm fhéin, teannadh ri magadh air dùthaich mo bhreith 's m' àraich. An sin chuir mise mo làmh 'am phòcaid 's thug mi pìos aisde de 'n deagh aran choirce a thug mi o'n so tigh, 's leig mi mar sin ris dha gu 'n robh againne 'n Alba stuth airson bidh mòran bu bhrìghoire 's a b' fhearr na na luibhean gun sgoinn a bha 'n Sasunn. Dh'éirich e bog, balbh a mach 's dh' fhàg e 'n so mi. Ach na'm bithinnse air a dhol aon uair 'na dhail bha mi air leasan a thoirt da nach di-chuimhmcheadh e 'n da latha so.

IAIN.

A' MHATHAIR AGUS A LEANABH.

Cagaran, cagaran,
Caidil, mo rùn;
Tha 'n oidhche 'n a suain
Air a chluain 's air an dùn;
Mar chuan ann am fèath,
Gu domhain, ciuin, réidh,
Mar sheamh-fheasgar samhraidh 's an saoghal fo phràmh,
Air caomh-uchd a mhathar tha 'n leanabh 'n a thàmh.

Cagaran, cagaran,
Annsachd a math'r;
Gach moch agus anmoch,
A h-ionmhas is fheàrr.
A' ghrian dhuin a sùil,
Tha duibhr' air gach dùil.
Gu tèaruint' 'n a broilleach cha 'n fhairich thu sion,
Co 's coimeas do 'n mhath'ir air son pàisdean a dhion ?

Cagaran, cagaran,
Gaol cha 'n 'eil ann,
Is caoimhe na 'n gràdh
A th' aig màthair d'a clann;
Tha 'suil chaomh a ghnàth,
Orra 'dearcadh gu tlàth—
Cia binn guth na mathar a' gabhail a duain,
A' ciùineach' a leinibh, 's ga 'thàladh gu suain !

Cagaran, cagaran,
M' àilleag 's mo sheud !
'S do mhathair ga d' thaireadh
Cha tachair dhuit beud.
Caidil, mo leanabh caomh,
Caidil gu ciùin ri m' thaobh,
Mar an t-eun beag 's an nead 'n uair a threigeas an là,
Fo sgiathan a' ghraidh, 's iad ga 'chomhdach gu tlàth.

Cagaran, cagaran,
Faic i 'n a suain!
Réidhtich gu faicilleach
Cluasag do m' uan;
Socraich a lamhan gaoil,
A ceanglaichean leig mar sgaoil,
Cuir 'n a laidhe gu sèamh i le cluasaig fo 'ceann,
Anns a' chliabhan d' an t-seileach, 's na tulg i ach fànn.

Cagaran, cagaran,
Céile mo ghraidh,
Cluinnidh mi 'tighinn
A chas-cheuman aigh!
Gach smuairein theid nis mar sgaoil,
'S e 'cromadh le aigne gaoil
Lamh ri annsachd a chridhe a's aoibhneas a shùl—
Theid doilgheas an latha nis buileach air chùl!

Eadar. le MAC-MHARCUIS.

MAR CHAIDH A' CHIAD SIONNACH DO MHUILE.

Tha am bard ag iomradh air an àm anns an robh "Gaidhlig aig na h-eoin 's a thuigeadh iad gloir nan dàn." Is ann 's an àm 's an robh Gaidhlig aig na sionnaich a dh' fheumadh gu 'n do thachair an ni tha run orm 'aithris an drast. Co nach cuala mu sheoltachd nan sionnach, agus mu na cuir agus na cuilbheartan a chuireas iad an cleachdadh chum ruigheachd air am miann.

Bha sionnach slìogach, ruadh fad mhoran bhliadhnaichean a' siubhal nan cnoc agus a' taghal nan eas eadar an Rugha-breac agus Aird-nan-capull, anns an Eilean Shaoileach. Ged bha e an làn bheachd gu'n robh a chòir air an fhearann cho math ris na coirichean aig Moraire Bhealaich, agus ged nach robh e a' meas gu'n robh cionta no coire sa bith ann an cearc a thoirt an diugh as an Dun-mhor, no uan am maireach á Cille-Bhrighde, bha aon no dha anns an eilean nach robh d'an bharail cheudna; agus eadar Donull-nan-sionnach le 'chuid abhagan, agus cìobairean nan tuathanach le'n coin-chaorach, cha robh a chaithe-beatha idir cho sìochail 's a mhiannaicheadh e. Cha robh carn no aite-falaich eadar Cul-na-coille agus Sloc-an-eich-dhuinn nach b'aithne dha, ach an deigh a' h-uile rud a bh' ann, is iomadh caol-thearnadh a bha aige, air alt 's mu dheireadh gu 'n d' fhàs e gu tur sgìth d'a bheatha anns an eilean, agus chuir e roimhe, na 'n gabhadh seol no doigh deanamh, gu 'n rachadh e thairis do 'n Eilean Mhuileach a bha a' sineadh sios m'a choinnimh, ach a bha iomadh mile uaith anns an airde 'n iar. Tha e coltach gus an t-àm so nach robh sionnach ann am Muile, agus cha 'n 'eil fhios agam an robh iarraidh air. Cha 'n abair mi nach tugadh Alasdair Fliuch anns a' Chrògan rud no dha na 'm b' urrainn da an cumail as gu buileach; agus tha mi cinnteach nach d' thug e maitheanas riabh do 'n fheadhainn a chuidich ann a' chiad fhear.

Cha mhor laithean air nach robh cuid no cuideigin a nunn 's a nall eadar Muile agus Saoil; bha malairt de sheorsa no dha eadar an da eilean.

Bu mhath a chunnaic an sionnach so; ach cia mar bha e ri faighinn thairis do Mhuile, cha robh fios aige. Latha de na laithean agus e ga 'fhalach fhein am an sloc os cionn cladach Aird-nan-capull, an anail 'n a uchd, agus e an deigh a ruagadh le aon de choin a' Chuirn-bhàin, cha mhor nach robh e air bóidean a thoirt gu 'n leumadh e a mach anns a' mhuir agus gu 'n cuireadh e as da fein, an uair a chunnaic e seol geal bàta ag eirigh a mach bho chladach Mhuile, agus a reir coltais, a' deanamh direach air a' phort a bha aig a chasan. Na bu dluithe agus na bu dluithe thainig am bàta, agus ceart mar a shaoil e bhuail i air a' chladach mar urchair cloiche do 'n aite anns an robh e ga 'fhalach fhein. Bu mhath a dh' aithnich e gu 'n robh aca ri tilleadh an rathad a thainig iad, ach b'e an càs cia mar a rachadh aige air faighinn thar an aisig leo. Cha b' fhada bha fear nan car 's nan cleas ag amas air doigh. Am feadh a bha na Muilich a' deanamh an gnothaich, agus a' cur seachad beagan uine as a dheigh sin ann an Tigh-an-triubhais a' feitheamh an t-siuil-mhara, thainig mo laochan a nuas, agus an deigh dha tumadh a thoirt anns an t-sàile, laidh e maol-marbh am measg na feamnach air an traigh goirid bho 'n aite anns an robh am bàta ceangailte aig na feara. An ceann greis thainig na Muilich a nuas thun a' bhàta; leum iad uile a stigh ach am fear a bha ri a leigeil mar sgaoil; agus direach an uair a bha e 'dol ga 'fuasgladh faicidh e an sionnach na 'laidhe, mar shaoil esan, na 'chlosaich mhairbh. "Fhir a th' ann," ars' esan, agus e ga 'thogail air chasan-deiridh, "nach ann ortsa a thainig an dà latha an uair is ann am measg feamainn agus anabas a' chladaich a fhuair thu do leaba-bhàis! C' aite an robh do chuilbheartan agus do chleasan an latha a thainig an càramh so ort? Co dhiubh a b' urchair no abhag a thug gus a' so thu? no an deachaidh do bhàthadh agus do thilgeadh a stigh an so air bharr nan tonn? Cha bu chearr a chaidh am port so ainmeachadh, 'Port-nam-mèirleach,' ged nach biodh ann ach gu 'n d' fhuaradh do chlosach-sa air tìr ann. Ach tha do mhèirle thairis; cha ghoid thu cearc no caora tuille; bheir sinn leinn thu gu fearann a bha thuige so saor o d' sheorsa, agus tha dochas agam a bhios; lìonaidh sinn do chraicionn lan cònlaich an aite sìthne mar b' abhaist, agus cuiridh sinn ad sheasamh thu ad bhòcan a chumail nan cearc as a gàradh." Le so a radh, thilg e an sionnach a stigh ann an toiseach na geola agus an ròpa-toisich air a mhuin, agus phut e air falbh i. Is iongantach mar chuireas rud faoin teangannan dhaoine air ghluasad, agus a chumas e aig aon ni iad fad uine. Cha mhor gu 'n deachaidh facal a labhairt eadar Port-nam-mèirleach agus Muile, ach mu shionnaich. Is ann an sin a bha na sgeulachdan m' an timchioll. Bha feadhainn ga 'm moladh agus cach ga 'n càineadh; agus sheinn fear diubh oran Dhonnachaidh Bhàin—

Mo bheannachd aig na balgairean,
A chionn bhi 'sealg nan caorach !

An uair a bhuail iad tìr rug fear diubh air an t-sionnach agus thilg e fad a laimhe air talamh tioram e. "So!" ars' esan—"a' chiad sionnach a bha riabh am Muile." "Agus tha dochas agam gur e am fear mu dheireadh," bha fear eile 'dol a fhreagairt, an uair a chunnaic iad an sionnach coir a' toirt leum air a chasan, slan, fallain. Thug e suil thar a ghualainn; chaog e ris an fheadhainn a bha ga 'sheasamh anns a' bhata mar gu 'n abradh e, "Gu robh math agaibh; cha chaill sibh air;" agus an sin sheall e gu geur air cach mar gu 'm biodh e a' bagar ciod a thachradh do na h-uain acasan an éirig an càinidh airsan; thug e crathadh air fhein; bhog e 'earball 's thog e a chluasan; thàr e as ris a' bhruthach, agus cha 'n fhac' iad riabh tuille e.

Sin mar fhuair a' chiad sionnach do Mhuile, agus cha robh Muile riabh as a dheigh sin gun sionnaich gu leòir. Ma 's breug uam e is breug thugan e. SIUCRAM-CAM.

——o——

AN CEANNAICHE TAINGEIL.

AIG àm àraidh dhe'n bhliadhna bha féill mhòr air a cumail ann am baile sónraichte goirid o Lunainn, agus bha na miltean sluaigh a' cruinneachadh dà ' h-ionnsuidh. 'Nam measg-san bha cuid aig an robh gnothuch, agus cuid aig nach robh, ach is fior gun teagamh an sean-fhocal, "Am fear a théid do'n bhaile mhòr gu'n ghnothuch, bheir e gnothuch as." Bha ceannaiche cliùiteach agus measail a chòmhnuidh mìltean air falbh anns an dùthaich, agus thug a ghnothaichean lionmhor dh' ionnsuidh na féile e air muin eich. Aig cromadh an anmoich, an uair a thug e gu crìch gach ni a chuir e roimh a dheanamh, chunnaic e iomchuidh an fhéill fhàgail agus an t-slighe a ghabhail dhachaidh. Bha mòran airgid aig mu'n ceairt da, dhe'n do ghabh e gach cùram na chomas, air da fios a bhi aige gu'n robh àireamh nach bu bheag dhe luchd-réubainn agus dhroch-dhaoine air an fhéill, a bha 'glacadh gach fath agus cothroim chum gréim fhaotuinn air cuid neach-eigin. Ged bha am feasgair ciùin agus blàth, gidheadh bha na spéuran dorcha, na neòil a' fàs lùaineach, agus coslas atharrachaidh air an aimsir. Rinn an ceannaich e fein a thrusadh agus a sgiobalachadh co maith 'sa dh' fhéudadh e, agus léum e suas 'san diollaid. Cha deachaidh e astar fada an uair a shéid na gaothan, agus a thuit an t-uisge 'na thuiltibh. Bha na dealainich a' clisgeadh 's na spéuraibh, agus na tàirneanaich a bùraich gu h-eagallach. Bha aithreachas air gu'n d'fhàg e am baile, ach cha robh leasachadh air sin ach giùlan air aghaidh. Bha e fliuch dh' ionnsuidh a' chraicinn. Bha dorran nach bu bheag air, agus bha e ri gearan agus monmhor 'na chridhe fein, a thaobh an droch aimsir a rug air an déigh dha an fhéill fhágail. Bha 'n uair, gu'n teagamh, gailbheach, agus leis a' mharcachd-shìne, cha b'fhurasda an t-each a chumail air an rathad mhòr. Rùnaich e an t-astar dhachaidh a dheanamh ni bu ghiorra le dol troimh choille a bha'n sin, an dùil, mar an céudna, gu'n deanadh na craobhan fasgadh dha o'n doininn. Bha' choille dubh, dorch, agus na craobhan air gach taobh dhe'nt- slighe ag osnaich le neart an ànraidh. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach robh gnè gheilt agus eagail air an duine chòir, oir bha'n t-àite anabarrach aonaranach, uumhunnach, agus uamhalta. Smuainich e gu'n d'thugadh saorsa, an òidhche sin, do gach droch spiorad 'sa chruitheachd gu bhi mach, chum gach anradh a dhùsgadh suas. Ach ghiùlan e air aghaidh, a' leagail leis an each bhochd, shàruichte an rathad, nach bu léir dha fein, a dheanamh mach. An uair a ràinig e mu mheadhon na coille, chunnaic e solus dealrach, mar sholus lochrain a' boisgeadh air thoiseach air mar gu'm biodh e air mullach gàraidh air an laimh chli. Bha'n solus a' dol as, agus a' tighinn ann gach tiota. Gabh an t-each fein eagal. Stad e rè tamuill, agus cha bu lugha na sin geilt a' mharcaich. Mu dheireadh ghreas e an t-each air aghaidh, an uair, ann am priobadh na sùla, ghrad-leum fear-reubainn gu taobh an rathaid, agus thilg e solus an dorch-lochrain aige ann an sùilibh a' mharcaich. Cha do labhair an droch-fhear smid, ach air tilgeadh dha an lòchran air an làr rug e air gunna a bha fo 'achlais gu losgadh air a' cheannaich. Chual an ceannaich gliog, gliog aig glais a' ghunna, an uair a bha an robair 'ga cur air an làn-thogail. Ghrad-tharruing e an t-iarunn-leagaidh, bhuail an spor air an òrd léum sradan a mach, ach air do'n ghléus agus do'n fhùdar-chluaise a bhi mar aon fliuch, cha do loisg am fudar, agus uime sin, dhiult an gunna. Bha corruich air an fhear réubainn, agus ann am briathraibh cianail mhalluich e an t-uisge trid an d'fhàgadh gleus a ghunna 'san àm gu'n fhéum. Ghlac an ceannaiche neoni misnich, an uair a chunnaic e cia co caol 'sa thearnadh a bheatha. Thug e na spuir gu cruaidh do'n each, a léum air adhairt gu luath. Is dian a ruith *Tom o' Santer* air druim na làire-bàna aige, an uair a bhruchd na sithichean agus na buitsichean, mar bhuidhinn ifrinnich 'na dhéigh, a mach à eaglais Allobhaidh; ach is ceart co dian ri sin a chuir an ceannaich an t-each aige gu dhulan gus an do thar e as gu tearuinte. Is e a bha tàingeil do'n Fhreasdal do bhrìgh gu'n do theasairgeadh e o chunnart co mór. An uair a ràinig e dhachaidh, thubhairt e ann an làthair a' mhnàth agus a' chuid cloinne "Ochan! nach mise a bha mearachdach agus gearr-sheallach, an uair a bha mi ri gearan agus monmhor an aghaidh an uisge, a shònraich am Freasdal a thoirt air an talamh, oir nam biodh an aimsir tioram, grianach, teth, cha bhithinn-sa, a reir coslais, beò aig an uair so. Bhiodh bean mo ghràidh agus mo chlann bheag a' sealltuinn gu diomhain air son mo philltinn dachaidh. Thàinig an t-uisge sin, a dh'fhàg co mi-thoilichte mi, agus a chuir gruaim air mo ghnuis. Thàinig e ann an uair iomchuidh, chum mo bheatha agus mo chuid a theasairginn; agus thàinig e mar mheadhon chum an innleachd a rinneadh gu cur as domh a thoirt gu neoni.

Smuainicheadh uile luchd-leughaidh a' Ghaidheil air an fhirinn so, agus foghluimeadh iad gliocas o'n sgéul ghoirid so. Tha am Freasdal a' toirt lionmhorachd thrioblaidean oirnne, ach tha sin air a dheanamh chum ar leas. Tha na trioblaidean sin air an sònrachadh chum ar gleidheadh o thrioblaidibh eile a ta ni's seirbhe agus ni's àmhghairiche. Uime sin, deanamaid ar dleas'nas ann an irioslachd, agus fàgamaid gach cuis ann an làimh a Ti throcairich sin aig am bheil a Fhreasdal os ceann 'oibre fein gu léir.

ALASTAIR RUADH.

URNUIGH AN DUINE BHOCHD.

Air feasgair ciùin sàmhraidh bha duin'-uasal 'na shuidh 'ga ghrianachadh fein aig dorus a' thighe, agus ag amharc air a' mhuinntir a bha 'gabhail seachad air an rathad mhòr a bha goirid uaith. Bha seann duine air a luchdachadh le bliadhnaichibh, agus le ceann liath, a' dlùthachadh ris le ceumaibh goirid, màll, agus chuir e failt air, le bhonait a thoirt de 'cheann, agus le ùumhlachd a dheanamh dha. "Ciod is gnothuch dhuit, a dhuine shuaraich," deir an duin'-uasal, "agus ciod a chuir 'an car so thu?" "Le'r cead, le'r cead, a' dhuin' uasail, tha mi bochd, éuslainteach, fànn, agus éu-comusach air mo theachd-an-tir fein a chosnadh, uime sin tha mi 'g iarraidh na deirce." Sheall an duin'-uasal gu uamach, crosda, air an t-seann ine, agus thubhairt e ris, "A odaich shùaraich, c'arson tha ànadas agad teachd cho dlùth air ' fhàrdaich-sa, an uair bu choir it a bhi ri obair air choreigin, um thu fein a chumail suas, agus a'n ann a bhi 'caitheadh do laith-n 'nad' leisgeatair, a' siubhal an thaid mhòir. Bi falbh, bi'toirt chasan as, cha'n 'eil cuideachadh gam dhuit." Fhreagair an duine ochd e, ann an siobhaltachd, agus ubhairt e, gu'n do chuir sean aois obair e, agus gu'm bheil e 'ga ilgeadh fein air Freasdal an Tigh-rna Dé, agus air truacantas dhaoin uaithe. Cha do chòrd briathran duine bhochd air chor sam bith s a' pheacach uaibhreach agus in-speiseil ris an robh e 'labhairt, ir bha e 'na ana-creideach. Uime n, dh' orduich e do'n duine bhochd, n dara uair, e fein a thoirt as gu -ealamh, agus le gaire fanoid, bhair e mu Dhia, agus mu 'Fhreasd-l Dé mar nithe do nach tugadh géill sam bith. Dh' fhalbh an eirceach beagan chéuman uaith; gus thuit e air a' ghlùinibh. An n, chuir e suas an ùrnuigh a leanas; O Dhe ghràsmhoir, tha mi 'toirt uidheachais duit do bhrigh gu'm heil thu a' taomadh nuas do heannachdan aimsireil agus spiordail orm, agus do bhrigh gu'm heil m' aran agus m' uisge fein innteach. Tha mi 'guidhe ort, air gàth Chriosd, cuimhne a bhi agad ir an duine dhall so, ged a rinn e air ort fein, agus mar an ceudna arcuis air do Fhreasdal. A Dhé, hoir maitheanas da, oir cha'n 'eil os aige ciod a ta e'gràdh no 'deanmh." Dh' fhalbh an deirceach osda, agus mar sin chaidh na cuisan rè tamuill seachad. Ach bha na focail "A Dhé, thoir maitheanas da, oir cha'n 'eil fios aige ciod a ta e 'g ràdh no 'deanamh," a' fùaim gu'n sgur ann an cluasaibh an duine shaibhir. Bha e ann am mòr àmhghar rè na h-òidhche. Gidheadh air an ath là, air da a bhi air a ghairm do'n bhaile mhòir, a chur ghnothuichean an gniomh, rug e air an t-seann duine a' gluasad air an t-slighe.

Bhuaileadh le seòrsa eagail e an uair a thilg e a shùilean air an duine bhochd gu'n dùil ris, agus dh' aidich e an déigh làimh, gu'n do chuir an sealladh air chrith e le ciont agus eagal. Theirinn e bhàrr an eich, chrath e an duine bochd air làimh, an déigh fàilt a chur air, thòisich còmhradh ro thaitneach eadar an dithis. Thionndaidh an deirceach aosda ris an duin'-uasal, agus thubhairt e ris, "Air an là 'n dé bha mi acrach, agus ghairm mi aig dorus duine shaibhir. Bha corruich air, agus ann sin, dh' innis e dhomh nach robh e creidsinn aon chuid ann an Dia no 'na Fhreasdal. Dh' iarr e orm a bhi falbh, agus dh' fhalbh mi gu dorus eile far an d' fhuair mi gach aoidheachd a bha féumail. Ach féuch, b'e dorus tighe bantraich a bh'ann, agus bha i ro bhochd. Dh' éisd an duine mòr rè na h-ùine so agus ma dheireadh dh'aidich e gu'm b'esan an duine saibhir a bhuin gu h-ain-iochdmhor ris an duine bhochd, dh'iarr e maitheanas air, agus shin e dòrlach airgid d'a ionnsuidh. Ach cha do dhi-chuimhnich e riamh na focail, "Cha'n 'eil fios aige ciod a ta e a' deanamh." Dh' fhàs e 'na dhuine diadhaidh, agus cha do chuir e riamh an déigh sin deirceach truagh air falbh falamh o'n dorus aige.

S.

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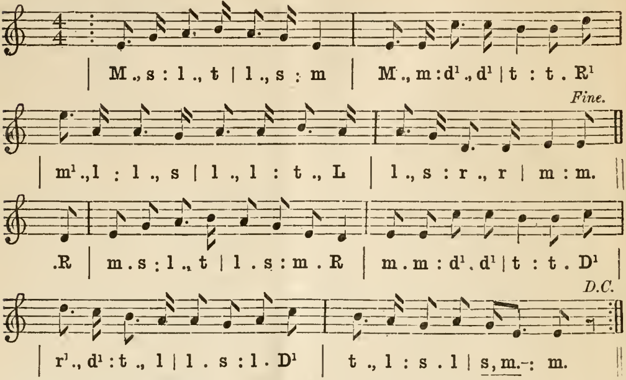
ORAN.*

Gleus C.—*With spirit.*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D.C.
| r^1 ., d^1 : t ., l | l . s : l . D^1 | t ., l : s . l | s , m. -: m. ||

Seisd.—Fàill ill ó ro, fàill ill ó,
Fàill ill ó ro éile,
Hi rithill uithill agus ó,
'S na thugaibh hó ro éile.

Gur mise tha trom, airtneulach,
'S a' mhadainn a's mi 'g eirigh;
Tha ghaoth an ear a' gobachadh
'S cha 'n i mo thogairt fhein i.
Fàill ill, etc.

Tha ghaoth an ear a' gobachadh,
'S cha'n i mo thogairt fhein i;
'S i ghaoth an iar, a b' aite leinn,
A's lasan oirre 'g eirigh.
Fàill ill, etc.
'Si ghaoth, etc.
Gu'n tigeadh oirnn am bàta
D'am b' abhaist a bhi treubhach.
Fàill ill, etc.
Gu'n tigeadh, etc.
Uachdaran na tìr' oirre—
Mo dhìth ma dh' eireas beud da!
Fàill ill, etc.
Uachdaran na tir', etc.
Uachdaran na duthch' innte—
Gu bheil mo dhùrachd fein leis.
Fàill ill, etc.

Uachdaran na duthch', etc.
Hi rì gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,
Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte!
Fàill ill, etc.
Hi rì gu'm b' ait, etc.
Far am bi na fìdhleirean,
'S na pìoban ann ga'n gleusadh.
Fàill ill, etc.

Far am bi na fìdh., etc.
A's far am bi na gillean og
Is boidhche theid fo 'n eideadh.
Fàill ill, etc.
A's far am bi, etc.
Far am bi na h-ighneagan,
(Bu bhinn leam bhi gu'n eisdeachd!)
Fàill ill, etc.
Far am bi, etc.
Is boidhche theid air urlar
An àm a' chiuil a ghleusadh.
Fàill ill, etc.
Is boidhche, etc.
Is iomadh oigear furanach,
Cruaidh, fulangach le feile,
Fàill ill, etc.
Is iomadh oigear, etc.
A dh' eireadh leat, a, Dhonuill,
Na 'n d' rachadh toir air Seumas.
Faill ill, etc.
A dh' eireadh, etc.
Dh' eireadh, Mac-Mhic-Alasdair
'S Gleann-garaidh leat le cheile;
Fàill ill, etc.
Dh' eireadh, eto.
A's dh' fhàgainn-sa mo dhuthaich
Air chumhnant a bhi reidh riut.
Fàill ill, etc.
A's dh' fhagainn, etc.
Bheirinn sgriob a Lunnainn leat
Na'm biodh mo thuras reidh dhomh.
Fàill ill, etc.
Bheirinn sgriob, etc.
Ach 's mise tha gu muladach,
Air m' uilinn, a's mi 'g eirigh.
Fàill ill, etc.

I am indebted to my friend Mr. John MacQueen, Glasgow, for the foregoing excellent song. J. W.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. VI. JANUARY 1877. No. 61.

OUR GRAMMARIANS.

II. O'Donovan.

John O'Donovan was born at Atateemore, in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, on the 9th July 1809. His father, Edmund O'Donovan, though but a small farmer, was descended from the celebrated O'Donovans of county Cork. His death in 1817, which led to the dispersion of his nine children, caused John to be sent to Dublin, where he obtained the elements of a good education. At the age of seventeen, John O'Donovan began to devote himself with the utmost assiduity and determination to the systematic study of the language, history, and topography of his native country. Within the space of three years he had occasion to put to the test as well as to increase the large amount of topographical information which he had already amassed. The Ordnance Survey commission of Ireland, dissatisfied with the manner in which local names were spelled by Englishmen, resolved to identify, if possible, the several places with the names and mutations of the names by which they were originally called. Well had it been for Scotland, had the same admirable principle characterised its Ordnance Survey. During the first four years of the Irish survey, the services of Edward O'Reilly, the compiler of the Irish dictionary, were given to this special work. In 1829, and when only twenty years of age, O'Donovan's name was brought under the notice of the Survey commission. He was at once recognised as singularly qualified to conduct the archæological department of their work. A careful examination of printed books, manuscripts, and inscriptions, was at once begun. Selected localities and existing monuments were personally visited. The Irish language in its more ancient and obsolete forms was minutely and carefully studied. The result was that topography, which hitherto had been the sole capital of pretentious sciolists and literary charlatans and the disgust of scholars, assumed in the hands of O'Donovan the character, and satisfied the requirements, of science. His published works, even at the early age of twenty-three, carried with them the weight of incontestable authority. His original contributions and translations printed in the *Dublin Penny Journal* in 1832 and 1833, not only demonstrated "that copious written materials existed for illustrating the history and antiquities of the country," but also that the name of young O'Donovan would henceforward be honourably associated with true Celtic scholarship.

The first portion of the survey memoirs was laid before the British Association at Dublin, in the year 1835; and afterwards, under the superintendence of Petrie and O'Donovan, was enlarged and published in 1837. "Here for the first time, for the illustration of Irish history, were brought together the combination of artistic and scientific knowledge, with a collation and examination of every accessible ancient writing, having reference to the places under consideration; all the existing vestiges being likewise closely examined and compared with the notices of them discovered in the old manuscripts. The methods adopted in the further prosecution of the survey are worthy of notice. 1. The old MSS. were carefully searched, and the principal names, with their various forms, were tabulated. 2. O'Donovan and others of the staff during summer proceeded to the localities whose nomenclature had been studied. They inspected the existing remains of monuments; learned in conversation with the Irish-speaking people the name of each townland in the vernacular; and took accurate note of all local traditions and legends. 3. If they met with a name or monument not supplied from the Survey office, further search was made in the historic department for information bearing upon it. Thus oftentimes local information and historic lore were found to dovetail into one another. The results of these investigations were regularly sent to the head office. Each of the 144,000 names on the maps was in this way investigated, and its orthography determined. "The energy, scholarship, and acumen exhibited by O'Donovan throughout these labours made a remarkable impression on all those with whom he came into contact."

In 1836 he began an analytical catalogue of the Irish manuscripts in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. This labour of love he turned to good account, when in 1841, chiefly through the exertions of the Rev. J. H. Todd, the "Irish Archæological Society" was founded, for the purpose of publishing original documents illustrative of Irish history. As editor and commentator of the works published by the society, including such books as "The Genealogies, Tribes and Customs of the Hy Fiachrach," and of the "Hy Many," "The Battle of Moira," and "The Book of Rights," his great resources were not only put to the test, but he displayed such knowledge and research as entitled him to be henceforward acknowledged as occupying the first place among Irish scholars.

Before entering on the work of the Ordnance Survey in 1829, he found there was great need for a better and fuller grammar of the native language than existed at the time. For seventeen years he kept this object constantly in view. In his numerous visits to all parts of Ireland, he had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the various dialectic peculiarities existing. His familiarity with the MSS. literature supplied him with the requisite knowledge of the successive changes which the language underwent. In 1845 he published his "Grammar of the Irish Language." It was received with the highest satisfaction by both British and Continental scholars, and gained for its author a very high character as a Celtic scholar.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES TO GENEALOGIES OF THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

(See Vol. V., p. 368; VI., p. 7.)

[1] From the peculiar condition of society among the Highlanders, the investigation of family history becomes an important instrument in ascertaining and illustrating the leading facts of their origin and history. The attention of the Club

will, consequently, be in a considerable degree directed to this object; and it is proposed to include in the Collectanea a series of the Genealogies of Highland Clans which are still to be found in ancient MSS. In the present number, the series commences with the contents of the most ancient Genealogical MS. now known to exist. It was discovered accidentally in the Advocate's Library last year, and consists of eight parchment leaves, the last of which is covered with genealogies, written in the old Irish character, but so very much faded by time as to be read with great difficulty, and, in many instances, to be altogether illegible. Of the authenticity of the MS. there can be no doubt, and a strict comparison of all the genealogies contained in it has satisfied the editor of its general accuracy. The same careful examination shows that it must have been written about the year 1450, and this conclusion, with respect to its date, was afterwards corroborated, by discovering the date 1467 written upon one of the leaves. The author of the MS. appears to have been a person of the name of Maclachlan, as the genealogy of the Clanlachlan is given with much greater minuteness than that of any of the other clans; and the various intermarriages of that clan alone are given. From this it seems probable that it once formed a part of the well-known Kilbride Collection, which was so long preserved by the family of *M'Lachlan* of Kilbride. Although a greater proportion of the contents of this MS. has been deciphered than was at first anticipated, a considerable portion still remains so much obliterated by age and exposure as to be in a great degree illegible. Should any further progress be made in reading these parts of the MS., the result will be communicated to the Club on a future occasion. It would occupy too much space here to enter into any detail of the very important effects which this MS. must produce upon the question of the origin of the Highland clans; it will be sufficient to state that it seems to establish three very remarkable facts—1*st*, The existence, at a very early period, of a tradition in the Highlands of the common origin of almost all the Highland clans; 2*dly*, The comparatively late invention of many of the traditionary origins of the different clans at present believed; and, 3*dly*, The mutual relationship of various clans which have hitherto been supposed to be altogether unconnected. It will be altogether impossible, in the limits of this branch of the Collectanea, to illustrate these curious genealogies as we could wish, or to do more than occasionally point out where the MS. is corroborated by record or history.

[2] It will be observed that the MS. commences with a long genealogy of the kings of Scotland from David I. It has not been thought necessary to translate this genealogy; but, in order to show the accuracy of the MS., the genealogy of these kings, contained in the Chronicon regum, *Innes' App. No. IV.* (*as collated with the original MS. in Pinkerton's Enquiry, I.* 479) has been annexed.

[3] This very curious genealogy appears to be that of the ancient Maormors or Earls of Moray. The following notices from the Irish Annals will establish its accuracy.

1085. *Maelsnectai* mac *Lulaigh* ri Muireb suam vitam infeliciter finierit. *Annales Ultonienses.*

1058. *Lulach* mac *Gilcomgain* ardri Alban. *Ibid.*

1032. *Gilcomgan* mac *Maebrig* Maormor *Murebe.* *Ibid.*
1029. Malcolm mac *Maolbridge* mac *Ruairi* mortuus est. *Tighernac.*

[4] 1058. *Macbetad mac Findlai* Ardri Alban do marbhe. *Tigh.*
1020. *Finlaec mac Ruairi* Maormor mhic croeb a filiis fratris sui *Malbrigdi* occisus est. *Tigh.*

[5] Maurice Macnaughton had a charter from Colin Campbell of Lochow of sundrie lands in Over Lochow, Argyle. *Robertson's Index.* Gilchrist Macnauhton had a grant from King Alexander III. of the custody of the castle and island of Fraochelan in Lochow. — *Doug. Baronage.*

[6] It will be observed that the M‘Intoshes are here made a part of the clan Chattan, and their origin deduced from Gilecattan mor, the well-known founder of that clan, a much more credible story than the improbable fiction of their descent from Macduff, Thane of Fife.

[7] "On a rocky point of the coast of Lochfine, about a mile below the church of Kilfinan, is to be seen the vestige of a building called Caisteal mhic Eoghuin or M‘Ewen's castle. This *M‘Ewen* was the chief of a clan and proprietor of *Otter.*"—*Stat. Acct. vol.* 14, *p.* 259. From the genealogy, this tribe seems to have been a branch of the clan Lauchlan.

[8] Kermac [Kenach] MacMaghan of the Earldom of Ross is mentioned in the public accounts of Lawrence le Grant, Sheriff of Inverness (then comprehending that earldom) circ. 1263 in the reign of Alexander the third. The &^{ca}. at the end of any genealogy, implies that its conclusion is to be sought for in that immediately preceding.

[9] The descent of this tribe from one *Krycul* (the *Gregall* of the MS.) is corroborated by the tradition of the country, as stated in the account of the parish of Eddirachylis.—*Stat. Acc.* vol. vi. p. 278.

[10] Paul Mactyre had a charter from William, Earl of Ross, Lord of Sky, of the lands of Gerloch, 1366. Clan Andres is the Gaelic appellation of the surname of Ross in Ross-shire to the present day.

[11] This seems to be the genealogy of the Mackays of Kintyre, and differs totally from the most authentic genealogies of the Mackays of Strathnaver, who are in Gaelic called clan Mhorgan.

[12] Donald M‘Duffee witnessed a charter by John, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, dated at the Earl's castle of Dingwall, 12th April 1463. —*Registrum Magni Sigilli*, lib. vi. No. 17.

[13] Here it has been found necessary to omit an entire column of MS., of which only a few detached words can at present be read.

[14] It will be remarked that this is the genealogy of the Macdougals of Lorn. "John Macalan of Lorn, called Macdougal," had from John Stewart, fourth Lord Lorn of that family, a charter dated in 1451, of the lands of Dunolly, the Isle of Kerrera, &c.—*Argyle Writs.*

[15] There appears to be some confusion, caused probably by an accidental blunder, in this genealogy, which the reader will please to bear in mind. The *Eoin bacach* of this genealogy is clearly the *John son of Duncan son of Dugall* of that immediately preceding:—and the two form properly one genealogy under the general head of *Clan Sorly.*

[16] The words inserted within brackets in the translation have *evidently* been omitted in the original MS.; and the editor has therefore ventured to give them a place, in order to prevent the confounding of two distinct genealogies.

[10] Instead of translating from the MS. the genealogy of the Macdonalds prior to Somerled, the editor has preferred placing beside it Dean Monro's edition of the same genealogy, dated more than a century later, in order that the two may be compared. But the reader will bear in mind that the Dean's MS., to which the editor never had access, has been most inaccurately printed. In the MS. of 1450, the genealogy is carried up through the Milesian Kings of Ireland to Adam. This part of the genealogy, however, the editor will be pardoned for having omitted.

Where this mark * occurs on the margin of the Gaelic, it indicates the commencement of a column in the original MS.

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THE SCOTTISH GAEL.*

THE elaborate work of Mr. Logan, of which the present issue is a reprint, with a memoir of the author and some foot-notes, was published in 1831 by Smith, Elder, & Co. of London. In his introduction the author states that his "endeavour has been to illustrate, with impartiality, the manners of the Celtic race; to trace the language, the religion, form of government, and peculiar usages of the Scots to their origin; to show their identity with those of the aborigines of Britain, and their resemblance to those of the remaining branches of the Celtic race, and thence to prove their own descent, and the derivation of the singular manners which so long distinguished them, and to which they so fondly cling." Mr. Logan was well qualified in some respects for the great task which he undertook. We are told that upon his recovery from a severe accident in his student days, he read "in a desultory sort of way everything he could lay his hands upon, but delighting chiefly in ancient history, and in books of archæological and antiquarian researches." Although not a Celt himself—being the son of a well-to-do Aberdeen merchant—he was an enthusiastic admirer of Celts and of the part they played in the history of this and other lands. Again, he not only read extensively the literature of the subject which he took up, but he travelled leisurely through the whole of Scotland, "carefully examining and sketching its antiquities of every kind." Nor must it be forgotten that no small part of the value of the book is its numerous illustrations, all carefully prepared by the author.

But on the other hand, it must be admitted that in other respects, and these not the least important, Mr. Logan was not so well fitted to write a work of such magnitude upon such a subject. The short memoir of the author prefixed to the present issue, reveals to us a mind of considerable parts, but, according to the testimony of those who knew him best in his later years, permanently affected by the accident above referred to. We find Mr. Logan entering as a student at the Royal Academy. He soon "threw down the pencil and took up the pen." Shortly afterwards he is a clerk in an architect's office, but this profession also he soon relinquished. We here miss the mental steadiness and persistency of purpose so characteristic of Aberdonians and so indispensable to the antiquary and philologist. Besides, the fact that the author was so unreservedly an admirer of the Celtic character and the peculiar manners and institutions of the Celtic race, detracts not a little from the value of the work from a scientific stand-point. Although the "Scottish Gael" was published only forty-six years ago, "a great many things have happened since that time." In this country, at least, the science of philology was then in its infancy. Antiquarians allowed their imaginations a great deal more play than they do now. Chiefly through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, the reaction against the anti-Gallic spirit of a former age had then reached its height, and had rendered sober investigation in this field almost impossible. Mr. Logan is "aware that some of the subjects on which he ventures to write have been bones of contention between the learned, and has no wish to increase the list of disputants;" but the list of disputants he increases nevertheless.

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* The Scottish Gael; or, Celtic manners, as preserved among the Highlanders, being an historical and descriptive account of the inhabitants, antiquities, and national peculiarities of Scotland. By the late JAMES LOGAN, F.S.A.S. Edited, with memoir and notes, by the Rev. Alex. Stewart of Ballachulish and Ardgour, "Nether Lochaber." Two volumes. Inverness: Hugh Mackenzie, Bank Lane. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart, South Bridge.

The plan of the work is as well conceived as it is comprehensive. In two large octavo volumes he traverses the whole subject under the following heads:—The Celtic race; The origin of the ancient inhabitants of Britain; The extent and productions of the aboriginal forests; The persons, dispositions, and institutions of the Celts; Their customs in war and military tactics; Their dress; Their arms; Their architecture; Their sports; Their agriculture; Their food; Their commerce and manufactures; Their poetry and music; Their religion, marriage ceremonies, and funeral rites; Their knowledge of letters. The whole is prefaced by an elaborate introduction, while appendices giving a table of the clan tartans and a copious and carefully prepared index conclude the work.

In one sense at least we may agree with the editor, that this is "the best work that has ever yet been written on the origin, antiquities, traditions, and natural peculiarities of the Caledonian Celts;" for it is the only elaborate work that has systematically and exclusively treated of these subjects. The work, as Mr. Logan wrote it, is deserving of great praise; and, we regret to say, open to no small share of blame. It aims at being popular and scientific; and, as not unfrequently happens, it falls between the two stools. Strictly speaking, it is neither the one nor the other. The subject, as seen from the abridged table of contents given above, is well arranged and divided. Under each head the author clearly and systematically discusses his theme. He gives a vast amount of curious and valuable information. Although he "has forborne to infuse humour into his recitals," his chapters are exceedingly interesting reading. He gives frequent references to books, showing a wide range of reading on his own part. But the unsatisfactory thing about the whole matter is, that we cannot always be sure what portions of this information regarding our ancestors are properly vouched for, and what portions are not. Mr. Logan in many cases gives no authority for his statements where we are much in need of authority. In many cases he gives as authorities those who are not authorities.

Great praise is due to the publishers for issuing anew a work which, with all its imperfections, is a valuable work, and which has been for years out of print. The editor informs us, at the conclusion of his interesting memoir of Mr. Logan, "that all he had to say in connection with the subject matter of the work is found in the notes; that nearer to libraries, and with readier access to books than is possible in the out-of-the-way place where he lives, and with a little more time than was allowed him in the execution of his task, he might perhaps have done his author and his subject a little more service." It is much to be regretted that the editor had not the advantages which he here tells us he had not. To the readers of the Inverness Courier "Nether Lochaber" has been for years a household word. To even a wider circle of readers, Mr. Stewart is known as a man of literary tastes and of great information regarding the manners, customs, and beliefs of his countrymen. But it may be that he has judged wisely in leaving the text of Mr. Logan's work as he found it, and in confining his own labours to a few scattered foot-notes. But we are disappointed to find in many cases that these notes, meagre as they are, are carelessly written, while printer's errors, especially in the Gaelic portion, abound.

We hope that the energetic publishers will soon have the whole of the present issue off their hands. A new edition of the work would be a valuable addition to Celtic literature; but a new edition, in order to be abreast of the requirements of the present day, and to occupy the place which the author meant this work to occupy, and which forty years ago it could with credit occupy, would require to be in great part re-written. A vast amount of reliable information regarding the manners and customs of our forefathers has been published within the last forty years. No new edition of such a book as this ought to be issued without embodying the result of the investigations of historians, antiquarians, and philologists. The editor refers, in one or two of his foot-notes, vaguely to the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland;" but this is not enough. The researches of the Antiquarian Society, of the Philological Society, and of other societies with similar aims, together with standard publications by several authors, would require to be read and compared with Logan's text. This text itself is in need of thorough revision. The long and elaborate chapter on poetry and music, extending to over 100 pages, would require to be wholly rewritten. It contains curious and valuable information. But alongside of this there is a great deal of what even the most ardent Celt must regard as crude views and unreliable statements. We ought to add that Mr. Logan dedicated his work, by permission, to King William IV. Mr. Stewart fitly dedicates his "annotated reprint" to Professor Blackie.

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LOG LETTERS FROM "THE CHALLENGER." *

In a prefatory note the noble author tells us that the letters were written home "with no intention of publication;" that we have them here as they were written—"rounding off only the most ear-breaking irregularities," and that they are meant to "give the reader a general idea of the purely unscientific portion of the Challenger's cruise—a cruise

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* Log Letters from "The Challenger." By Lord George Campbell. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

which will rank as famous in the annals of science." These letters appear to us to be almost the very model of what such letters ought to be. Lord George Campbell possesses in full measure the literary talent which has been for centuries characteristic of his family, and which, in the present generation has shown forth with more than usual splendour. There is no attempt at fine writing. A young naval officer full of life and energy and good humour, highly cultured, and with a mind of rare activity, is attached to the "Challenger" on her famous expedition. The purpose of the cruise had great interest for him, and accordingly we get here and there vivid descriptions of the manner in which the scientific operations were carried on, and the successes and mishaps which attended them. At the same time the progress of the "Challenger" is slow, and the eternal dredging is often irksome to his soul. But the facts, in search of which the vessel was chartered, are not all fished up from the bottom of the ocean. There are frequent coastings and occasional landings, and of these last an author avails himself on every opportunity, quite out of the reach of the "Globe-trotters" in the South Sea Islands, by China and Japan, and along the west coast of America, with a good dive inland occasionally, as from Valparaiso to Monte Video overland, Lord George contrives some way or another to spend some time ashore. That he does so to good purpose—that he has his eyes and ears open to receive instruction and enjoyment from new scenes and strange life—and that he has a ready and graphic pen to impart to others the results of his observations—this volume contains ample testimony on every page. It is difficult, if not impossible, to select a single passage which combines the various excellencies of the author's manner. The following occurred at Admiralty Island:—"The first man who came cannily down the ladder we made sit on a chair—we were smoking at the time—and as the strangeness of all the surrounding objects struck his eye, he kept on gently slapping his thigh, and between each slap he put his bent forefinger between his teeth. A highly imbecile appearance altogether. It was most ridiculous to watch him, as he slowly turned round on his chair, pointing at everything in succession, and between each point the teeth and thigh performance. . . . From him we again tried to solve the 'dead question.' We simulated death, then, munching vigorously, pointed to our legs and arms. Oh yes! no doubt of it; he seemed quite to comprehend, touching his arms and legs, and working his jaws. We were all laughing, he as much as anybody, when some one pointed to me and asked him if he would eat *my* legs; he was delighted, and undoubtedly it seemed to us would joyfully eat those my beautiful members. We all could not but agree that this looked like confirmation of the suspicion we had arrived at in the village."

Altogether a pleasant book.

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AN GAIDHEAL.

> "*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein*
> *Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*"—OISEAN.

VI. LEABH.] CEUD MHIOS AN EARRAICH, 1877. [62 AIR.

LITREACHAS NAN GAIDHEAL.

V.—NA MARBHRANNAN.

MA dh'fhaodte nach 'eil buaidh eile ri fhaotainn ann an litreachas ar Sluaigh anns an rioghachd so cho comharraichte ris a' mheas agus ris an tlachd a nochd ar Daoine anns gach linn d'an Eachdraidh do'n àm a dh'fhalbh. Gheibh sinn an Gaidheal, 'n ar latha fein, a' caoidh cor a luchd-duthcha,—a' leudachadh air am bochdainn, air an aineolas, air an aingidheachd; agus a' cur 'n ar cuimhne treuntas, gliocas, 'us ionracas ar n-Aithrichean. Bha 'n gearan ceudna aig ar n-Aithrichean. Agus ma bheir sinn geill d'ar Seanachaidhean agus d'ar Baird, b'ionann éubh do gach ginealach a chaidh thairis o'n a tha Seanachas 'us Bardachd againn. Gheibhear a bheag no mhor de'n teagasg cheudna am measg gach sluaigh; ach buinidh a' bhuaidh so ann an doigh ro shonruichte do na Gaidheil. O là gu là, agus o bhliadhna gu bliadhna, agus gu sonruichte 'n ar latha fein, tha comhfhurtachd agus sonas an duine a' meudachadh. Tha ar n-eolas air feum an duine 'dol am farsuingeachd. Tha na ficheadan agus na miltean doigh 'g am faotainn a mach gach là air son an talaimh so agus na laghannan a tha riaghladh ann a chiosnachadh a chum feum an duine. Agus ged, ma dh'fhaodte, a gheibhteadh ann an Eachdraidh an t-Saoghail linntean anns an do shaoithrich daoine bu chomasaiche, araon ann an corp agus ann an inntinn, na 'n linn anns a' bheil ar crannchur-ne, tha e gun teagamh fior nach robh àm riamh air a' bheil cunntas againn cho torach agus cho soirbheachail airson a bhi tiunndadh eolais 'us gliocais gu bhi meudachadh sonais a' chinne-dhaonna. Cha robh riamh ann an Eachdraidh Bhreatuinn a leithid de èud air a nochdadh le'r Comharlaichean agus le'r Riaghlairean a chum laghannan agus riaghailtean a chur air bonn airson meadhonan sonais a chur fa chomhair an luchd-aiteachaidh. 'N ar biadh agus 'n ar eudach, 'n ar tighean, 'n ar suidhe agus 'n ar luidhe, tha sinn fada, fada na's comhfhurtachaile na bha riamh ar n-Aithrichean. Ach cha'n e mhain so. Tha cothrom air toilinntinn a mhealtuinn aig ar n-obair le ealaidhean ùra, agus ás deigh obair an là bhi seachad le paipeiran-naigheachd, le leabhraichean, agus leis gach goireas do-aireimh eile air nach cuala ar n-Aithrichean iomradh. Maighstirean-sgoile, Ministeirean, 'us Lighichean gach là a' dol an lionmhoiread agus, gu bhi 'g an gabhail thar cheann, nach faod mi radh, gach là a' dol am feabhas. Comas gluasaid o sgireachd gu sgireachd—o rioghachd gu rioghachd—agus o dhuthaich gu duthaich nach cualas riamh a leithid; comas-conaltraidh a ghleidheadh r' ar cairdean ann an duthchannaibh céin nach creideadh ar Seanairean gu'm biodh e comasach. Cha 'n fhocal mòr a' radh gu bheil barrachd cothrom aig a' chroiteir agus aig an iasgair anns an àite is iomallaiche de'n Ghaidhealtachd air ruigheachd air tuillidh de na meadhonan a ni a' bheatha aimsireil socrach agus taitneach na bha aig an uachdaran ceud bliadhna roimh so. Co-dhiu tha no nach 'eil an t-iasgair agus an croiteir a' deanamh an fheum is fearr de na cothroman a tha aca, no a' deanamh stri chumhaidh gu bhi ruigheachd air na goireasan a tha 'm fad na laimhe dhoibh, cha bhi mi an traths' a' feoraich.

Ach ma leughas sinn ar paipeireannaigheachd Gaidhealach, nach ann a shaoileas sinn gur e 'n t-atharrach a tha fior. An aite bhi creidsinn gu bheil cor an duine anns an t-saoghal so, no co-dhiu cor nan Gaidheal, a' dol am feabhas, nach ann a bheir ar luchd-teagaisg oirnn a chreidsinn gu bheil e gach là a' dol am miosad. An aite a bhi creidsinn leis a' chorr de'n t-Saoghal gu bheil "Linn an aigh" air thoiseach oirnn, mur 'eil i cheana againn; nach ann a tha e air iarraidh oirnne bhi creidsinn leis na seann Romanaich gu bheil i seachad o chian nan cian, agus nach till i gus an till MacCruimein. Nach ann a tha chuis mar gu'm biodh an corr de'n t-Saoghal o chionn iomadh ceud bliadhna a' cur car deiseal dheth; Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba a mhain a' cur car tuathal dh'i. Tha e gun teagamh fior gu'm faighear ar Sluagh anns gach linn d'ar n-Eachdraidh a' caineadh cor an latha fein; a' monbhur agus a' gearan air cuisean mar tha iad; a' moladh cuisean mar bha iad; a' caoidh na tìm a chaidh seachad; agus tosdach mar gu'm biodh iad caoin-shuarach mu'n tìm a tha ri teachd.

Dearbhaidh focail ar Canain gu bheil am feart so dligheach d'ar Sluagh. Fhuair mi cho maith ri leth-cheud focal anns a' Ghaidhlig a' toiseachadh leis an fhocal *Sean.* Cha'n 'eil àite eile anns an d'fhuair an *Gnath-fhocal* a leithid de urram agus de umhlachd 's a fhuair e anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. 'S e ainm *Sean-fhocal;* ach 's e fhior chiall 'n ar measg-ne *Glic-fhocal.* A rìs, 's e *Seanachas* ma dh'fhaodte focal is fearr a tha againn airson Eachdraidh, agus is e *Seanachaidh* an aon fhocal airson fear-eachdraidh. Ri athair t-athar no do mhathar theirear 's a' Bheurla *Athair-mor* no *Athair-greadhnach* (*Grand-father*); their sinne *Sean-athair* (*Old-father*); ri athair a Sheanar, their an Sasunnach *Athair-mor-mor* (*Great-grand-father*); their an Gaidheal *Seann-sean-athair* (*Old-old-father*). Ri d'aithrichean o chéin, their thu do *Shinnsearachd;* ri aon a gheibhear 'n a oige a' cleachdadh cainnt 'us giulain an aosda theirear *Seana-cheann;* agus ri talamh a tha bliadhnachan gun àiteach their sinn *Seann-talamh.* Dh'fhaodte na h-eisempleirean so a leantuinn ro fhada. A rìs cha 'n e mhain gun abair sinn "An t-urram do'n aois," agus gun toir sinn geill do'n aithne chubhaidh sin; ach gheibh beachd 'n ar measg moran barrachd geill na's airidh e, ma dh'fhaodte, airson a luach no fhìrinn ma chuireas tu leis: "Mar thuirt an Sean'ar e."

Ann an dlù-cheangal ris a' bhuaidh a dh'ainmich mi, tha feart eile a tha ro-chomharraichte 'n ar Litreachas—'s e sin cho cianail, mhuladach 's a tha roinn mhor dh'i. Bhiodh e duilich a radh co-dhiu is e bhi 'n comhnuidh ag amharc 'n ar deigh a thug an car smalanach so d'ar n-inntinn, no co-dhiu is e gu bheil ar n-intinn smalanach a dh'fhag sinn cho teom air a bhi sealltainn cho tric air ar n-ais; ach tha co-cheangal dlù aig an dà bhuaidh ri cheile. Cha 'n 'eil coigreach a rinn a' bheag no mhor de bheachdachadh air a' Bhardachd Ghaidhealaich nach d'thug an aire do'n bhuaidh so. Cha 'n 'eil neach aig nach 'eil cuimhne air àite 'us àite anns an do labhair *Sir Walter Scott* air a' bhuaidh so 'n ar Bardachd agus an comhnuidh le cliù. Thug *Byron* leis 'n a fhuil bhuaireasaich fein moran de'n fheart cheudna agus chithear e briseadh a mach 'na rann gu ro thric. Tha cuid de na dàin is binne agus is miaghaile a sgriobh *Campbell — Lord Ullin's Daughter*, agus *Lochiel's Warning*—a' gleidheadh air chuimhne a' bheachd a ghabh esan air inntinn ar Sluaigh.

Dh'fhaodte aobhar no dhà fhaotainn airson gu'm biodh Gaidheil na h-Alba dubhach, smalanach 'n an inntinn. Is rian so, ma dh'fhaodte, a tha dual dhuinn mar chinneadh, ged nach 'eil mi fein a' creidsinn gu'm faighear dearbhadh cubhaidh air a' chuis. Tha sinn o chionn iomadh ceud bliadhna air an taobh lag anns an rioghachd agus cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach aobhar so a ghleidheadh na buaidh beò. Tha fios againn gur ann an uair a bha Gaidheil *Wales* ri stri chruaidh an aghaidh cumhachd nan Sasunnach a dh'eirich na Baird 'n a lan neart a bhrosnuchadh an t-Sluaigh; agus cha 'n 'eil feart anns a' bheil Bardachd chliuiteach nan daoine tréuna sin cho comharraichte ris an éubh thiamhaidh, ghoirt leis a' bheil am Bard a' dusgadh gaisge a Shluaigh 's a' guidhe dioghaltais air a naimhdean. Ach air an laimh eile gheibhear a' bhuaidh cheudna ann am Bardachd ghreadhnaich Oisein an uair a tha chairdean an uachdar a cheart cho neartmhor 's a gheibhear i ann an Orain loisgeach Mhic-Mhaighstir-Alastair ás deigh Chuilfhodair. Tha mi meas gu'm faighear an roinn is mo de'n aobhar, ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba co-dhiu, airson an spioraid smalanaich a tha riaghladh ar Bardachd ann an gnè na tìre anns a' bheil ar crannchur. Tha ar n-inntinn a' tarruing a dreach o ghnè na tìre anns a' bheil i fas ann an tomhas moran na's mo na tha sinn ullamh gu bhi creidsinn no idir a' cuimhneachadh. Ghineadh an t-samhchair shiorruidh a tha 'n cois ar beanntan àrda, ar glinn uaigneach, ar monaidhean sgìth, ar coilltean dorcha, spiorad soluimte, iriosal anns an neach is luaimniche inntinn. Cha 'n 'eil mi meas gu bheil e comasach do neach oige a chur seachad an taice Cuan mor na h-Aird-an-Iar gun gaoir a' chladaich a bhi tric 'n a chluais, agus gun buille trom, tiamhaidh na tuinne air a' chraig no air an traigh a bhi air a dheachdadh air eanachainn mar le iarunn dearg. A thuillidh air so tha an tìr bochd, neo-thorach, agus chuidicheadh an strì chruaidh a bha 's a tha aig an t-sluagh gu bhi solair lòin d'an teaghlaichean inntinn iriosal, striochdta a ghinntinn annta, an uair a chruaidhich an stri so féin cnamhan 's a righnich i feithean an cuirp. Tha 'n Sgriobtur ag innseadh dhuinn an uair a "dh' fhas Iesùrun reamhar gu'n do bhreab e"; agus ged nach abair neach nach 'eil sinne deas gu leoir gu breabadh, cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam na'm bitheamaid na bu raimhe, nach breabamaid na bu trice.

Ach cia ar bith an t-aobhar cha'n 'eil teagamh nach ann dubhach, cianail, muladach a tha a chuid is mo d'ar litreachas, agus nach ann mar is mo a gheibh sinn de'n fheart so is toilichte bhitheas sinn. Na'm biodh a' chleachduin againne a bha aig na Greugaich agus aig na Romanaich o shean, a bhi toirt ainm 'us dreuch 'us eideadh do Spiorad na Bardachd 'n ar measg, saoilidh mi gu'n cuireamaid a' Cheolraidh Ghaidhealach ann an riochd bant raich, air a sgeudachadh ann an culaidh-bhroin, a' caitheadh a mhor chuid d'a saoghal a' tuireadh aig uaigh a fir, 's a' chorr d'a tìm a' seinn crònan tiamhaidh 'n a dachaidh fhuair,—a nis 's a rìs fiamh a' ghaire a' togail air a gnuis mhaisich an uair a chuimhnicheas i air laithean a h-oige 's a sunnd, an uair a bha fear a graidh maille rithe, 's a bha iad làmh air laimh a' siubhal roimh choilltean dosrach 's roimh ghlinn uaigneach an duthcha fein gun smuain air bròn, air trioblaid, no air bàs.

Ach ged a tha ar Bardachd thar cheann comharraichte airson an Spioraid mhùchte, bhronaich a dh' ainmich mi, tha na "Cumhachan" no na "Marbhrannan"—'s e sin na Dàin a rinneadh a ghleidheadh air chuimhne cliù no mi-chliu a chuid sin de'n t-Sluagh a mheas na Baird airidh air rann,—tha a' mheur so d'ar Bardachd toillteanach air cunntas air leth dh'i fein. Tha na Marbhrannan, mar a dh'earbamaid roimh laimh, lionmhor ; ann am bharail-se, ro lionmhor. Ann a bhi sealtainn thairis air meur 's am bith d'ar Bardachd, mar tha na Laoidhean—na Marbhrannan—na h-Aoirean—na h-Orain-Ghaoil—agus gach buidheann eile d'am faighteadh ainm freagarrach, cha 'n 'eil mi meas gu'm faighear doigh is fearr na bhi roinn Eachdraidh ar Bardachd na tri earannan no linntean. 'Se sin :

I. An linn anns an abrar gu cumanta anns an do shaoithrich Oisean, Oran, Ullin, Fearghus Filidh, agus na seana Bhaird sin. Cha 'n 'eil mi 'g iarraidh an traths' air neach a chreidsinn gu'n do shaoithrich no gu'n do rugadh na daoine sin. Ach tha Bardachd againn a tha air a h-ainmeachadh orra. Gheibhear a' Bhardachd ann an "Oisean" Mhic-Mhuirich ; ann an "Seann Dàna" Mhic-a-Ghobhainn ; agus ann an "Leabhar-na-Feinne," a chruinnich an Caimbeulach. Bu Bhaird urramach a sgriobh a' Bhardachd so, cia b'e co iad ; agus tha Bhardachd a' gabhail os laimh a bhi toirt cunntais air cleachduin ar Sluaigh ann an linntibh céin. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh 's am bith anns a' chuis so ; agus air son na bheil agam de ghnothuch rithe an traths', cha dean e bheag de mhùthadh co-dhiu shniomh Mac-Mhuirich 'us Mac-a-Ghobhainn "Oisean" as an cinn fein, no co-dhiu a sgriobh iad na chuala agus na chunnaic iad, air an doigh air an cuala agus air am faca iad e.

II. 'Si an dara linn, an tìm fhada, dhorcha a tha ruigheachd o'n linn Oiseinich, mar dh'fheudas sinn a radh, gu ruig dlù air trì cheud bliadhna roimh so. Gheibhear ar fiosrachadh mu'n linn so anns an leabhar luachmhor ris an abrar "Leabhar Deadhan Lis-mhoir," a dh' eadar-theangaich an t-Olla Mac-Lachluinn an Dun-eideann, le mor-shaothair agus le mor-fhoghlum, o chionn cuig bliadhna deug.

III. Tha 'n treas linn a' toiseachadh le Mairi-nighean-Alastair-Ruaidh dlù air tri cheud bliadhna roimhe so, agus a' leantuinn a nuas g'ar latha fein. Gheibhear a mhor chuid de na tha nis a lathair de Bhardachd na linne so ann an "Sar obair nam Bard Gaidhealach" a chruinnich Iain-Mac-Coinnich o chionn sè-bliadhna-deug-thar-fhichead, agus ann an leabhraichean Bardachd a chuireadh a mach o àm gu h-àm o chionn sè fichead bliadhna.

Feudar gabhail seachad ann am beagan fhocal air an dara linn a dh' ainmich mi. Cha 'n 'eil ar fiosrachadh mu deidhinn ach easbhuidheach. Mar dh'ainmich mi cheana, gheibhear an aon chunntas earbsach a tha againn mu Bhardachd na linne so anns an leabhar ris an abrar gu cumanta a nis “ Leabhar Deadhan Lis-mhoir.” Chaidh an leabhar a sgriobhadh o chionn tri-cheud-gu-leth bliadhna leis an Ridire Seumas Mac-Griogair, Deadhan Lis-mhoir, agus le Donnachadh a bhrathair—neach a bha e fein 'n a Bhard, agus 'n a leth-sheirbhiseach, leth-chleireach d'a bhrathair, an Ridire,—'n a “ dhaor-oglach,” mar thuirt e féin : “ Duncha Deyr oclych mcDowle vec oyne Reywich,” no mar a sgriobhamaid a nis : “ Donnachadh, daor-oglach, mac Dhughaill mhic Iain Riabhaich.” Ged is iomadh leabhar de'n t-seorsa a chaidh, e reir coltais, a sgriobhadh o shean anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, cha 'n 'eil a' bheag dhiu a nis ri fhaotainn. Ach gu fortanach ghleidheadh am fear so sabhailte, ged nach 'eil fhios ciamar. O chionn dlù air ceud bliadhna fhuair Comunn Gaidhealach Lunuinn seilbh air an leabhar. Thug an Comunn so seachad e do Chomunn Gaidhealach Albainn an uair a bha an Comunn a' rannsuchadh airson fianuis mu shaothair Oisein. Tha e nis, leis na chaidh de sheann leabhraichean de'n t-seorsa a chruinneachadh, air a ghleidheadh gu curamach ann au Leabhar-lann au Luchd-tagraidh ann an Duneideann.

Dh'ath-sgriobh an sgoileir Gaidhlig ainmeil, Eobhan MacLachluinn nach maireann, an leabhar agus thug e cunntas seachad do Chomunn Gaidhealach Albainn mu thimchioll. Leugh 'us dh' ath-sgriobh 'us dh' eadar-theangaich an t-olla Tomas MacLachluinn an leabhar o chionn cuig-bliadhna deug. Chaidh a mhor chuid dheth a chlo-bhualadh anns a' bliadhna 1862 mar a sgriobh MacGriogair e fein e, leis a' Ghaidhlig air a sgriobhadh ann an litreachadh ar latha-ne agus le sin a rìs air eadar-theangachadh do'n Bheurla, leis an Olla MacLachluinn. Sgriobh sgoileir Gaidhlig ainmeil eile, *W. F. Skene*, roimh-radh foghluimte do'n leabhar mu Eachdraidh agus mu litreachas nan Gaidheal o shean. Gheibhear an leabhar air a dheanamh suas mar so fo'n ainm *The Book of the Dean of Lismore* anns gach buth-leabhraichean.

Bu shaothair chruaidh an leabhar a leughadh agus eadar-theangachadh. Fhuair agus thoill an t-olla MacLachluinn cliù mhor air son na saothrach so. Tha cuid de'n phaipeir air caitheadh air chor agus nach urrainnear an sgriobhadh a leughadh. A ris cha 'n 'eil an lamh sgriobhaidh idir cho cumachdail agus a gheibhear gu tric ann an seann sgriobhaidhean. A thuilleadh air so, cha do ghnathaich MacGriogair am modh-litreachaidh no eadhon na litrichean anns an robh a' Ghaidhlig air a sgriobhadh 'n a linn. 'N ar seann sgriobhaidhean is e litrichean agus modh-litreachaidh nan Eirionnach a chleachd ar luchd-duthcha. Ach 's e litrichean na Beurla a ghnathaich MacGriogair anns an sgriobhadh so ; agus litrich e na focail, mar a b'fhearr a b'urrainn d'a, a reir am fuaim. A rìs tha moran de na focail a bha cumanta anns an là ud a tha nis air chall. Feudar a thuigsinn ma ta nach bu ghniomh soirbh an sgriobhadh a leughadh no idir an sgriobhadh a thuigsinn.

Tha “ Leabhar Deadhan Lis-mhoir ” ro luachmhor airson aobhar no dhà. Cha mhor nach Bardachd e uile gu léir. Is anns an leabhar so a mhain a gheibh sinn cunntas earbsach air a ghne Bhardachd a bha am beul Ghaidheal an la ud. Sgriobh Mac-Griogair na dh'amais air de'n Bhardachd a bha siubhlach am measg an t-sluaigh 'na latha fein mar a sgriobh Caimbeulach Ile Sgeulachdan ar latha-ne. Cha do rannsuich Mac-Griogair airson Bardachd cho dlù no cho farsuing agus a rannsuich an Caimbeulach air son Sgeulachdan. Ach cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach faighear anns an leabhar a' Bhardachd a bha, tri-cheud-gu-leth us ceithir cheud bliadhna roimhe so, 'lionadh an aite a tha Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair, Donnachadh Ban, agus Dughall Buchannan a' lionadh 'n ar latha-ne. Tha roinn de'n Bhardachd air a h-ainmeachadh air Oisean. Tha roinn eile dh'i a tha air ainmeachadh air ughdair eile mu thimchioll euchdan nam Fiann. Tha e fior nach faighear anns an leabhar uiread agus aon sreath a tha, focal air fhocal, cosmhuil ri sreath ann an "Oisean" Mhic-Mhuirich. Ach tha 'n leabhar 'n a dhearbhadh nach aich'ear gun robh Bardachd na Feinne am beul an t-sluaigh o chionn ceithir-cheud-bliadhna, agus gu'n robh Bardachd, Baird, 'us sgoilearachd Ghaidhealach anns an àm sin cumanta 'n ar tìr. Tha aon ni eile gu sonruichte anns a' bheil leabhar "Deadhan Lis-mhoir" ro luachmhor. Tha e toirt seachad dearbhadh gu'n robh a Ghaidhlig Albannach air a giullachd—co-dhiu air a seinn—anns an àm ud. Amach o'n leabhar so is anns a' Ghaidhlig Eirionnaich a tha ar seann leabhraichean air an sgriobhadh; agus their cuid nach 'eil anns a' Ghaidhlig Albannaich ach meur no nighean de'n Ghaidhlig Eirionnaich a rugadh o chionn beagan cheudan bliadhna. Cha 'n 'eil so fior. Gheibhear Gaidhlig Eirionnach agus Gaidhlig Albannach anns an leabhar. Is dà phiuthair—clann na h-aona mhathar—an dà Chanain. Ach chuir iad suas tigheadas air leth o chionn corr 'us mile-gu-leth bliadhna, ged ghleidh iad deigh chairdeas mar thigeadh do choimhearsnaich agus do pheathraichean. Thuigeadh iad a cheile ri linn Chaluim Chille; ach cha robh tuilleidh ann. Bha chuis mar sin an uair a sgriobhadh an leabhar so; agus tha chuis mar sin an diugh.

A mach o'n Bhardachd a tha air a h-ainmeachadh air Oisean, cha bhuidhneadh a bheag de na tha ri fhaotainn anns an leabhar moran urraim. Ann an coimeas ris a' Bhardachd Oiseinich, agus ris a' Bhardachd Ghaidhealaich a tha againn o'n àm sin, tha leabhar Deadhan Lis-mhoir comharraichte gu sonruichte ann an dà ni. 'Se sin cho tearc agus a tha Marbhrannan; agus cho lionmhor agus a tha Aoirean gu sonruichte air mnathan agus air sagairtean. Ma tha Bhardachd so a' toirt seachad cunntas creideasach air caithe-beatha nan laithean ud, thainig atharrachadh mòr air na mnathan Gaidhealach a chum na cuid is measa o linn Oisein, agus air na sagairtean o linn Chaluim-chille. Agus a dh'aindeoin dranndail ar luchd-gearain thainig, taing do'n Fhreasdal, atharrachadh mor a chum na cuid is fearr air mnathan, air sagairtean, agus air ministeirean na Gaidhealtachd o'n àm ud. So eisempleir air "Cumhachan" na linne a rinn Eafric nic-Corcadail air Mac-Neill Dhun-Suibhne:*

"A phaidrein a dhuisg mo ghàir,
Ionmhuinn mar a bhi ort,
Ionmhuinn cridhe failteach fial,
G'an robh riamh gus an nochd,
D'a eug is tuirseach a taim,
An lamh mum bidhte gach uair,
Nach cluinnean e bhi an clì,
Agus nach facaim e uam;
Mo chridhe-sa is tinn a ta,
O tig creach an la dhuinn
Goirid a dh' éisd r'a ghloir,
Ri focalaibh an òige ùir;
Beul aitheasach da 'm bu sheimh glòir,
Dh' aithnichteadh a ghuth 's gach tìr,
Leomhan Mhuile 'n am mùr geala,
Seabhag Ile nam magh mìne;

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* Book of the Dean of Lismore.—Gaelic text, pp. 96, 97.

Fear a b' fhearr meodhar air dhaoine,
O nach deachaidh daimh gun diol,
Toiseach deagh eanach suairc seimh,
Aig am faighteadh mèin mhic rìgh," &c.

D. M'K.

———o———

A' CHAINNT A BHA BHO 'CHIAN ANN.

An dùin a' chluas air briodal dhùl,
  Mar ni gun iùl, gun chiatabh?
An dean sinn tàir' air cainnt 'us cliù
  Na màthar rùin 'thug cìoch dhuinn?

FONN.

Airson na cainnt' bho shean, a ghràidh;
  A' chainnt a bhà bho chian ann:
O, canam sgeula, seinnean dàn
  'S a' chainnt a bhà bho chian ann.

Thigeadh fortan, thigeadh cruaidh-chas,
  Teas no fuachd, gu'r pianadh;
Ach gnàth ar sinnsear cumaidh suas,
  'S a' chainnt 'bha buadhach riabh ann.

'Fhad 's a sheallas grian a bhàn,
  'S a leanas tràghadh lìonadh,
Bi'dh luaidh air àm 'us dàimh a bhà
  'S a' Ghàidhlig 'bha bho chian ann.

A' chainnt a sheirmeadh leis na dùil,
  An toiseach cùmhnaint riaghlaidh—
A dh' altruim Nàdur air a glùn,
  'S a thog air sùgh a cìochan.

A' chainnt is taitnich' leis a' chàil—
  Tha bainne blàth 'us fion innt',
Ubhlan mheangan, mil nan càrn,
  'S gach feart 'chuir Nàdur riabh dhith.

A' chainnt 's an cluinn sinn borbhan thonn
  'Us srann na gaoithe niar-dheas.
Fonn na luachrach, crònan allt,
  'Us cruit nan gleann 's a' chiaradh.

A' chainnt 's 'na thagair Adhamh pòg
  Air feasgar òg an t-siathamh—
A'chainnt 's 'na sheinn mo mhàthair dhòmhs
  A crònan 's mi na m'chìochran.

A' chainnt a labhair Oisean caomh,
  Cuchulainn, Caoilt, 'us Diarmad:
An leig air di-chuimhn' cainnt nan laoch?
  Cha leig, a ghaoil, cha b'fhiach leinn!

Is i is milse 'g innseadh sgeòil,
  Os cionn nan còrn, 's i cianail:
'S i is cannaiche 's is bòidhch'
  A' tobhairt phòg, 's ga'n iarraidh.

Nise bith'mid cridheil, spòrsail,
  'Seinn nan òran ciatach,
'S a' luaidh air togradh 's dàimh ar n-òig',
  'S a' chainnt is còmhnaird briathran.

'S bith'maid measarr', ceanailt, suairce—
  Sid bu dual bho chian duinn:
Tha againn teisteas cainnt nam buadh
  Air seirc 'us uails' na thriall uainn.

Air son na cainnt bho shean a ghràidh;
  A' chainnt a bha bho chian ann:
O, canam sgeula seinneam dàn
  'S a' chainnt a bhà bho chian ann.

SEUMAS CHATHUIL.

———o———

LITIR BHO FHIONN.

FHIR MO CHRIDHE,—Tha fhios agad fein nach ann air a' pheann is eolaiche muinntir Thom-an-tuilm aig an àm so d' an bhliadhna. Bho mhoch gu dubh cha chluinn thu ach fuaim a' bhuailtein a' dol gu sùrdail anns an t-sabhal; agus an uair a chuireas an dorcha stad air a' bhualadh, agus a thig sinn a stigh, cha 'n fhaigh sinn fois no socair bho Mhairi òig gus an teid sinn an taice nan craidhleag. Mar so tuigidh tu c'arson nach robh fios agad bhuam o chionn fhada, agus an t-aobhar nach 'eil an litir so ach goirid—cha 'n 'eil fhios agam nach abair thu, "Na 'm biodh i fada bhiodh i searbh." Bheir mi dhuit seorsa sgeoil no comhraidh a dh' innis am Frangach mor dhuinn an oidhche roimhe ann an tigh Iain Oig. Thuirt e gu'n do thachair an gnothach anns an Fhraing, ach is i mo bharail-sa gu bheil an comhradh gle choltach ri seanchus a chluinnteadh anns an duthaich againn fhein. Leis nach 'eil cuimhne agam air na h-ainmean neonach a bha aige-san air na daoine, thug mi Ruairidh Mòr agus Colla Bàn orra; is aithne dhuit fhein gu math an dithis dhaoine so. Is mi do charaid dileas.

FIONN.

Tom-an-tuilm, 1876.

FAR AM BI AN TOIL BIDH AN GNIOMH.

RUAIRIDH MOR.—Madainn mhath dhuit, a Cholla; tha toil agam turas a ghabhail an diugh, agus thainig mi a dh-iarraidh tacain d' an làir bhàin agad.

Colla Ban.—Gheobhadh tu sin le deadh dheoin agus le m' uile chridhe, ach tha agam fhein ri dol a'n mhuileann air toir mine do 'n mhnaoi.

Ruairidh.—Cha 'n 'eil am muilleann a' dol an diugh; chuala mi fhein am muillear ag radh gu'n robh an t-uisge ro iosal.

Colla.—Is cearr an gnothach sin. Feumaidh mi falbh do 'n bhaile-mhargaidh cho luath 's is urrainn domh, oir chuireadh mo bhean a mach as an tigh mi na 'm biodh an geàirneal falamh.

Ruairidh.—Caomhnaidh mise an dragh sin duit, oir tha pailteas mine agam; bheir mi dhuit an coingheall na chuireas seachad sibh gus an atharraich an t-sìd, agus am bi uisge ann air son a' mhuilinn againn fhein.

Colla.—Cha chordadh a' mhin agadsa ri m' mhnaoi-se; tha i ro dhuilich a thoileachadh ann am min.

Ruairidh.—Biodh i cho ailleasach 's a thogras i, cordaidh i rithe; nach ann bhuait fein a cheannaich mi an siol, agus thuirt thu rium nach robh na b' fhearr riabh agad.

Colla.—Ma's ann bhuamsa a fhuair thu an sìol feumaidh e bhi math; cha robh droch shìol riabh am shabhal. Cha 'n 'eil duine air an t-saoghal, fhir mo chridhe, do 'm bu luaithe a nochdainn caoimhneas no do 'n deanainn comhstadh na dhuit fhein; ach dhiùlt an làir bhàn a ceannag fheoir an diugh 's a' mhadainn, agus is mor m' eagal nach 'eil i comasach air falbh leat.

Ruairidh.—Na biodh eagal ort; bheir mi fhein dhi gu leoir de shiol air an rathad.

Colla.—Tha 'choltas air an latha a bhi ceòthar; bidh an rathad sleamhain, agus cha 'n 'eil fhios agam nach rachadh tu fhein agus an làir as an amhaich.

Ruairidh.—Cha 'n eagal duinn; tha an làir bhàn math a chumail a cas—thoir a mach i.

Colla.—Nach mi-fhortanach an gnothach gu bheil an diollaid air dol á sgaid; agus tha an t-srian air falbh ga 'càradh.

Ruairidh.—Tha an da chuid diollaid agus srian agam fhein.

Colla.—Cha fhreagair do dhiollaid-sa do 'n làir bhàin.

Ruairidh.—Mur freagair gheobh mi coingheall diollaid Iain Thomais.

Colla.—Cha fhreagair diollaid Iain Thomais na 's fhearr na do dhiollaid fhein.

Ruairidh.—Theid mi a suas do 'n tigh-mhor; is aithne dhomh fhein an gille-stàbuil, agus tha fhios agam gu 'm faigh mi te am measg nam ficheadan a tha an sin a fhreagras do 'n lair bhain.

Colla.—Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach fhaigh, a charaid; cha 'n 'eil duine fo 'n ghrein do 'm bu deise mi gu comhstadh a dheanamh na thu fein, agus gheobhadh tu an lair bhan le m' uile chridhe, ach cha deachaidh cìr air a gath-muinge o chionn mios, agus na 'm faiceadh daoine i anns a' bhaile mar tha i bheireadh e a nuas a pris gu mor na 'n rachainn ga 'reic.

Ruairidh.—Cha'n fhada ghabhas duine a' cur eich an ordugh. Ni an sgalag agam fhein a h-uidheamachadh ann am beagan uine.

Colla.—Cha 'n 'eil teagamh air sin, ach ma 's math mo chuimhne tha i am feum a cruidheadh.

Ruairidh.—Cha 'n 'eil a' cheardach fad as.

Colla.—An e gu 'n leiginnse leis a' ghobhainn mhór an lair bhan a chruidheadh! Cha 'n earbainn m' asail ris. Cha leig mi le gobhainn sam bith ach fear an Tuim-uaine an lair bhan a chruidheadh.

Ruairidh.—Nach fortanach gu bheil agam ri dol seachad air dorus na ceardaich sin; gheabh mi a cruidheadh 's an dol seachad.

Colla (*Agus e a' faicinn a ghille-stabuil aig ceann an t-sabhail*).—An cluinn thu, Iain!

Iain.—Tha mi a' cluinntinn; 'd é b' àill leibh? (*Agus e a' tighinn a dh-ionnsuidh mhaighstir.*)

Colla.—So agad Ruairidh Mor ag iarraidh coingheill d' an lair bhain; tha fhios agad gu bheil creuchd air a druim cho mor ri m' bhois. (*Chaog e ri Iain.*) Seall an do leigheis i. (*Thuig Iain ciod a bu chiall do 'n chaogadh agus dh' fhalbh e.*) Tha mi a' smuaineachadh gu 'm bu choir do 'n chreuchd a bhi slan a nis. Tha mi toilichte gu bheil e am chomas comhstadh a dheanamh dhuit; feumaidh daoine a cheile a chuideachadh anns an t-saoghal so. Is briagh leam fhein daoine fhaicinn cairdeil agus comhstach. Na 'n do dhiùlt mi thu an toiseach theagamh gu 'n deanadh tusa a' cheart leithid ormsa aig àm eile Tha mise de nadur cho soirbh nach urrainn domh caraid a dhiùltadh. (*Iain a' tilleadh as an stabul.*) A bheil a' chreuchd air leigheas?

Iain.—Air leigheas! Cha bhi craicionn slan oirre an ceann mios. Thuirt sibhse gu 'n robh an lot mu mheud ur boise; cho mor ri beantaig a bu choir dhuibh a radh. Cha chuir an lair bhan cas foidhpe air a' mhios so.

Colla.—Tha mi ro dhuilich, a charaid, gu bheil gnothaichean mar tha iad, oir bheirinn an saoghal air son do sheirbhiseachadh aig an àm so; ach tha thu fein a' faicinn nach 'eil e am chomas.

Ruairidh.—Tha mi ro dhuilich a chluinntinn air do sgàth fhein. Bha litir agam bho 'n ard-mhaor-choille ag iarraidh orm tighinn a stigh do 'n bhaile na 'choinnimh; tha e 'dol a shuidheachadh gearradh na coille orm. B' fhiach so cuid mhath dhomhsa, agus bha mi an duil a' chairteireachd a thoirt duitse, agus b' fhiach sin leth do mhail dhuit; ach—

Colla.—Leth mo mhail! a dhuine chridhe!

Ruairidh.—Theagamh tuilleadh 's sin; ach bho nach urrainn duit an lair bhan a thoirt dhomh is fearr domh taghal air Iain Mòr a dh' fheuchainn an toir e dhomh an t-each glas.

Colla.—Nàraichidh tu mise ma ni thu sin; stad, stad, agus gheobh thu an lair bhan. An e gu 'n diultainn an caraid is fhearr a th' agam!

Ruairidh.—Ciod a ni thu air son mine do 'n mhnaoi?

Colla.—Tha 's a' gheairneal na dh' fhoghnas dhi gu ceann ceithir la deug fhathast.

Ruairidh.—Ach nach 'eil do dhiollaid á sgaid?

Colla.—Is i an t-seann te a tha mar sin. Tha te ùr agam air nach do shuidh duine riabh, agus gheobh thu a' chiad latha dhi le 'm uile chridhe.

Ruairidh.—An cruidh mi an lair bhan aig ceardach an Tuim-uaine anns an dol seachad?

Colla.—Cha robh cuimhne agam gu 'n d' fhuair mi a cruidheadh aig a' ghobhainn mhór a dh' fhaicinn ciod an dreach a chuireadh e oirre, agus, a dh-innseadh na firinn, rinn e an gnothach na b' fhearr na shaoil mi a dheanadh e e.

Ruairidh.—Nach d' thuirt Iain riut gu 'n robh creuchd air a druim cho mor ri beantaig?

Colla.—Cha 'n 'eil annsan ach an t-abharsair breugach. Cuiridh mi geall nach 'eil a' chreuchd na 's mò na ionga d' ordaig.

Ruairidh.—Feumaidh i a cìreadh co dhiubh; nach d' thuirt thu nach deachaidh cìr oirre o chionn mios?

Colla.—Mu thruaigh an gille-stabuil mur cìreadh e i a' h-uile latha !

Ruairidh.—Thoir dhi siol, ma ta ; nach do dhiult i a boitean maidne ?

Colla.—Ma dhiult is ann bho 'n fhuair i gu leoir de shiol. Na biodh eagal ort ; falbhaidh i mar a' ghaoth. Tha an rathad math ; cha 'n 'eil coltas uisge no ceò air. Turas sabhailte dhuit, agus soirbheachadh math dhuit fhein agus do 'n mhaor-choille. Tog ort ; leum a suas !

——o——

ORAN LE SEANN ILEACH.

Tha còrr 'us fichead bliadhna 'thìm,
Bho 'n dh' fhàg mi glinn mo dhùthchais ;
Bu ni gun fheum 'bhi fuireach ann,—
Bha cosnadh gann 's an dùthaich.
Thug mi sgrìob gu tìr nan Gall,
'S mi 'n geall air beagan cùinnidh ;
Cha do chòrd iad idir riùm,
'Us cha robh call 's na cùisean.

Idir cha robh call dhomh fhéin,
'Us dh' fhàg mi 'm dhéigh na Burgaich ;
'S a Chanada a nall gu 'n d' thàinig—
Aite b' fheàrr dhomh dùbailt.
'Us fhuair mi cosnadh ann gun tàir,
'S mo phàidheadh cha bu diù e,
'Us bho sin gu ruig an t-àm so,
Cha ro fang mu m' chùrsa.

Tha cùrsa dhaoine math gu leòir,
Le dachaidh bhòidhich, fhaoilidh ;
Ni nach fhaiceadh iad ri 'm beò,
Le comhnachadh 'an taobh sin.
B' e là an àigh do mhòran Ghàidheal,
'Sheòl thair sàile 'n taobh so :
Le 'n cuid ghearran ann am pàircean,
Crodh, 'us bàrr, 'us caoirich.

Tha tighean-cloich, 'us tighean-*brige*,
Frame 'us *log* aig tuathnaich ;
'S a chuid o 's mò dhiùbh sid le orsaid
Dosarrach ri 'n guailnean.
Na craobhan lùbte làn de ubhlan,
Torrach, sùghail, uaine,
"Plums" us peuran, "grapes" 'us caorainn,
Smiaran 's dearcan-ruadha.

Tha 'n tìr so math do 'n duine bhochd,
'S do 'n bheairteach mar an ceudna ;
Gach aon dhiubh 'dol a réir a neart,
An gnìomh, 'an teach, 's an 'éideadh ;
Ach daoine leisg 'us luchd na misg',
Tha 'ghort gu tric ga 'n léireadh ;
'S an duine ionraic gheabh e meas,
Bi'dh aige stoc 'us féudail.

Tha reothadh mór 'us sneachda trom,
Air uachdar gruinnd 's a' gheamhradh ;
Ach tha na h-aodaichean d'a réir,
Gu 'r dìon bho bheum na gailbhinn.
'Us tha ar n-eich le 'n cruidhean géur,
A' tarrainn *sleigh* gu meanmnach ;
A mach 'us dhachaidh thig gun éis,
'S dh' fhàg lòd nan déigh rinn airgiod.

An uair a' sid mi leis an tuaith,
A thoirt a nuas nan craobhan ;
Bha 'n obair trom, ach dh' éireadh sunnt,
'N uair chìteadh ceann dhiubh 'g aomadh,
A' dianamh turran fada cruinn
'S an loinn a b' fheàrr a shaoilinn ;
A ghabhadh losgadh an an-àm,
'S Bha cruineachd trom na 'dhéigh sin.

Bidh na stocan gu 'bhi loisgte,
'An sia no seachd de bhliadhnan,
'S tha na pàircean fada, réidh,
'S an spréidh na 'm measg ag ionaltradh.
Agus so na 'fhearann saor
Aig daoine 'fhuair am pianadh
Anns an tir a dh' fhàg na'n déigh
'S a bha na 'n éiginn riabh ann.

Tha iad saor bho mhaor na bàirlinn,
'S bho àrdan an uachdarain ;
Bho gach *factor* agus bàilli
'B' àbhaist 'bhi ga 'n gualadh,
'S a thoirt a nuas an còmhdaich chinn,
Ged reothadh lom a' ghruag dhiubh ;
'S cha dian mòrlanachd no tàir,
Gu bràch an cur fo ghruaman.

Bheir mi nis anns a' cho-dhùnadh,
Cliù do righ nan airdean,
A dh' fhosgail dhuinne dùthaich ùr,
'Us cùisean tha gu 'r fàbhar.
Faodaidh daoine cur 'us buain,
Gun uamhas romh na màil orr',
'S do 'n duine bhochd cha 'n 'eil fo'n ghréin,
G' a fheum an tìr a's fheàrr dha.

S an Eilein Ileach bha mi òg,
Duin' uasal còir b' e 'n t-uachdaran ;
Bha e math do 'n duine bhochd,
'S cha d' rinn e lochd air tuath'nach.
Ach chaill e 'n t-àite, ni bha cràiteach,
Rinn so nàisnich fhuadach ;
Tha gach tigh 'us baile fàs
'S tha caoirich 'n àite 'n t-sluaigh ann.

Ach ma thig orra gu h-obunn,
Cogadh thair na cuaintean,
Is beag a ni na caoirich mhaol',
Le gunna caol 's an uair sin.

Cha bhi Gàidheal 'dhol gu blàr
  A chumas nàmhaid bhuapa—
Is beag an dolluidh, rinn iad tàir'
  Eir Clann mo ghràidh ga 'm fuadach.

EOBHAN MAC-CORCADAIL.

Sullivan, Ontario,
Jan. 2, 1877.

* * *

BAS AN NEO-CHIONTAICH.

Is dèisinneach ri leughadh na cunntais a gheobh sinn gu tric, ri linn laghannan na rioghachd a bhi moran na's cruaidhe na tha iad a nis, air muinntir a bhi ga 'n diteadh gu peanas, agus iomadh uair gu bàs, air son amharus cionta nach gabhadh dearbhadh na 'n aghaidh. Mar eisimpleir air an nì so gabh an sgeul cràiteach a leanas.

Bha ann am baile an Sasunn o chionn greis mhath de dh-ùine, òsdair a b' abhaist a bhi ri spuinneadaireachd air luchd-turais. Chaidh e a mach oidhche agus comhdach air 'aodann, los nach aithnichteadh e, agus thachair fear air a' gabhail an rathaid; leum e air, agus chreach e d' a sporan e, anns an robh fichead bonn oir. Ghreas e dhachaidh, agus tacan as a dheigh, co thainig gu trom, airsnealach, ach an duine bho 'n do bhuin e an t-òr. Dh' innis e mar dh' eirich dha, aig a' cheart àm ag ainmeachadh gu 'n robh comhara aige air gach bonn d' an or, agus, uime sin, gu 'n robh e an dochas gu 'n rachadh greim fhaighinn air an fhear a rinn an reubainn air. Cha robh an t-osdair fein a lathair an uair a bha an duine a' cur an ceill nan nithe so, agus an uair a chaidh innseadh dha le cuid de 'n luchd-tighe, chuimhnich e gu 'n d' fheuch e ri aon de na buinn a mhùthadh, agus bhuail iomaguin chruaidh e cia mar gheobhadh e as an rib anns an robh a choltas air gu 'n do thuit e. Bha eagal air gu 'n rachadh am bonn oir a lorgachadh g'a ionnsaidh, leis gu 'n robh comhara air. Cha 'n fhac' e doigh a bu choltaiche na feuchainn ris a' chionta a chur air aon d' a ghillean. A chum ruigheachd air so, fhuair e an dram a chur air an t-seirbheiseach, a charamh a laidhe trathail, agus, an deigh dha tuiteam na 'chadal, chuir e an corr de na buinn oir agus an sporan na phoca. Chaidh e an sin a dh-ionnsaidh an fhir a chaidh a robadh, a' feoraich dheth am b' fhior mar chual' e—gu 'n deachaidh a robadh air an rathad a dh-ionnsaidh a thighe-san, agus fichead bonn oir a thoirt uaith. Thuirt am fear eile gu 'm b' fhior. Fhreagair an t-osdair gu 'n robh gille na 'sheirbheis-san a bha tric a mach 's an oidhche, agus nach b' urrainn cunntas ceart a thoirt iomadh uair c' aite am biodh e—gu 'n robh e mach toiseach na h-oidhche sin fein—gu 'n robh gu bitheanta tuilleadh airgid aige 's a mheasadh iad a b' urrainn a bhi aige gu h-onorach—uime sin gu 'n robh e a' cur roimhe dealachadh ris. "A bharr air sin," ars' esan, "chuir mi a mach an nochd e le bonn oir air tòir mùthaidh, agus thill e ag innseadh nach d' fhuair e e; ach an aite a' bhuinn a thug mi dha a thoirt air ais, thug e dhomh am fear so air a bheil mi a' faicinn comhara. Cha b' urrainn domh mar dhuine onorach gun so innseadh dhuit—faic an e so fear de na buinn a chaill thusa." Dh' aithnich an coigreach a bhonn oir fein, agus ghrad-iarr e an gille a rannsachadh—rud a chaidh a dheanamh gun dail agus fhuair iad an sporan agus na naoi buinn deug òir am poca an t-seirbheisich. A reir gach coltais bha a' chuis a nis dearbhte na aghaidh, a dh-aindeoin gach àicheidh a rinn e air lamh 's a bith a bhi aige anns a' ghnothach. Chaidh a thoirt gu cuirt, agus leis gu 'n robh a chionta air a meas cho soilleir, rinn am breitheamh a dhiteadh; agus air bheagan dàlach an deigh sin chaidh an gille neo-chiontach, bochd, a chur gu bàs air a' chroich.

Bho 'n fhuair an t-osdair as a' gheambairne so cho soirbh cha do sguir e d' a dhroch-bheart. Lean e air an spuinneadh gus an deachaidh a ghlacadh mu dheireadh, gun doigh aige air dol as, ann an gniomh eile d' an t-seorsa cheudna. Chaidh binn bàis a thoirt a mach air fhein; agus cha b' ann gus a sin a dh' aidich e an lamh chiontach a bha aige ann am bàs a' ghille bhochd eile. An uair a chaidh a' bhinn a chur an gniomh air an osdair bha gach duine a' meas gu 'm bu dioghaltas e a bu gheal a thoill e diteadh bho nach dual do'n mhortair dol as.

Lag-na-h-abhann, J. W.
An Nollaig, 1876.

'S GUN M' FHEUDAIL RIUM DLUTH.

LEIS AN URR. IAIN MACANTSAOIR, LL.D.

FONN—"*Eirigh nam Fineachan Gàidhealach.*"

A gorm-thrusgan àillidh chuir Nàdur a suas,
'S i 'g éisdeachd gu sèimheil ri mèilich nan uan,
'S na h-eòin anns gach blàth-phreas, 'cur fàilt' air a tuar,
Ach dhòmhsa cha 'n àbhachd, 's mo ghràdhag fad' uam.

Tha 'n t-seóbhrag, 's an neòinein, 's an òg-mhaduinn chiùin,
'S gach dìthein is bòidhche làn chòmhdaicht' le driùchd ;
Tha 'n àillteachd ga m' chràdh-lot—tha 'm blàthan cho ùr—
Na'n samhladh air m' fhéudail, 's gun m' fheudail rium dlùth.

O, 'uiseag, a léumas le d' réidh-cheol o'n lòn,
'Thoirt caismeachd do'n tréudfhear, mu éirigh an lò ;
A smeòrach an fheasgair is fead-shiùbhlach duan,
Gabh truas—sguir de d' leadan, 's mo bheadrag fad' uam.

Thigeadh dùdlach a' gheamhraidh le crainndeachd, 's le fuachd,
A dh'fhaobhachadh Nàduir bho 'h-àillteachd gu duairc ;
'S i 'n doirbh dhoirionn ghailbheach, 's an dalla-chathadh gnùth,
A mhàin 'bheir domh éibhneas, 's gun m' fhéudail rium dlùth.

Ni 'n amhuil so 's a b' àbhaist 's na tràthaibh a dh' fhalbh,
'N uair 'bha m'àbhachd gun fhàillinn aig lànachd mo shealbh ;
Bha 'n dùdlach 'n a céitein, 's na spéuran gun ghruaim,
Bha m'annsa 'n a gréin domh—mo léir i 'bhi bhuam !

SGEULACHD.

O chionn fada 'n t-saoghail ma's fìor an sgeul bha Prionnsa mòr, uaibhreach, ardanach, ann air nach robh eagal De no duine, agus a bha a reir coltais ga 'mheas fhéin n'a bu ghlice na neach sam bith eile. Cha robh e gle fhàbharrach do'n chreideamh Chrìosduidh, ach aig a' cheart àm cha robh e deanamh mòran bacaidh air, do bhrìgh gu robh mòran de'n t-sluagh a bha fo riaghladh air géilleadh dha. Bha e 's a' bheachd gu robh aineolas an t-sluaigh agus aineolas an luchd-teagaisg na aobhar air cho dlùth 's a bha iad a'leantuinn ris gach òrdugh a bha 'n aidmheil a' cur mar fhiachaibh orra 'choimhead. 'S e smuaintean a bhuail 's a' cheann aige air là àraidh gu'm feuchadh e 'de an t-èolas agus an gliocas a bh' aig an luchd-teagaisg. Bha fhios aige, gu maith, gu robh iad ga 'meas fhein mòran na b' eòlaiche anns gach doigh na na h-uile neach eile, ach bha teagamh aige gu robh iad cho tuigseach, fiosrach, 's a bha iad a'cumail a mach. 'S e rud a rinn e chuir e fios air sagart a bha faisg air. Thàinig an sagart g'a fhaicinn. Bha e 'n dùil nach robh dad sam bith cearr, ach o bha gne dh'fhios aige de'n duine a bh' anns a' Phrionnsa bha rudeiginn de fhiamh air na lathair.

"Chuir mi fios ort," arsa am Prionnsa, "agus is maith a rinn thu tighinn, oir tha gnothach ro chudthromach agam riut. Tha thu fhein 's gach aon de d'sheòrsa a'gabhail oirbh a bhi ni's glice na mise agus gach neach de m'sheorsa, agus o'n a tha feumaidh tu dearbhadh soilleir a thoirt domhsa air d' eòlas agus air do ghliocas, air neo bithidh ni's miosa dhut. Feumaidh tu tighinn an so far a'bheil mise agus mur a freagair thu na trì ceisdean a chuireas mi ort cha bhi agad ach na bheir thu ga chionn."

Dh'fhalbh an sagart 's e glé mhi-stòlda na 'inntinn. Bha eagal a bheatha air, 's cha b' ioghnadh e; oir aig an àm a bh' ann an so bha tuilleadh 's a chòir de chumhachd oig Rìghribh 's aig Prìonnsaibh; a dh' aon fhocal, bha cumhachd beatha 's bàis 'nan làmhaibh. 'N uair a smuainich e car tiotaidh air a chùis, thug e fanear gu'm b'anabarrach cunnartach an suidheachadh anns an robh e a thaobh ceisdean a'Phrionnsa. Thug e fanear mar an ceudna cho neo-chomasach 's a bha e do neach sam bith, a dh'aindeoin cho eolach, tuigseach, geurchuiseach 's g'am feudadh e bhith, ceisdean fhuasgladh an ionad nam bonn. So dìreach a' cheart ni a bh'aige-san r'a dheanamh seachdain o'n là ud air neo bhitheadh a bheatha g'a dhìth. Cha robh comas air. Dh'fheumadh e gach cùis a ghabhail mar a thigeadh i. Uair a bhitheadh 'inntinn aig fois 's e feuchainn ri e fhéin a strìochdadh do gach trioblaid a bha air thuar tighinn 'na rathad, 's dà uair a bhiodh e 'smuaineachadh gu'm b'e fhéin ceann na mi-shealbh 's a' chruaidh-fhortain a tighinn thun an t-saoghail. Eadar a h-uile rud a bh'ann cha robh bheag a dh' fhois aige an oidhche sin.

Bha bràthair aige an t-sagart a bha, ann an cruth 'san dealbh, 'san cumadh, ro choltach ris. Cha n'aithnicheadh neach sam bith ach neach a bha min-eolach orra fear seach a chéile dhiubh. Bha iad co coltach ri chéile ri da ubh, 's dh'fhoghnadh sin. Nis o'n a bha car a dhith air bràthair an t-sagairt, no ann an briathraibh eile, o'n a bha e'na leth-linn 's e a'n t-amadan' a bh'aca mar ainm air. Ged theirte an t-amadan ris tha e glé choltach gu'n robh e ro ghleusda 'na chainnt. Dh'aithnich e gu 'n robh an sagart, mar nach b'abhaist da bhi, fo, lionn-dubh 's fo bhròn, gun chàil do bhiadh no do dhibh, agus amaideach 's mar a bha e dh'fhaighneachd e 'dé bu mhò a bha cur air.

"'Dé am feum dhomhsa sin innse dha d' leithidsa," arsa 'n sagart. Cha leighis thusa no neach air bith eile mo ghalair, agus mar sin, cha 'n' eil aobhar dhomh a bhi tighinn air."

"Ma ta," ars' an t-amadan, "cha ruig thu leas gun innse, 's mur innis thu dhomhsa e cò dha dh'innseas tu e. Olc no maith mo chomhairle feudaidh i feum a dheanamh dhuit. Mar a thuirt am facal, "Comhairle an righ an ceann na h-òinid." 'Se bun a bh' ann dh'innis an sagart facal air an fhacal mar a bh' eadar e fhéin 's am Prionnsa 's an cunnart 's an robh e 'ga fhaicinn fhéin a thaobh nan ceisdean, mar fuasgladh e iad gu'n robh a bheatha gu bhi air a toirt air falbh.

"Innsidh mise dhuit," ars' an t-amadan, 'dé ni thu. Tha gach duine 'g ràdh gu'm bheil thu fhéin 's mi fhìn, ann an cruth 's an cumadh, anabarrach coltach r'a chéile. Mar a thuirt am facal, "An rud a their na h-uile duine bithidh e fìor," agus mar sin, cuiridh mise umam an deise agadsa 's theid mi 'n làthair a' Phrionnsa gun fhios nach faodadh an sealbh gu 'm fuasglainn na ceisdean. Ma theid agam air am fuasgladh 's maith, 's mur téid cha bhi comas air. Ma's éiginn domh am bàs fhulang 's mi call mòran a's lugha na thusa."

"Cha 'n'eil mi deonach a muigh no 'mach air do chomhairle 'ghabhail ged a tha i mòran ni's gleusda na shaoil mi bhitheadh i. Cha 'n 'eil mi idir a' faicinn gu'm biodh e ceart dhomh do bheatha-sa 'chur an cunnart a chum mo bheatha fhéin a shàbhaladh; agus a bharrachd air a sin, ma gheibh am Prionnsa 'mach gu'n robh sinn a' feuchainn ri'char a thoirt as 's docha gu'n cuir e gu bàs'nar dithis sinn. Theid mi fhin far am bheil e."

"Cha b'e mo chomhairle dhuit," ars' an t-amadan. "'S fhearr dhuit deanamh mar a tha mi 'g iarraidh ort, agus ma's éiginn domhsa 'm bàs fhulang bithidh ùine agads air do chasan a thoirt as far nach ruig am Prionns' ort."

'S e bh' ann dh' aontaich an sagart mu dheireadh comhairle 'bhràthar a ghabhail amaideach 's mar a bha e. Nuair a thàinig an la dh'ainmich am Prionnsa chuir an t-amadan deise an t-sagairt air 's dh'fhalbh e. Nuair a ràinig e bha e car beagain ùine a'spaisdearachd air beulthaobh na lùchairt mu'n do dh'iarradh air a dhol a steach. Nuair a chaidh e steach 's sheas e fa chomhair a' Phrionnsa cha'n aithnichte air dòigh sam bith nach e 'n sagart a bh'ann.

"Tha mi'faicinn gu'n d'thàinig tu," ars' am Prionnsa, "'s tha mi 'n dòchas gu'm freagair thu gach ceisd a chuireas mi ort."

"Le'r cead," ars' an t-amadan 's e 'freagairt, ni mi mo dhìchioll air am fuasgladh gun teagamh, ach feudaidh e bhi nach urrainn mi."

"'S i cheud cheisd a chuireas mi' ort," ars' am Prionnsa, i so:—"Cait am bheil meadhon an t-saoghail?"

"Ma ta, le'r cead, innsidh mi sin duibh ann an tiotadh," ars' an t-amadan 's e 'toirt ceum no dha gu meadhoin an t-seomair 's a' cur a bhata na sheasamh ann, "tha meadhon an t-saoghail direach far am bheil am bata."

"D e 'n dearbhadh a bheir thu dhomh gur e sin meadhon an t-saoghail?" ars' am Prionnsa.

"Le'r cead," ars' an t-amadan, "'sann a thàinig mise a dh'fhusgladh nan ceisdean a bha sibh gus a chur orm, agus mar fhuasgladh do'n cheisd a chuir sibh, dh' innis mi dhuibh a cheart bhad anns am bheil meadhon an t-saoghail, agus ma tha sibh a' cur teagaimh sam bith 's a' chùis cha 'n 'eil agaibh ach tomhaisibh an iar 's an ear, a' tuath 's a' deas, 's ma gheibh sibh aon òirleach a bharrachd air taobh seach taobh fuilingidh mise air a shon."

"Rinn thu chùis orm, tha mi faicinn, ach tha da cheisd eile agad fhathast ri 'm fuasgladh," ars' am Prionnsa; "'si so te dhiubh—' Dé 's fhiach mi 'n t-saoghal?"

"Ma ta, le'r cead, innsidh mi sin duibh cuideachd," ars' an t-amadan, “tha mi 'n duil nach fhiach sibh peighinn a bharrachd air fichead bonn airgid.”

“Ach,” ars' am Prionnsa, “'d é 'n dearbhadh a bheir thu dhomh nach fhiach mi ach fichead bonn airgid.”

“Bheir, le'r cead, so,” ars' an t-amadan, “reiceadh Mac Dhé airson deich buinn-fhichead airgid, agus b'fhiach e deich buinn a bharrachd oirbhse co dhiu.”

“Tha mi riaraichte leis an fhreagairt, ach tha ceisd eile agam ri chur ort,” ars am Prionnsa, “agus so agad i. Co air a tha mi 'smuaineachadh an drasta?”

“Ma ta, le'r cead innsidh mi sin duibh cuideachd, tha sibh a 'smuaineachadh gur e 'n sagart a tha bruidhinn ribh, ach cha'n e th' ann ach an t-amadan a bhràthair.”

“Ma ta, gu cinnteach, 's ann a tha 'n t-amadan ann mise agus cha 'n e thusa,” ars'am Prionnsa, “Feudaidh tu bhi folbh 's cha chuir mise dragh no trioblaid ort fhein no air do bhràthair gu bràth.”

Iain.

AISLING MHIRSA.

Le Ioseph Addison.

(*Spectator*, *September* 1, 1711).

An uair 'bha mi aig Cairo Mòr thionail mi iomadh de sgrìobhainnean na h-airde near a ta agam fathast làmh rium. Ann am measg eile thachair orm aon air ainmeachadh “Aislingean Mhirsa” a léugh mi thairis le mor thlachd. Tha mi 'cur romham a thoirt do m' luchd-leughaidh an uair nach bi ni air bith eile agam dhaibh; agus tòisichidh mi leis a' cheud aisling, a dh'eadar-theangaich mi facal air an fhacal mar a leanas:—

Air cóigeamh latha na gealaich, a ta mi 'ghnàth a' cumail naomh do réir àbhaist m' aithriche, 'an déigh domh mi fein a nigheadh agus m' aoradh-maidne thoirt suas, dhirich mi sléibhtean arda Bhagdat chum an còrr de an latha 'chur seachad ann an beachd-smuainteachadh agus ùrnuigh. Mar bha mi an so g am' chur fein ris an àileadh air mullach nam beann thuit mi ann an dlùth aire ro-dhomhain air diomhanas beatha an duine; agus a' dol bho aon smaoin gu smaoin eile “Gu deimhinn,” orsa mise, “cha'n'eil anns an duine ach faileas agus anns a' bheatha ach bruadar.” Air domh 'bhi mar so ag cnuasachadh thug mi sùil air binnean creige nach robh fada bhuam far an d' thug mi an aire do aon ann an 'éideadh ciobair, le inneal-ciuil beag na 'laimh. Mar bha mi ag amharc air chuir e an t-inneal-ciùil ri a bhilibh agus thòisich e ri cluich air. Bha an fhuaim aige ro-mhilis agus air oibreachadh gu iomadh port a bha do-innseadh fonnmhor agus uile gu léir air leth bho ni air bith a chuala mi riabh; chuir iad mi ann an cuimhne air na fuinn nèamhaidh sin a ta air an seinn do anma eadar-dhealaichte dhaoine maith, aig àm an céud dol a steach do phàras, chum caitheadh dhiubh athailt na spàirne deireannaich agus an deasachadh airson solasaibh an aite shona sin. Leagh mo chridhe air falbh ann am mór aoibhneas diomhair.

Is minig a chaidh innseadh domh gu an robh sithiche ag gabhail comhnuidh mu an chreig fo mo chomhair; agus gu an cualadh na h-iomadaibh ceòl binn air daibh bhi dol seachad oirre, ach cha chualadh mi riabh gu an do rinn am fear-ciuil e fein follaiseach.

An uair a thog e mo smuaintean leis na fuinn éibhneach a chluich e chum taitneas a chòmhraidh bhlasad, mar bha mi ag amharc air, cosail ri aon fo ioghnadh, smèid e rium, agus le crathadh a làimhe, sheòl e domh teachd fagus do an àite anns an robh e na 'shuidhe. Tharuing mi dlùth leis an ùmhlachd sin is dligheach do nàdur is àirde, agus o'n a bha mo chridhe gu léir air a cheannsachadh leis a' cheòl anabarrach a chuala mi, thuit mi sios aig a chasaibh, agus ghuil mi. Dh' amhairc an sithiche orm gu miog-shuileach, truacanta, agus le ceanaltas a rinn m' inntinn càirdeil ris, agus a chuir air ball fo sgaoil gach eagal agus fiamh 'bha orm teachd gu a choir. Thog e mi bho an talamh, agus a' gabhail mo laimh, "A Mhirsa," deir esan, "chualadh mi thu ri fein-chòmhradh, lean mise."

Threoirich e an sin mi chum a' bhinnein a b'àirde de an chreig, agus ga'm shuidheachadh air a mhullach thuirt e "Seall ris an airde-near, agus innis domh ciod a chi thu." "Chi mi," orsa mise, "gleann mor agus sruth mara anabarrach a' ruith troimhe." "An gleann tha thu faicinn," deir esan, "is e gleann na truaighe, agus an sruth uisge 'tha thu 'faicinn is earann e de shruth mòr na sior-ruitheachd." "Ciod is aobhar," orsa mise, "gu am bheil an sruth so 'tha mi 'faicinn ag eirigh á ceo tiugh aig an dara ceann, agus a rithist ga 'chall fein ann an ceo tiugh aig a cheann eile." "Na tha thu 'faicinn," ors' esan, "is i an earrann de an t-siorruitheachd ris an canar Uine, air a tomhas am mach leis a' ghrein, agus a' ruigheachd o thoiseach an t-saoghail gu a chrioch. Rannsaich a nis," orsa esan, "a' mhuir so tha air a dùnadh a steach aig a da cheann, agus innis domh ciod gheibh thu mach innte." "Tha mi 'faicinn," orsa mise, "drochaid, 'na 'seasamh ann am meadhon an t-sruth." "An drochaid tha thu faicinn," orsa esan, "is i beatha an duine, beachdaich, oirre gu furachail." An déigh amharc oirre air mo shocair thug mi an aire gu an robh i air a deanamh suas de thri fichead agus a deich bogha slàn, le beagan bhoghaibh briste, agus air daibh so bhi air an cur riusan bha slàn bha an aireamh a' deanamh an àirde gu tuaiream ciad. An uair a bha mi ag cunntas nam boghachan dh' innis an sithiche domh gu an robh mile bogha anns an drochaid air tus, ach gu an do sguab tuil mhor air falbh càch, agus gu an d' fhàg i an drochaid anns a' chor sgriosail a bha mi nis a' faicinn. "Ach innis domh na 's faide ciod tha thu 'toirt fanear oirre." "Tha mi 'faicinn," orsa mise, "moran sluaigh ag imeachd thairis oirre, agus neul dubh an crochadh air gach ceann di." Mar a sheall mi na bu chùramaiche chunnaic mi cuid de na fir-thurais a' tuiteam troimh an drochaid do an t-sruth a bha ruith foidhpe; agus le amharc ni bu ghéire thug mi an aire gu an robh dorsa-diomhair do-àireamh na'n laidhe ann am falach air an drochaid, agus cha luaithe a shaltair na fir-thurais oirre no a thuit iad trompa do an t-sruth, agus air ball chaidh iad as an t-sealladh. Bha na sluic-thuislidh so air an cur ro thiugh anns an t-slighe 'dol a steach air an drochaid, air sheol agus gu an do thuit móran sluaigh annta mu an gann a bhrist iad troimh an neul. Dh' fhàs iad na bu teirce mu an mheadhon, ach dh' fhàs iad lionmhor, agus laidh iad na bu dlùithe do a chéile, mu thimchioll ceann nam boghachan a bha slàn.

Bha gu dearbh corra h-aon, ach cha robh an aireamh ach ro bheag, a lean air gluasad gu bacach air na boghaibh briste, ach thuit iad aon an deigh aon air daibh a bhi làn sgìth agus caithte le turas co fada.

Chuir mi seachad beagan ùine ag gabhail duth-bheachd air an togail mhiorailtich so, agus an caochla seòrsa de chuspairean bha i 'taisbeanadh. Bha mo chridhe air a lìonadh le lionn-dubh trom a' faicinn cuid a' tuiteam gun fhuighir, ann am meadhon aigheir agus subhachais, agus a' deanamh greim air gach ni 'bha 'seasamh lamh riu chum iad fein a shàbhaladh. Bha cuid ag amharc an àirde ris na speuraibh ann an dòigh smuainteachail, agus, ann am meadhon am beachdachaidh, thuislich iad, agus thuit iad as an t-sealladh. Bha mor-shluagh gu dichiollach 'an tòir air gucagan a dhealraich na'n sùilean, agus a dhamhs, fo an comhair, ach, gu minig, an uair a shaoil iad greim a dheanamh orra, dh' fhailnich an àite-seasaimh, agus a sìos fodha chaidh iad. Ann am measg gach ni troimhe chéile mar so, thug mi an aire do fheadhainn le claidheamhna-croma na'n lamhibh, agus cuid eile le buideil-fhuail, a' ruith air an ais agus air an aghaidh air an drochaid, a' tilgeadh iomadh neach air na dorsa diomhair nach robh do réir coltais na'n slighe, agus a dh' fhaodadh iad a sheachnadh, mur bitheadh iad mar so air an co-éigneachadh.

Air do an t-sithiche m' fhaicinn ga m' thoileachadh fein leis an t-sealladh chianail so, dh' innis e domh gu an do lean mi air fada gu leòir; "tog do shùilean o an drochaid," orsa esan, "agus innis domh am bheil thu fathast a' faicinn ni air bith nach 'eil thu tuigsinn." Air domh amharc an àirde, "Ciod is ciall," orsa mise, "do na sgaothaibh mor eun tha daonnan ag itealaich mu an drochaid, agus a' laidhe oirre o àm gu àm. Tha mi faicinn preachanan, iolairean, fithich, sgairbh, agus, ann am measg chreutairean iteagach eile, iomadh balachan beag sgiathach a ta ri suidh-air-spiris air na boghaibh meadhoin." "Is iad sin" orsa an t-sithiche, "eud, sannt, saobh-chràbhadh, an-dòchas, gaol, agus an leithide sin de chùraim, agus de anamianna, a ta 'cur dragh air beatha an duine."

Thug mi an so osann throm "Mo thruaigh," orsa mise, "chaidh an duine dheanamh gu diomhain, ceamar tha e air a thoirt thairis chum truaighe agus bàsmhorachd, air a sharachadh anns a' bheatha, agus air a shlugadh suas anns a' bhàs." Air do an t-sithiche mis bhi air a ghluasad le truacantachd do ma thaobh, dh' iarr e orm sealladh cho neo-chiatach a chuiteachadh. "Na h-amhairc ni mis o," orsa esan, "air an duine anns a' cheud earrainn de a bhith, ann a dhol a mach chum siorruitheachd, ach tilg do shùil air a' cheò dhùmhail sin a chum am bheil an Sruth ag giùlan na h-uile ghinealach bith-bhàsmhor a thuiteas ann." Sheol mi mo fhradharc mar a chaidh iarruidh orm, agus (co dhiu a neartaich an deagh shithiche e le spionnadh os cionn nàduir, no a sgaoil e cuid de an cheo bha roimhe tuillidh agus tiugh airson na sùla dhrughadh air) chunnaic mi an gleann a' fosgladh aig a' cheann a b' fhaide bhuam, agus a' sgaoileadh a mach na 'chuan anabarrach farsuinn, anns an robh sgeir ghailbheach, de an chloich is cruaidhe, a 'ruith troimh a mheadhon, agus ga 'roinn na 'dha earruinn co-ionnan.

Bha na neòil fathast a' laidhe air an dara leth dheth, air chor agus nach b' urrainn mi ni sam bith dheanamh mach ann,—ach bha an leth eile coltach ri cuan ro-mhór làn de eileanan thar aireamh a bha air an comhdachadh le measaibh agus blàthaibh, agus air am fitheadh a steach na 'cheile le mìle muir dhearsaich a' ruith na'm measg. Chithinn daoine ann an trusgain ghloirmhor, le lus-chruin air an cinn, ag gluasad ann am measg nan craobh, a' laidhe sios ri taobh nam fuaran, no a' leigeil an sgios air leapaichibh blathan; agus chluinnir co-sheirm eòin a' seinn steallairean, agus guth dhaoine agus innealan—ciùil ann am measg a cheile. Dh' fhàs aoibhneas orm le àite cho sòlasach fhaotuinn a mach. Ghuidh mi airson sgiathaibh an fhireoin chum gus an itealaichinn air falbh do na h-àrois shona sin, ach dh'innis an t-sithiche domh nach robh aiseag gu an ionnsuidh ach troimh gheataibh a' bhàis, a chunnaic mi aig a' cheart am so a' fosgladh air an drochaid. "Tha na h-eileanan," orsa esan, "a ta laidhe cho ùrar gorm fo do chomhair agus le am bheil uile aghaidh a' chuain mar gu am bitheadh e air a bhreacadh co fad agus a chi thu, na is lionmhoire no a' ghainmheach air cladach na fairge; tha deich mìle eilean air cùl nam feadhnac tha thu faicinnh an so, a' ruigheachd na 's faide no is comasach do shùil, no eadhoin do inntinn, i fein a sgaoileadh. Is iad sin àitean taimh nan daoine maith an déigh bàis, a ta, do réir inbhe agus seòrsa na'n deagh bheusan anns an d' thug iad barr, air an roinn air feadh nan eileanan sin, a tha lionta le solasaibh de iomadh seòrsa, agus inbhe, mar a fhreagras do mhiann agus foirfeachd nan daoine tha air an suidheachadh annta—gach eilean 'na fhlaithnis freagrach do a luchd-áiteachaidh fein. Nach fiach na h-ionadan comhnuidh sin, O Mhirsa, stri 'dheanamh air an son. Am bheil a' bheatha sin ag amharc truagh a ta 'toirt duit cothroman air a' leithid de dhuais a chosnadh. Am bi geilt roimh an bhàs a ghiùlaineas tu chum beatha cho àghmhor. Na saoil gu an deachaidh an duine dheanamh ann an diomhain aig am bheil a' leithid de shiorruitheachd air a gleidheadh dha."

Bheachdaich mi le aoibhneas do-innseadh air na h-eileanaibh sona sin. An deigh beagan ùine thuirt mi "foillsich domh a nis, guidheam ort, na nithean diomhair a ta 'laidheadh ceilte fo na neoil dhorcha sin a ta cùirneachadh a' chuain air taobh eile na creige." An uair nach d' thug an t-sithiche freagairt domh thionndaidh mi gu labhairt ris an dara uair, ach dh' fhiosraich mi gu an d' fhag e mi. Thiondaidh mi rithist chum na h-aisling air an robh mi co fad a' beachdachadh, ach ann an àite an t-sruth char-thonnaich, an drochaid bhoghach, agus na h-eileanan sona, cha 'n fhacadh mi ni air bith ach gleann fada, fasail, Bhagdat, le daimh, caoirich, agus camhalaibh ag ionaltradh air gach taobh dheth.

Crioch ceud aisling Mhirsa.

Eadar. le C.

———o———

AN CO-CHRUINNEACHADH MUILEACH.

A Ghaidheil Ionmhuinn,

Tha mi dheth 'n bheachd gu 'm bheil an leabhar oran Gàilig agam is sinne 'tha r' a fhaotuinn. Cha 'n 'eil e air a chlo-bhualadh; 's e leabhar sgriobh-te 'th' ann. Chuireadh r'a cheil' e 's a' bhliadhna 1768. ochd bliadhna mu 'n tàinig leabhar Raonuill Dhomhnullaich a mach. 'S e lighiche de Chlann-Ghilleain a bh' ann am Muile a b' ughdar dha. Cha 'n 'eil fios agam gu de 'n t-aite de Mhuile anns an robh an lighiche fuireach. Fhuair mo Sheanair, am Bard Mac-Gilleain, an leabhar bho nighinn da. 'S e Mairi a b' ainm dh' i, agus theirte rithe 'm bitheantas Mairi ni 'n an Dotair. Bha i chomhnaidh, 'n uair thug i 'n leabhar do 'm sheanair, anns a' Bhealach-Ruadh, am Muile. Shaoilinn gu 'm b'urraim sean Mhuileach air Choir eigin iomradh 'thoirt oirre. Bhidhinn toileach eachdraidh an fhir a rinn an leabhar fhaighinn.

So agaibh clar-innse 'cho-chruinnichidh :—

(1.) *Oran le Iain Mac-Gillcain ann am*

Muile, Iain mac Ailein mhic Iain mhic Ailein:
Oran do'n t-seannduine.
Oran do shir Iain mac Gilleain. *Mac-an Tuairneir* 108.
Coille-Chragaidh; "'Nam dol sios," &c.
Oran do Shir Iain mac-Gilleain. *Mac-an-T.* 115.
Oran do Chloinn Dhomhnuill mhic Dhomhnuill Duibh. *Sar-obair-nam Bard*, 393.
Oran do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain. *Sar-Ob.* 388.
Fogar Thuatha De Danainn.
Oran do dh' Fhear-Thalascair.
Oran do Mhac-Lucais, *R. M'D.* 295.
Moladh do dh' Fhear na Ceapaich 's do 'n phiob.
Air Fogar na Cocups.
Raon-Ruairidh.
Eachdraidh Thuath De Dannain.
Rann air glaine de dh' uisge beatha.
Failt air taigh mor nan seachd uinneag.
Oran an t-sugraidh.
Laoidh.
Imrich Fir-Threisinnis.
Siol Olaghair.
Iomchair mo Bheannachd, *Sar-obair.*
Cleirsinneachd Fhir-nan-Driomnan.
Turragan Fhir-nan-Driomnan.
Ealaidh an Eich Bhain.
Eachdruidh Thuatha De Dannain.
Beir fios uam do Chearnaburg.
Gabhaidh mi sgeul de m' shagart.
(2.) *Orain le Eoin Manntach, Iain Lom:*
Oran do Mhac Gilleain Dhubhairt:—"Cuid de dh' aobhar mo ghearain."
Blar Inbhir-Lochaidh.—*Sar-obair.*
Iorram.
Do Shir Seumas Mor MacDhomhnuill. —*Sar-obair.*
(3.) *Orain le Aundra Mac An Easpuig:*
Oran a rinn e 'n uair a dh' reic e 'n Cnoc Morairneach.
Iorram do Shir Alasdair Mac-Gilleain a bhrathair.
Oran do Bharbara nighean an Easpuig Fhullartoin:—"Thug mi gaol nach failinnich," *R. M'D.*
(4.) *Orain le Eachunn Bacach.*
Gur a h-oil leam an sgeula, *R. M'D.*, 179.
A chno shamhna. *Sar-obair.*
'S beag aobhar mo shugraidh.
'S ann Di-ciadain an la.
Iorram do Shir Lachunn Dhubhairt.
(5.) *Orain leis an Urramach Iain Mac-Gilleain an am Muile.*
Marbhrann d'a mhnaoi.
Air dol sios Chloinn-Ghilleain.
Moladh na Gailig agus an Fhaclair Ghailig a rinneadh le Mr. E. Llhuyd, sa bhliadhna 1704.
(6.) *Orain le Mr. Eoin Beaton, ministeir de 'n Eaglais Easpuigich am Muile.*
Air teachd righ Uilleam agus Mairi.
Do dh' Anndra Mac an Easbuig.
Freagradh Eoin Ghairnealair do dh' Eoin Balbhan. *A. & D. Stiubhard*, 239.
(7.) *Orain le Maireard ni 'n Lachuinn.*
Do Shir Eachunn Triath Dhubhaird. *Mac-an-T.*, 18.
Oran eile leatha.
(8.) Bardachd le Triath Chola.
Na deich Aintean. *Reid's Bibliotheca*, 177.
Caismeachd Ailein nan sop, 1537.
(9.) Moladh na Pioba, le Fear na Ceapaich.
(10.) Diomoladh na Piopa le Lachunn mac mhic Iain Chola.
(11.) Oran do Dhomhnull Fear-Bhrolais le Domhnull Ban Mac-Gilleain am Muile.
(12.) Oran le Mr. Domhnull Mac Leoid, ministeir an Uibhist a Chinn-a-Tuath.
(13.) Oran do Lachunn MacGilleain Triath Chola, a bhathadh sa bhliadhna 1681, le Lachnum Mac-Gilleain. *R. M'D.* 297.
(14.) Na d' uile ghiulan, le Mr. Iain Mac Aonghais an Crathie.
(15.) *Orain agus rannan le feadhainn neo-ainmichte.*
Iorram do dh' Iain Garbh Chola.
Biodh an uidheam so triall, *Mac-an-T.*, 111.
Rannan Faisneachd.
Gaoth an Iar. *Duanaire*, 97.
An ceartas chitheam.
Gur h-e 'n robair ro-laidir.
An cupa sin tha 'n laimh righ Alba.

Tha cuid de na h-orain so r' am faotuinn, mar a chi sibh, ann an leabhar Raonuill Dhomhnullaich, an leabhar Mhic-an-Tuairneir, agus an leabhraichean eile; ach cha n 'eil iad cho ceart anns na leabhraichean sin 'sa tha iad anns an leabhar so. Gheibh sibh "Achain Mhic Mhuirich Mhoir," anns an leabhar ghasda sin, an Duanaire. Bheir mi dhuibh i mar tha i anns an leabhar so. So agaibh i:—

Gaoth an Iar o'n ailbhinn chiuin
Mar a dh' ordaich Righ nan dùl;
Gaoth gun iomram, gun abhsadh,
A's nach dean gniomh fallsail dhuinn.

Gaoth a tuath cho cruaidh ri slait
'G a gann-shioladh os ceann stuic,
'G a cur mar earba 's i na h-airc,
'S coin 'ga duibh-ruith mu chùl cnuic.

Ma tha gaoth an ifrinn fhuair
'Thionndas a mhuir gu caon ruadh,
A Chonnain cuir i as ar deoghainn
Na tonnan agus na taosgan.

Tha Mac-Coinnich ann an 'Sar-Obair nam Bard' a' deanamh beagan de dh'eucoir air Clann-Ghilleain. Tha e 'g radh gur h-e Domhnullach a sgriobh an t-oran eireachduil, "Iomchair mo bheannachd." Cha b' e Domhnullach a sgriobh e, ach Iain Mac Gilleain ann am Muile. Cha d' fhuair Mac-Coinnich no Raonull Domhnullach an ceithreamh so dheth gu slan. So agaibh e :—

O'n ghin sibh o Scota
Bha buadhan 'ur cordais
A dearbhadh 'sa comhdach
Am por as an d' fhas sibh.
Far an gabhadh sibh comhnaidh.
Bu leibh ceannas na foid sin
Le iomracain corach
A's moralachd stata.
Air bhur teachd leis an t-siol sin
A criochaibh na Fòla (Ireland)
Fhuair sibh ceannas na Dreollainn
Agus moran a bharr air.
Ciad nighean Mhic Dhomhnuill
Mar mhairiste posda :
B' e 'sheanalair comhraig
A chiad toiseach a's armunn.

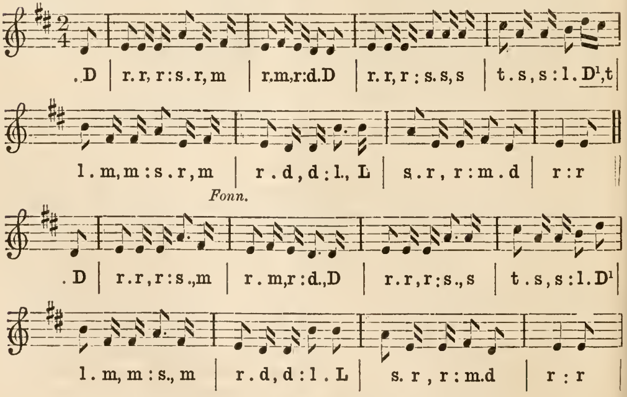
Cha 'n abair mi 'n corr ruibh mu'n Cho-chruinneachadh Mhuileach. B'fhearr leam gu'n robh e air a chlo-bhualadh.

'Ur caraid dileas,
A. MacG. Sinclair.

A' MHISG.

LE IAIN MOIRISON, A BH' ANNS NA HEARADH.

Gleus D. *Mall.*


.D | r.r, r:s.r, m | r.m,r:d.D | r.r, r : s.s, s | t.s, s : l.D¹,t |
l.m, m : s.r, m | r.d, d : l., L | s.r, r : m.d | r : r ||
Fonn.
.D | r.r, r : s.,m | r.m,r : d.,D | r.r, r : s., s | t.s, s : l.D¹ |
l.m, m : s., m | r.d, d : l.L | s.r, r : m.d | r : r |

Na measaibh mo dhàn duibh, a chàirdean mo ghaoil,
A mhàin 'n a sgath-bhàrdachd—tha gràdh ann d' 'ur taobh;
'S e cuspair mo chàinidh a' phlàigh sin nach caomh,
A' mhisg 'thug sgrios-aoig air mór-shluagh.

FONN—*A chuideachd mo ghaoil, nach pill sibh bho 'n òl;*
A chuideachd mo ghaoil, nach pill sibh bho 'n òl;
O 'chuideachd mo ghaoil, nach pill sibh bho 'n òl,
Mu 'n sgrios e gu bròn fadheòidh sibh.

An olc leibh mi 'chàineadh bhur nàmhaid ro gheur,
'Thug masl' air mór-àireamh, 's a dh' fhàg iad an éis,
'S de dh' anmaibh neo-bhàsmhor 'rinn tràillean fodh stéill,
Gu ifrinn na pèin 'g an seòladh?
A chuideachd, &c.

Bhi 'pòit air deoch làidir 's ni gràineil gu dearbh,
'S droch innleachd a ghnàth e 'rinn Sàtan a dhealbh;
Tha mallachd an tàth ris 'bheir bàs agus searg
Air cuirp us air anmaibh còmhladh.
A chuideachd, &c.

'S iomadh teaghlach a dh' fhàg i 'n cruaidh-chàs 's am mi-rian,
Us mnathan 'g an cràdh an ceann phàisdean gun chiall,
Ag glaodhaich 's a' rànaich gu h-àrd 's iad gun bhiadh,
'S gun aodach gu 'm bian a chòmhdach.
A chuideachd, &c.

Mhill a' mhisg ort do bhiùthas, 's do chliù chuir mu làr;
Dh' fhàg i creacht' agus spùillt' thu, gun iunntas gun tàin,
Mheall i riamh thu le 'sùgradh, gu 'n d' lùb thu d' a càil,
'S an d' fhàg i do 'n ghràisg 'n a d' spòrs thu.
A chuideachd, &c.

'S i mhill ort do reusan, 's troimh'chéil' chuir 'n a d' cheann,
Mar bhrùid, air bheag céille, 's le déistinneachd cainnt',
Bidh riasladh air Beurla, s "*De'il take ye,*" 's "*God damn,*"
Bidh tric air gach ceann de d' chòmhradh.
A chuideachd, &c.

Dh' fhàg i gràineil 'n a d' luids' thu ga d' luidreadh 's a' pholl,
'S do chorp le 'shàr chudthrom a' tuiteam gu tròm,
'S gun taobh 'bheir thu ruiseadh nach tuislich do bhonn,
Us làrach do dhròm' 's gach lònan.
A chuideachd, &c.

'N uair 'thig ort an tlìgheachd le dìobhuirt 's le spàirn,
Bhi air d' fhasgadh cha mhillseachd do thì ach cuis-ghràin,
'N a d' thuainealach dìblidh 'n a d' shìneadh air làr,
'S neo-chùbhraidh le càch do bhòrlum.
A chuideachd, &c.

Dh' fhàg i éitidh mi-sgiamhach do nial mar an t-eug,
Mhill i d' àilleachd 'us d' ìomhaigh, 's do chiall gu mi-bheus,
'N a d' sgeith ga do smiaradh, 's glas-ghiall air do dheud,
'S gun smid as do bheul ach ròmhan.
A chuideachd, &c,

Ged dh' fhaothaich thu falamh do stamag dheth 'luchd,
Fàs-dhìobhuirt riut leanaidh 'bheir sparraibh 'n a d' uchd;

'S ni neònach, mu 'n dealaich do bhach-thinneas riut,
'N a d' sgairt mur 'bi gurt le tòbairt.
A chuideachd, &c.

'N uair 'theirgeas dhut airgiod 's a dh' fhalmh'chear do phùids',
'S an òsd as an d' fhalbh thu 's beag earbs' a gheibh thu,
Theid spéis dhut air dearmad, 's ma ghairmeas tu drùdh,
Bi dearbht' á taobh-cùil na còmhladh.
A chuideachd, &c.

'S e sud a dh' fhàg àireamh cho bàrlagach lóm,
'S cho eòlach mu 'n t-snàthaid gu tàthadh nan clobhd';
Air dath cha bhi tàire ma chàireas e toll,
Geal, dubh, glas, no donn, ma 's clòth e.
A chuideachd, &c.

Their thu rium nach fear-pòit thu, 'chionn stòp nach do phàidh,
'S nach robh thu 'n tigh-òsd' bho chionn còrr agus ràidh,
Ach 's fiosrach e dhomhsa gu 'n òl thu mar ràic,
'N uair 'gheibh thu deoch-sglàib air tòrradh.
A chuideachd, &c.

Tha peanas na misge gu tric 'n a sgiort féin—
Croit, 's asnaichean briste, màm-sice, 's cnead cléibh,
Cinn 's cruachanan liodraicht', us ioscaidean léirt',
'Rinn criplich gun fheum de mhóran.
A chuideachd, &c.

Gheibh fear a cheud dòrn air an t-sròin, 's ni i leum;
Fear 's leób as dheth ' fheòsaig, us tòcadh 'n a dhréin;
Bidh peirceall fir leòinte, 's car stòrach 'n a dheud,
Us fhalluing gu léir 'n a sròicean.
A chuideachd, &c.

Fear 's a cheann air a ghearradh 's a mhal' air a ghruaidh;
Fear eile fodh 'n chamart gu h-anshocrach truagh,
Mar 'stamp iad air 'amhaich 's a' charraid ro chruaidh
'S an d' thuit e 'n a luairean fòdhpa.
A chuideachd, &c.

'S iomadh laoch a bha làidir gu bàs 'chuir i 'n null,
'S a bha eòlach air snàmh, 'rinn i 'bhàthadh 's a' ghrunnd,
A chaidil fodh 'tàladh, 's gu bràth nach do dhùisg,
Gu 'n d' fhosgail e 'shùil an dòruinn.
A chuideachd, &c.

'S iomadh aon 'chuir i 'n sàs an glas-làmhan gu teann,
A'm prìosan a spàrr i, 's nach d' fhàg i fad' ann,
Ach a chroch i gu h-àrd le bàs nàrach air crann,
Le lùbach dheth 'n bhall m' a sgòrnan.
A chuideachd, &c.

Bheir i masladh us nàir' ort is tàireile diol
Na 'bhi 'n a d' cheol-gàire do 'n ghràisg fad do thriall;
Mur pill thu troimh ghràs ni i 'm bàs 'chur 'n a d' chliabh,
'S air d' anam bheir pian gun dòchas.
A chuideachd, &c.

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THE BARK OF CLANRANALD.

"*Birlinn Chlann-Raonuill*" has always been considered the masterpiece of MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR, and with reason. The conception is original, the plan artistic, and the execution, to a certain extent, in the highest degree masterly. But, like everything this impulsive and undisciplined genius composed, it is imperfect; and, like several of his finest pieces, it shows a wilful disregard for artistic perfection, for good taste, and even for common sense. The first 181 lines are not only unexceptionable, but quite unequalled in the whole poetry of the Sea. For word-painting I know nothing to surpass it in any language. The next 204 lines are vigorous and graphic, with some very fine touches, but rather minute, sometimes not perfectly correct in detail, and throughout exhibiting the poet's extravagant tendency to multiplication of epithets. Of the last part, the first 66 lines are as fine and graphic as possible. At that point the poet seems to have got wearied by the strain upon his descriptive powers, and to have relieved himself, after the horrors of the storm which he so magnificently paints, by an excursion into a region of what he knows to be perfect nonsense. Some of it is positively disagreeable, though even in its absurdity marked by a wild strength. After 48 lines of this stuff, there are 20 very fine ones; then the bard goes off again into an exaggerated but vivid description, in 28 lines, of the state of things on board the Galley; and then he winds up with 28 more—picturesque, unstrained, natural.

Had Macdonald only possessed the severely artistic taste and self-discipline which regulated such poets as Schiller and Longfellow, this poem of "The Galley" might have ranked not only with, but above, "The Lay of the Bell," and "The Building of the Ship." But what could be expected of a man who could descend to the *Di-moladh Mòraig*, and to the still lower depth of *Marbhrann na h-Aigeannaich?* Like Nebuchadnezzar's image, he was gold above and coarse clay below.

The translation here given was, for the most part, done more than ten years ago—which may explain its appearance after the complete version of the lamented Mr. Pattison, and the recent partial rendering by Professor Blackie. It is as literal as I could make it, in the form of verse; and is an attempt, so far as possible, to imitate the metre and rhythm, and, occasionally, the rhyme of the original.

ALEX. NICOLSON.

I.—The Blessing of the Ship.*

MAY God bless the bark of Clan-Ranald,
The first day she floats on the brine!
Himself and his strong men to man her,
The heroes whom none can outshine!

---

* This noble invocation was probably suggested by the author's knowledge of

May the Holy Trinity's blessing
  Rule the hurricane breath of the air,
And swept be the rough wild waters,
  To draw us to haven fair.

Father, Creator of Ocean,
  Of each wind that blows on the deep,
Bless our slim bark and our gallants,
  Herself and her crew safe keep.
And Thou, O Son, bless our anchor,
  Our sails, shrouds, and helm do thou bless,
Each tackle that hangs from our masts,
  And guide us to port in peace.

Our mast-hoops and yards do thou bless,
  Our masts and our ropes one and all,
Our stays and our haulyards preserve,
  And let no mischance befall.
The Holy Ghost be at the helm,
  And show the right track to go,
He knoweth each port 'neath the sun,
  On His care ourselves we throw.

II.—The Blessing of the Arms.

God's blessing be upon our swords,
  Our keen gray brands of Spain,
Our heavy coats of mail,* on which
  The sword-sweep falls in vain.

Our gauntlets and our corselets,
  Our deftly-figured shields,
Whate'er our belts do carry,
  Whatever warrior wields.

Our polished bows of yew-tree,
  That bend in battle's din,
Our birchen shafts that split not,
  Cased in grim badger's skin.

Bless thou our dirks and pistols,
  Our good kilts in their folds,
And every kind of warlike gear
  M'Donell's bark now holds!

Be ye not soft nor mild of mood
  To face the war of weather,
While four planks of our bark remain,
  Or two sticks cling together.

While 'neath your feet she swims,
    while one
  Thole-pin hold up its head,
Yield ye not to the ocean's frown,
  Whate'er ye see of dread.

If ye fight well, nor let the sea
  Aught weakly in you find,
To your stout striving she will yield,
  And bow her haughty mind.

Thus to thy foe upon the land*
  If thou give in no inch,
Look not to see his courage rise,
  But rather that it flinch.

And even so with the great sea
  When thou hast bravely striven,
She will submit to thee at length,
  As wills the King of Heaven.

III.—Incitement for rowing to the Sailing-place.†

To bring the galley, so black and shapely,
    To the sailing-point,
Shove ye out from her the tough blades,
    Level, bare, and grey,
The smooth-handled oars, well-fashioned,
    Light and easy,
That will do the rowing stout and sturdy,
    Quick-palmed, blazing,
That will send the surge in sparkles,
    Up to skyward,
All in flying spindrift flashing,
    Like a fire-shower!
With the fierce and pithy pelting
    Of the oar-bank,
That will wound the swelling billows,
    With their bending.
With the knife-blades of the white thin oars
    Smiting bodies,
On the crest of the blue hills and glens,
    Rough and heaving.
O! stretch ye, and pull, and bend ye,
    In the rowlocks,
The broad-bladed pinewood saplings,
    With white palm force!
The heavy and the stalwart strong men,
    Leaning on to her,
With their sinewy arms so brawny,
    Knotted, hairy,
That will raise and drop together,
    With one motion,

Bishop Carsewell's Liturgy, which contains a form for the Blessing of a Ship when going to sea, in which each Person of the Trinity is successively invoked, the Steersman taking the place of Chaplain.

The more ancient Roman Ritual also contains a form of prayer for the blessing of a new ship, *Benedictio Novæ Navis.*

* This, of course, is a stretch of imagination, mail armour having gone out of use long before the poet's time.

* Mr. Pattison, and after him, Professor Blackie, translate the word "*céile còmhraig*" as if it meant a man's wife,—an awfully unchivalrous idea, which the pronoun "e," not "i," in the following line, shows clearly that the Bard never entertained.

† This metre is, so far as I know, original, invented for "onomatopoetic" effect.

Her gray glistening shafts all even,
'Neath the wave-tops!
A stout champion at the fore-oar,
Crying "Onward!"
A chant that wakens the spirit,
In the shoulders,
That will thrust the galley hissing
Through each cold glen,
Cleaving the roaring billows
With the hard prow,
Driving the mountain monsters
On before her.
"Hùgan!" on sea, a shrill slogan,
Whack on thole-pins!
Crash go the rolling wave-tops
'Gainst the timbers.
Oars complaining, bloody blisters
On each strong palm
Of the heroes stout whose rowing,
White froth churning,
Sends a quiver through each oak plank,
Wood and iron;
Blades are tossed about, and clanking
On her sides rap.
There's the manly crew to rock her,
Stiff and stately,
And drive on the slender galley
In face of ocean,
Fronting the bristling blue-black waves
With strong arm pith!
That's the powerful and the lively crew,
Behind an oar-bank,
That will pound the gray-backed eddies
With choice rowing,
Unwearied, unbroken, unbending,
Breasting danger!

IV.—Then when the men were seated at the oars, for rowing under the wind to the sailing point, stout Malcolm, son of Ranald of the Ocean, being on the fore oar, called on them for a boat-song, and this was it:—

Now since you're all chosen,
And ranked in good order,
With a bold stately plunge send her forward!
With a bold stately plunge, etc.

A plunge quick and handy,
Not reckless nor languid,
Keeping watch on the gray briny storm-hills.
Keeping watch, etc.

With a plunge of full vigour,
That will strain bone and sinew,
Let her track gleam behind her in glory!
Let her track, etc.

And to stir up your neighbour,
Raise a song light and cheery,
This good chant from the mouth of your fore-oar.
This good chant, etc.

While rowlocks are grinding,
Palms blistered and shining,
Oars twisting in curls of the billows.
Oars twisting, etc.

Let your cheeks be all glowing,
Hands peeled skin all showing,
Great drops from your brows quickly falling.
Great drops, etc.

Bend, stretch ye, and strain ye
Your fir-shafts of gray hue,
And watch well the salt currents swirling.
And watch well, etc.

The oar-bank on each side
Churns with labour the brine,
Dashing swift in the face of the surges.
Dashing swift, etc.

Pull clean, as one man,
Cleaving waves at each span,
With hearty good will, and not tardy.
With hearty, etc.

Strike even and steady,
Looking oft to each other,
Wake the life in your sinews and arms.
Wake the life, etc.

Let her good sides of oak
Meet with resolute stroke
The wild bulging glens piled before her.
The wild, etc.

Let the sea gray and surging
Swell with rough angry murmur,
And the high rolling waters go moaning.
And the high, etc.

The wan waters washing
O'er the bows ever dashing,
While streams sigh and welter behind her.
While streams, etc.

Stretch, pull ye, and bend ye
The smooth shafts so slender,
With the pith in your strong arms abiding.
With the pith, etc.

Clear the point there before you,
With brow sweat fast pouring,
Then hoist sail from Uist of wild geese!
Then hoist sail, etc.

V.—They then rowed to the sailing-point.

When they now had smartly brought her
To the sailing-point,
They set free the sixteen oars
From the rowlocks,

Laid them quickly at the sides,
Clear of rope pins.
Clanranald then ordered his vassals
That choice ocean hands be provided,
Men whom no terror could frighten,
Or any mischance that could happen.

VI.—It was ordered, after they had been chosen, that every man should go to his own special charge, and accordingly the helmsman was called to sit at the helm in these words:—

Let there sit to steer a weighty champion,
Powerful, free of limb;
Neither rise nor fall of sea must ever
From his place move him;
A good sturdy fellow, full of pith,
Thickset, broad-based,
Quick and nice of hand, and careful,
Watchful, wary,
Dexterous, patient, and unflurried
In face of danger.
When he hears the rough sea coming,
With a bellow,
He will keep her head up trimly
To the surges,
He will keep her going steady,
Without waver,
Guiding sheet and tack with looking,
Eye to windward.
A thumbnail's breadth from his right course
He won't diverge,
Spite of crested rollers coming,
That bounding surge,
He will sail to wind so close,
If need he see,
That every bolt, and plank, and timber,
Will creaking be;
He will not flinch, nor yield to panic,
Whate'er the terror,
Even were the hoary-headed sea
To his ears upswelling;
That will not make the hero shudder,
Nor move his place in,
Where safe he sitteth in the stern,
The helm embracing,
Keeping watch on the grey-headed sea,
Old and hoary,
That rolls on in hill and valley,
Fiercely roaring;
The bolt-rope of the sail with luffing
He will not shake,
But with full canvas, he will let her
Run on and take,
Keeping her on her way so tightly
O'er billows' crest,
Running on like smoking spindrift,
Straight to her rest.

VII.—A man to have charge of the rigging was ordered out:—

Let this stout big-fisted man sit
At the rigging,
He must be sedate and careful,
Strong-grasped, grippy,
Who will lower down a yard arm
When squalls frown,
And relieve the mast and rigging,
Slackening down,
Knowing how the wind is coming,
For sailing meet,
Answering watchfully his motions
Who holds the sheet,
Ever helpful to the tackle,
Lest a rope fail of the rigging,
Stout and hairy.

VIII.—A man was set apart for the sheet:—

Let a sheet-man on the thwart sit,
Stout and bony,
Hairy, sinewy, and strong
Is his fore-arm,
Broad and thick his hands and fingers,
Hard and horny,
To let out the sheet or haul it
With force of scrambling;
Who will draw it to him in rough weather,
When the squall blows,
But let it out when the wind falls,
Slackening slowly.*

IX.—A man was set apart for the fore-sheet:—

Let a lusty trim man take his seat,
Smart and handy,
That will work the fore-hoist deftly,
On the wind side;
That will raise the sail or lower it
To belaying-pin,
According as the breeze may come,
Or crested billow;
And if he see the tempest rising,
Hear it sighing,
Let him fix down with a tight strong grasp
To the bottom.†

X.—A look-out man was ordered to the bow:—

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* Strange to say the bard here makes a great mistake. Exactly the opposite is the thing to do.

† It is not very easy to understand the exact rig intended to be described by the poet. Two masts with lug-sails correspond best to the description.

Let an ocean cloud-seer rise and stand
At the bow,
And let him sure knowledge give us
Of our harbour,
Let him look to the four quarters
Of the heavens,
And then let him tell the steersman,
"Right she goeth ;"
Let him catch and note the landmarks
With keen vision,
Since they and the God of weather
Are our lode-star.

XI.—A man was set apart for the haulyards :—

At the main haulyards let there sit
A man of mettle,
A well-knit, free-limbed, able fellow,
Handsome, comely,
A man careful and not fussy,
Quick and stern,
Who will shorten sail as need is,
Skilful, restless,
Leaning on with heavy pull
To the haulyard,
Bending on his weighty fists
To the timber.
He wont fix the chafing rope
With a tight knot,
But belay it firm and cunning
With a slip-knot ;
Lest when the cry comes to slacken,
It should stop him,
And that it may glide with humming
Off the pin.

XII.—A teller of the waters was et apart, the sea having grown very ough, and the helmsman said to him :—

Let a teller of the waters
Sit beside me,
That will sharply on the wind's heart
Keep his eye.
Choose a man that's somewhat timid,
Shrewd and cautious,
But I ask not a complete,
Thorough coward.
Let him watch well to perceive
Showers to windward,
Whether the squall come at first,
Or come after,
That he may give warning duly,
Up to rouse me,
And if he see any danger,
Not be silent.
f he see a drowning sea
Coming roaring,
He must shout out "Keep her fine edge *
Swiftly to it."
He must be prudent and cry out
Loudly, "Breaker!"
Must not from the helmsman hide
Any danger.
Let there be no water-herald
But him only,
Fear and babbling wordy tumult
Cause a panic.

XIII.—A baler was ordered out, as the sea was breaking over them fore and aft.†

Set ye to bale out the brine
An active hero,
Who will never faint nor fear
For sea roaring,
Who will not get numb or weak
For cold of brine or hail,
Dashing on his breast and neck
In chill splashes ;
With a great round wooden vessel
In his brown fist,
Ever pouring out the water
In that rushes.
Who won't straighten his strong back
From firm stiffness,
Till he leave not on her floor
One drop running,
And though all her boards were leaking
Like a riddle,
Will keep every bit as dry
As a cask-stave.

XIV.—Two were ordered for hauling the back-stays, in case the sails might be carried away by the exceeding roughness of the weather.

Set a pair of stout-boned strong men,
Big-limbed, hairy,
To watch with vigour and keep safe
The back sail ropes,
With the marrow and the might
Of their strong arms ;
Who will heave them in or slacken,
As the need is,
Keep them always straight and trim
In the middle.
These be Duncan, son of Cormac,
And John Mac Ian,
Thickset, skilful, and bold fellows,
Both from Canna.

XV.—Six were chosen as a

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* *i.e.*, the line of the keel,—prow or stern.

† Here the imagination of the bard goes ahead, the galley being not yet under sail.

reserve, in case any of those named should fail or be carried overboard by a seà, so that one of these might take his place:—

Let six rise now, quick and ready,
Handy, lively,
Who will go, and come, and leap
Up and down her,
Like a hare on mountain top,
Dogs pursuing,
Who can climb the tight hard shrouds
Of slender hemp,
Nimbly as the May-time squirrel
Up a tree-trunk,
Who'll be ready, agile, brave,
Active, knowing,
To take off her and take down,
In good order,
Working with good will and spirit
M'Donell's galley.

XVI.—Everything appertaining to the voyage having now been set in order, each hero went smartly, without fear or reluctance, to the exact place appointed him; and they hoisted sail about sunrise on the day of the Feast of St. Bride,[*] bearing out from the mouth of Loch Eynort in South Uist:—

The sun bursting golden yellow
From his cloud-husk;
Then the sky grew tawny, smoky,
Full of gloom;
It waxed wave-blue, thick, buff-speckled,
Dun and troubled;
Every colour of the tartan
Marked the heavens.[†]
A rainbow "dog"[‡] is seen to westward—
Stormy presage;
Flying clouds by strong winds riven,
Squally showers.
They lifted up the speckled sails,
Towering, tight,
And they stretched the rigid shrouds up
Tense and stiff,
To the tall and stately masts,
Red and resiny:
They were tied so taut and knotty,
Without blunder,
Through the iron eyelet holes
And the round blocks.
They fixed every rope of rigging
Quick in order,
And each man at his place sat down,
To watch smartly.
Opened then the windows of the sky,
Spotted, gray-blue,
For blowing of the gurly wind
And the storm bands,
And the dark-gray ocean all around him
Drew his mantle—
His rough woolly robe of dun-black,
Horrid, flowing:
It swelled up in mountains and in glens,
Rough and shaggy,
Till the tumbling sea was roaring
All in hills up.
The blue deep opened up its jaws
Wide and threatening,
Pouring up against each other
In deadly struggle;
A man's deed it was to look at
The fiery mountains,
Flashes of wild fire sparkling
On each summit.
In front the high hoary surges
Came fiercely raving,
And the hind seas onward swelling,
Hoarsely bellowed.
Every time we rose up grandly
On the wave-tops,
Need was then to lower sail
Quick and smartly;
When we sank into the glens,
With a gulp down,
Every stitch of sail she had
Was hauled to mast top.[*]
The high, broad-skirted, heaving waves
Came on raging,
Before ever they were near us
We heard them roaring,
Sweeping bare the smaller waves
As with scourges,
Making one great deadly sea,
Dire for steering.
When we fell down from the crest
Of shaggy billows,
Almost did our keel then smite
The shelly bottom,[†]
The sea churning and swishing,
All through other.

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[*] 1st February.

[†] This is intensely Celtic, and vividly true.

[‡] The lower part of a rainbow, seen in an angry sky, is so called by sailors.

[*] This practice is followed in Shetland and elsewhere.

[†] At this point the bard's Pegasus runs away with him for a while into the depths of extravagance. Possibly the first suggestion came from the old rhyme about the "Iubhrach Bhallach," in the Story of the Knight of the Red Shield (Campbell, vol. ii., p. 436), "An fhaochag chrom chiar, A bha shios an grunnd an aigein, Bheireadh i snag air a beul-mòr, Agus cnag air a h-ùrlar."

Then were seals and great sea monsters
Sorely troubled,
The swell and surges of the sea,
And ship's going,
Spattered their white brains about
Through the water,
While they howled aloud in terror,
Bitter moaning,
Crying to us, "We are subjects,
Drag us on board."
All the small fish of the sea
Turned up, speckled,
Dead in myriads with the roll
Of the ocean.
The stones and shell-fish from below
Floated upward,
Torn up by the rattling swell
Of the proud sea.
The whole deep, like mess of gruel,
Foul and turbid,
With blood and filth of helpless monsters,
Of bad red colour,
The great, horny, clawy creatures,
Broad-pawed, clumsy,
All strange head from mouth to gills,
Throats a-gaping.
The whole deep was full of spectres,
All a-crawling,
With the paws and tails of monsters,
All a-sprawling.
Horrid was the screeching, groaning,
To give ear to,
That would drive to sheer distraction
Fifty warriors.
The crew lost all sense of hearing,
With the listening
To the screeching chant of demons,
And beast uproar,
The under-noise of the sea dashing
'Gainst the galley,
The upper noise of the bow plashing
Among sea-pigs;
While the wind renewed its blowing
From the westward.
With every kind of trying torment
We were troubled,
Blinded with the spray of surges,
Dashing o'er us,
All the night long, awful thunder
And fierce lightning,
Fire-balls burning in the rigging
And the tackle,
With a brimstone smoke and smell,
Fairly choking;
The upper and the under powers
Warring with us,
Earth and fire, and wind and water,
Raised against us.
But when it defied the sea
To subdue us,
She took pity with a smile,
And made peace.
Yet was no mast left unbent,
Sail untorn,
Yard unsplit, or hoop unhurt,
Oar uninjured;
Not a stay was left unsprung,
Shroud unstrained,
Nail or coupling left unbroken,
Fishy! Fashy!
Not a thwart or bit of gunwale
But bore token,
Everything of gear or tackle
In her weakened,
Not a knee or timber in her
But was loosened;
All her bends and timber couplings
Were quite shaken,
Not a tiller was unsplit,
Helm unbroken,
Every stick in her was creaking
And disordered,
Every treenail in her drawn,
And plank damaged,
Every nail without a rivet
Could be lifted:
Not a rope there was unloosened,
Nor spike unbent,
Not a thing pertaining to her
But was worsened!
The sea cried peace with us at length
At Islay Sound Cross,*
And the harsh-voiced wind was bidden
To give over.
She lifted from us to high regions
Of the heavens,
And the sea, a smooth white table,
Ceased from barking.
Thanks we gave to the High King
Of the elements,
Good Clan-Ranald who preserved
From death horrid;
Then we took down the thin sails,
Speckled canvas,
Let down the fine smooth red masts
Along her floor,
Shoved out the slim, shining oars,
Smooth and coloured,
Of the fir M'Barras cut
In Finnan Island;†
And we rowed with steady swinging,
Without failing,
To good harbour 'neath the heights
Of Carrick Fergus.
We cast anchor at our leisure
In the roads there,
And took meat and drink in plenty,
And abode there.

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* No part of the Sound of Islay, so far as I can ascertain, is now known by this name. There may have been a cross on the coast there in Macdonald's time.

† The island in Loch Sheil, Moidart, where the bard was buried.

OUR GRAMMARIANS.

II. O'DONOVAN.

(*Continued from Vol. VI., p.* 29.)

O'DONOVAN'S great work, however, was "The Annals of the Four Masters" (1848-1851), to the translation and elucidation of which he brought unrivalled resources. It extended to seven large quarto volumes, containing no less than 4215 pages of text, translation, and notes. Of this great work Professor O'Curry, the distinguished author of the "Manuscript Materials of Irish History," says:—"The translation is executed with extreme care. The immense mass of notes contains an immense amount of information, embracing every variety of topic—historical, topographical, and genealogical—upon which the text requires elucidation, addition, or correction; and I may add, that of the accuracy of the researches which have borne fruit in that information, I can myself, in almost every instance, bear personal testimony." In 1847 he was called to the bar, and might have easily earned wealth in that profession. He, however, preferred the less lucrative, but not less renowned reputation of an Irish scholar. Trinity College, Dublin, soon recognised his claims, and conferred on him its highest honour of doctor of laws. At the same time, a Government pension of £50 a year was bestowed upon him in recognition of his literary services. He was also appointed to the professorship of the Irish language in the Queen's College, Belfast. Having a large family to provide for, and his devotion to his studies and researches preventing his giving himself to more lucrative employment, he contemplated emigrating to America or Australia, with the view of improving his circumstances. The establishment of a commission for translating and publishing the ancient laws of Ireland was, however, instrumental in preventing this project being carried out. In 1853, in conjunction with Professor O'Curry, Dr. O'Donovan began the transcription, collation, and translation of the Brehon Laws, with a view to their speedy publication. For eight years thereafter, he continued to devote himself with assiduity and zeal to the elucidation of the national history and antiquities of Ireland. Possessed of vast resources, acquired by patient and persevering labour, he was ever ready to impart to others freely, what had cost himself so much. Of a genial, generous, and self-denying disposition, many of his evenings were entirely occupied in correspondence with countrymen and scholars, at home and abroad, who wished for information, which was as cheerfully rendered, as oftentimes it was inconsiderately demanded.

His labours were pre-eminently labours of love, and no man of his day made so many true and valued friends as John O'Donovan. His powers of memory were remarkable. It is said he could with ease recal almost everything he had read or observed from his earliest years. He was too early for the study of comparative philology, although deeply interested in it; but he did better and truer work than that of many contemporary philologists, so called. The prepared materials and provided resources which placed Celtic philology on a solid foundation, and enabled future labourers to secure the respect, and command the homage of the learned, to a branch of science, the very mention of which was previously provocative of contempt and dislike. The deep debt which Ireland and her literature owes to him, may be estimated from the fact that, from 1830 downwards, hardly a work bearing on her language and history issued from the press, in which the hand of O'Donovan was not more or less visible. About the middle of November 1861, the result of his intense devotion began to tell upon his system. Rheumatic fever supervened. For a few days his recovery seemed probable, but a new attack, affecting the heart, cut him off at midnight on the 9th December. He left a widow and six children, to whom he was devotedly attached. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Glasnevin.

Taken away in the prime of life, a true patriot, a devoted husband, a dutiful father, a valued and generous friend, a Celtic scholar of rare attainments, his memory cannot but be lovingly cherished by his own countrymen, while his published works, which secured for a branch of our common language a recognised and important position in the eyes of learned men all over the world, have laid Celtic scholars in all lands under deep and permanent obligation.

W. R. B.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.*

THE fifth volume of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness contains a record of the meetings of the society and of the business transacted from July 8th 1875 till April 6th 1876; a list of the office-bearers for 1876; the constitution of the society in Gaelic and in English; a short and purpose-like introduction by the editor; a list of the members, living and dead, under their several designations of honorary chieftains, life members, honorary members, ordinary members, and apprentices; and lastly, though not by any means the least important, a list of books in the society's library, with the names of the donors.

It is very gratifying to find that the membership of the society is steadily increasing and that the materials are being accumulated in Inverness of what promises to be one of the best Celtic libraries in Scotland. In the second article of the constitution of the society we find its objects described under six heads, the third of which is to establish a library in Inverness, "to consist of books and manuscripts, in whatever language, bearing upon the genius, the literature, the history, the antiquities, and the material interests of the Highlands and Highland people." We are glad to find that this object is kept steadily in view. We do not find from this volume that the first object of the society, and we presume, in the minds of its promoters, the most important object has been kept so steadily in view—viz., "the perfecting of the members in the use of the Gaelic language." But it may be that the members are already perfect in this accomplishment. One or two excellent speeches were given in Gaelic at the annual meetings, which are printed in this volume; a Gaelic paper which is described as "interesting" was read in course of the year; but of the six papers read before the society and printed in this volume, only one is in Gaelic and this is a "Sgeulachd" dictated by a Skye cottar and written by Mr. A. Carmichael. We think that a "Gaelic" society whose office-bearers must speak Gaelic, whose business must "be carried on in Gaelic on every alternate night at least," at whose annual meeting "Gaelic subjects shall have the preference," and whose exertions in favour of Gaelic teaching in Highland schools two years ago we remember with gratitude, ought to give more of its transactions in that venerable tongue than is given in this volume.

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* Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. Vol. v., 1875-6. Clann nan Gàidheal an Guaillean a' Cheile. Printed for the Gaelic Society of Inverness, by R. Carruthers & Sons, and sold by John Noble, James H. Mackenzie, James Melven, and William Mackay, Booksellers, Inverness, and Maclachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh, 1876.

Of the six papers printed, it may be said that all are interesting and notably so the "Sgeulachd." It is given without note or comment. It well deserves analysis. It is replete with the happy phraseology and idiom and ease of style which no Gaelic prose writer, with the doubtful exception even of Dr. M'Leod, has yet attained to. We think the orthography ought to conform more nearly to the standard more or less strictly adhered to in the Highland Society's Dictionary, the Gaelic Scriptures, and the more carefully written prose-books.

Of the English papers, the most important undoubtedly is the calm and thoughtful paper of Mr. Jerram, on "Some causes of the imperfect appreciation by Englishmen of the Ossianic Poems." According to Mr. Jerram these causes are four in number: "1. The paramount influence of Dr. Johnson, and other literary men, at and after the time of MacPherson's publication of his *Ossian*, combined with other unfortunate circumstances in connection with the early editions; 2. The hostile feeling between the two political parties in Scotland and England about the middle of last century; 3. The inability of most Englishmen to read the poems in the Gaelic language, assumed to be the original; 4. Certain geographical obscurities, which gave an air of unreality to the narrative, and confirmed the disbelief in its historical accuracy." The next in importance we consider to be an exceedingly interesting paper on Highland minstrelsy by Mr. Hugh Rose. Mr. Lachlan MacBean shows to good purpose in his translation and notes of "Conlaoch." Mr. William Morrison gives a very readable paper on the affinity between Gaelic and German; and Mr. John Mackay, Montreal, a highly eulogistic paper on his clansman, Rob Donn, the Sutherland bard.

In noticing the transactions of the society for 1873–4, 1874–5, we mentioned it as a fault that so much space was occupied with the reports of annual meetings. We are sorry to find, in the present volume, instead of an improvement, an aggravation of the same fault. We have here in a volume of 125 pages, about 40 pages covered with reports of the speeches delivered at the annual assembly and the annual supper. These speeches, admirable in their way, we read in the local papers immediately after they were delivered. We are of opinion that they ought to obtain a place in the permanent records of the society only in a compressed form.

Apart from the imperfections we have hinted at, the transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness for 1875–6 show an influential and growing society doing good work. We hope it will prosper still more and that a record of its transactions next year will equal, if not surpass, in interest and value that of the volume before us.

P
La Celt
G

AN
GAIDHEAL.

*"Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."*—Oisean.

VI. Leabh.] DARA MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1877. [63 Air.

LITREACHAS NAN GAIDHEAL.

VI. NA MARBHRANNAN.

Thuirt mi cheana, airson na bheil de ghnothuch agam an traths ris a' Bhardachd a tha air a h-ainmeachadh air Oisean agus air na seana Bhaird eile, nach dean e bheag de mhuthadh co-dhiu is e Mac-Mhuirich 'us Mac-a-Ghobhainn no Mac-Fhinn a sgriobh i. Cia b'e a sgriobh i, tha e air aideachadh leis gach neach gur Bardachd i a tha airidh air gach urram a fhuair i anns gach cearn de'n t-saoghal. Anns a' Ghaidhealtachd cha do chuireadh riamh an teagamh nach e fior shaothair nan seana Bhard a gheibhear ann an "Oisean" Mhic-Mhuirich agus ann an "Sean Dana" Mhic-a-Ghobhainn. Ach air Galldachd agus ann an Sasunn tha fios againn uile gu'n do chaitheadh moran dragh agus moran airgid a' feuchainn ri dhearbhadh, mu "Oisean" Mhic-Mhuirich gu sonruichte, gur e Mac-Mhuirich fein agus nach e Oisean a sgriobh a' Bhardachd oirdhearc sin. Cha d'thugadh seachad fathast ann an Gaidhlig, cho fad agus is aithne dhomh, cunntas air a chonnsuchadh agus air an deasboireachd a thachair mu'n chuis so. Cha 'n e mo rùn an traths an sgeul innseadh. Cha sgeul ro thaitneach i; agus cha chualas fathast, anns a' Bheurla fein, am focal mu dheireadh dh'i. Their cuid gu'n do sgriobh Mac-Mhuirich "Oisean" an toiseach anns a' Bheurla; agus, 'na dheigh sin, le cuideachadh a chairdean, gu'n d'eadar-theangaich e a Bhardachd fein gu Gaidhlig. Cha 'n 'eil neach do nach aithne an dà chanain comasach air breith a thoirt air a' chuis so; agus cha 'n aithne dhomh aon d'an aithne an dà chanain ach Caimbeulach Ile a tha de'n bheachd gur anns a' Bheurla a sgriobhadh "Oisean" an toiseach. Their cuid eile gu'n do chruinnich Mac-Mhuirich moran de sheana Bhardachd agus de Sgeulachdan anns a' Ghaidhealtachd; agus gu'n do chuir e fein agus a chairdean, leis na chruinnich e mar bhonn-steigh, ri cheile "Oisean" air an doigh air an do chuireadh fa chomhair an t-saoghail ann an leabhar e. Cha ghabh e nis dearbhadh co-dhiu tha 'm beachd so uile gu leir fior no nach 'eil. Tha dearbhadh cinnteach gu leoir gu'n d'fhuair Mac-Mhuirich moran Bardachd anns a' Ghaidhealtachd o bheoil dhaoine agus ann an sgriobhaidhean a tha nis air chall. Tha e fior nach faighear anns a' Bhardachd Oiseinich a chaidh a sgriobhadh roimh linn Mhic-Mhuirich no chaidh a chruinneachadh o'n am sin, agus a tha nis ri fhaotainn, ach beagan rannan a fhreagras, focal air fhocal, ri "Oisean" Mhic-Mhuirich. A ris their na h-Eirionnaich gur ann daibh-san a bhuineas na tha de sheana Bhardachd ann an leabhar Mhic-Mhuirich; gu'n do ghoid Mac-Mhuirich "Oisean" á Eirinn; agus gu'n d'atharraich e e mar a thoilich e fein. Cha 'n 'eil mi meas gur airidh am beachd so air a rannsuchadh. Cha do dhearbh na h-Eirionnaich fathast gu'n robh aona chuid a' mheirle no am meirleach riamh ann an Eirinn. Gus an dean iad sin saoilidh mi gu'm faod sinn an coir air "Oisean" aicheadh.

Tha mi deanamh dheth nach abair neach 'sam bith, a rinn a' bheag de rannsuchadh air Eachdraidh agus air Litreachas nan Gaidheal ann an Albainn gu bheil againn ann an "Oisean" Mhic-Mhuirich Bardachd Oisein anns an dearbh chainnt agus anns a' cheart ordugh anns an d'fhag Oisean e fein i cuig no se-ceud-deug bliadhna roimhe so. Ach cha mho tha fios cinnteach againn, agus cha 'n 'eil m'fhiughair gu'm bi gu brath fios cinnteach againn, air meud an atharrachaidh a rinneadh le Mac-Mhuirich no le neach eile air Bardachd Oisein mu'n do chuireadh an t-saothair ann an clo. Tha fios againn gu'n robh anns gach linn Fionn 'us Oisean, Goll 'us Oscar—an cliù 's an euchdan—am beul an t-sluaigh. Tha fios againn gu'm b'e Oisean mac Fhinn Bard na Feinne. Tha fios againn gu'n robh Bardachd a bha air a h-ainmeachadh air Oisean siubhlach am measg nan Gaidheal Albannach o chionn ceithir-cheud-bliadhna air a chuid is lugha. Tha fios againn gu'n do chruinnich Mac-Mhuirich moran de'n t-seana Bhardachd so a tha nis air chall mur faighear 'n a leabhar fein i. Tha fios againn gu'n d'thug moran de dhaoine tuigseach fianuis seachad gu'n robh iad, 'n an oige, cleachdta ri bhi cluinntinn roinn mhor de'n Bhardachd mar gheibhear i ann an "Oisean" Mhic-Mhuirich. Ach cha 'n 'eil fios cinnteach againn air na fhuair Mac-Mhuirich de sheana Bhardachd air a thuruis anns a' Ghaidhealtachd; agus cha 'n 'eil agus cha bhi fios cinnteach againn air cho cosmhuil agus a tha Bhardachd a thug e seachad ris a' Bhardachd a fhuair e. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam fein nach d'thug e seachad moran Bardachd anns a' chainnt anns an d'fhuair e i. Cha 'n 'eil e mi-choltach nach d'thug e seachad roinn d'a chuid fein ann an ainm Oisein. Ach co am Bard no na Baird a chuir an t-seana Bhardachd anns a' cheart chainnt anns an d'fhuair Mac-Mhuirich i; agus cia meud a thug Mac-Mhuirich seachad d'a obair fein, cha 'n 'eil mi meas gu'n gabh e dearbhadh gu brath.

Ach airson fior luach na Bardachd agus a feum dhuinne cha 'n 'eil mi meas gu'n dean e bheag de mhuthadh co rinn i. Bu toigh leinn gun teagamh a bhi creidsinn gu'n robh Fionnaghal 'n a righ cumhachdach ann an Morbheinn o chionn se-ceud-deug bliadhna; gu'n deachaidh e tric a mach a sheasamh coir a' dhuthcha 's a' shluaigh; agus gu'n robh "fonn nan oighean 's guth nam Bard" a' dol na chomhdhail an uair a

"Thill righ nam buadh le'shluagh gu 'thìr."

Ach airson fior fheum dhuinne an diugh, tha a' Bhardachd cho cumhachdach ged rachadh a dhearbhadh am maireach nach robh Fionnaghal riamh ann am Morbheinn ach ann an smuain a' Bhaird a mhain. Co a shaoil riamh gu'm biodh *Milton* no *Shakespeare* no *Tennyson* na bu chumhachdaiche mar luchd-teagaisg nam b'e agus gu'm biodh Eachdraidh na cul-taice d'an smuain na bu laidire na tha i. Cia b'e chur "Oisean" ri cheile mar tha Bhardachd againne nis is aitreibh ghreadhnach e. Tha sinn cinnteach á aon ni. B'e cridhe Gaidhealach a smaointeach a' Bhardachd so; b'e ceann Gaidhealach a dhealbh i; agus b'e lamh Ghaidhealach a sgriobh i. Feudaidh e bhi nach buineadh an cridhe 's an ceann 's an lamh do'n aon duine no do'n aon àm; ach bhuineadh iad do'n aon huil agus do'n aon àite. An fhad o tha mi meas gu bheil “Oisean” ' giulan fhianuis agus a bharantais ein air clar eudain. Is Gaidheal e n a ainm, 'n a chainnt, agus 'n a adur. Cha saoil mi gu bheil neach s urrainn an leabhar a leughadh nns a' Ghaidhlig a chuireas so ann n teagamh.

Airson aobhar no dhà tha 'n -seana Bhardachd so dhuinne ro uachmhor; ach feudar a radh le firinn na bheirear air falbh á “Oisean” Mhic-Mhuirich no á “Seann Dana” Mhic-a-Ghobhainn na Marbhrannn, gun toirear air falbh a' chuid is uachmhoire d'am Bardachd. Tha noran de na “Seann Dana” a' iulan an ainm *Cumha* no *Caoidh* o *Tuireadh*—mar so *Tuireadh rmhoir ; Caoidh Chrimine ;*— a is *Bas Dhiarmaid ; Tiomnadh Ghuill;* agus mar sin sios. Agus thuilleadh air so, is *Cumha* no *Marbhrann* ann am firinn a mhor huid de'n chorr, cia air bith n t-ainm. A rìs cha 'n 'eil eagasg eile, saoilidh mi, cho uachmhor ann an “Oisean” Mhic-Mhuirich no ni, a reir mo bheachdsa, tha togail na Bardachd sin cho rd os cionn gach Bardachd Ghaidhealach eile a tha againn, ris an urram a tha cuimhne nan laoch thuit 's a' chath, a' cogadh gu gaisgeil airson cuis 'us aobhair an Sluaigh 's an Duthcha, a' faotainn o gach neach, agus gu sonruichte o gach neach is airde inbhe agus is liuitiche ainm. Cha'n fhaighear, na dh'fhaodte, ann an “Oisean” na eudan sreath air an lionadh leis gach buaidh a bhuineadh do'n treun thuit, agus gach buaidh a b'aithne lo'n Bhard a chur ann an cainnt, o-dhiu bu bhuaidh i bha dligheach lo aon d'a luchd-eolais no nach 'eadh; ach gheibhear air gach taobh uilleig de “Oisean” feart gu mor s urramaiche na so agus air gach doigh is freagarraiche airson teagaisg Sluaigh. Gheibh thu daoine calma, treuna air an aonadh a sheasamh coir an Duthcha agus an Sluaigh. Gheibh thu mnathan malda, maiseach, an seilbh air urraim mhoir agus fo dheadh chliu. Gheibh thu na Baird ard ann an urram, airson an treuntais, an gliocais, agus an gluasaid. 'Se dleasdanas nan daoine so a bhi giulan chumhnantan sithe eadar naimhdean. Mur 'eil e comasach sith a dheanamh, tha 'm Bard a' dusgadh misneach 'us gaisge an t-Sluaigh, agus 'g an leantainn do'n chath, “le cruaidh bhrosnachadh nan Dàn.” 'Se am Bard is Seanachaidh no Fear-eachdraidh, agus is e 'dhleasanas an deigh a' bhlair cuimhne ghleidheadh air mar a' ghluais gach neach e fein, agus cliu nan treun a thuit 's a' chath a sheinn. 'S e is Fear-teagaisg; oir an uair a tha 'n t-arm a leigeadh an sgìths' air an turus, no anns an anmoch an deigh cath an latha a chur seachad, tha 'm Bard ag innseadh “Sgeul air am a dh'fhalbh.” Tha 'n oigridh a' faighinn eolais o á bheul air an doigh is taitniche agus is druightiche air an gabh foghlum toirt seachad — le eisempleir nan daoine a chaidh romhad—an doigh air an do ghluais iadsan iad fein ri uchd cruadail, agus an t-urram a choisinn iad airson an deanadais.

Bha an teagasg so gun teagamh easbhuidheach. Cha robh a' bheag de leughadh, de sgriobhadh, no de chunntas ann. Cha sheasadh clann Ghaidhealach an là ud ach dona aig ceasnachadh ar latha-ne agus cha choisneadh iad moran cliu no airgid do'n Mhaighstir-sgoile. Cha labhradh iad focal Beurla agus, cuis is iongantaiche, cha robh naire orra dheth. Ach aineolach, cianail, mar a bha 'n cor, a reir teagaisg 'us creidimh ar latha-ne, tha mi meas gu'm faigheadh ar luchd-teagaisg-ne leasan no dhà uapa a b'airidh air iunnsachadh. A dh'aon ni, thuigeadh na sgoilearan o shean cainnt am maighstir; agus is mor an ni so. A rìs bha 'm Bard a' teagasg d'a luchd-eisdeachd gu'n robh Duthaich aca, gu'n robh Sinnsearachd aca, agus nach bu ni mi-choltach gu'm biodh Sliochd aca. Bha e teagasg gu'n robh dleasdanais chudthromach, sholuimte air an leagadh orra, nach faodadh iad gun chionta mor a dhearmad, do thaobh an Duthcha, an Aithrichean, agus an Cloinne. Coir do Dhuthcha agus do Shluaigh a sheasamh agus an a cliu a chur am farsuingeachd — a bhi cuimhneach air na daoine o'n d'thainig thu—na beannachdan a mheal thu fein aisig 'n an lan neart do d' chloinn—do bheatha orduchadh a chum agus gu'n seall na ginealaich a thig a' d' dheigh air an ais le tlachd agus le urram ri cuimhne nam parantan a ghin iad—a bhi anns gach ceum do d'bheatha a' gleidheadh air chuimhne gur tusa an ceangal ann an Eachdraidh do Shluaigh eadar an t-àm a bha agus an t-àm a bhitheas;—b'e ni-eigin cosmhuil ri so, air a thoirt seachad le teangadh cheolmhor a' Bhaird, an teagasg a gheibheadh an t-oganach Gaidhealach o shean, agus easbhuidheach 'us mar bha e, saoilidh mi gur ann easbhuidheach da rireadh a tha 'n teagasg anns nach faighear a bheag no mhor de'n t-seorsa air a chur fa chomhair na h-oigridh anns gach linn.

B'e so, tha mi meas, brigh teagaisg "Oisean" Mhic-Mhuirich, cia b'e chuir ri cheile e. B'e modh no doigh an teagaisg cliu an àm a dh'fhalbh agus nan daoine treuna a bha. Seall air na Dain fa seach. 'S e cheud sreath de "Chath-Loduinn"

"Sgeul ri aithris air àm o aois"

agus tha 'n sgeul a sin a' toiseachadh. Tha "Carraig-Thura" a' fosgladh le sealladh greadhnach air luidhe greine; agus tha Fionn ag iarraidh fonn o "Shonn nam Bard" mar so:

A ghutha Chona, 's airde fuaim,
A Bharda tha luaidh mu aois,
D'a n-eirich air ar n-anam suas
Feachdan mor nan gorm-chruaidh laoch;
'S taitneach leam aoibhneas a' bhroin,
Mar dhriuchd mothar earraich chaoin
Fo'n lub geug dharaig nan torr
'S an duilleach òg ag eirigh maoth.
Togaibhse, mo Bhaird, am fonn
Am maireach bithidh long fo sheol, &c.

agus tha sin na Baird a' togail an fhuinn. 'Se steigh "Charthuinn:"

Sgeul ri aithris air àm o aois;
Gniomh'ran laithean nam bliadhna dh'aom.

Tha "Oigh-nam-mor-shul" a' toiseachadh:

Mar ghluaiseas solus speur fo sgleò
Air Larmon mor is uaine tom;
Mar sin thig sgeul nan triath nach beo
Air m'anam 'us an oidhche trom.

Ann an "Croma" tha Oisean aosda ag innseadh do Mhalmhina sgeul air linn oige:

Eisd-sa ri mo shean sgeul, oigh;
Tha mo chuimhne air òige nam buadh.

A rìs anns an Dàn "Calthonn 'us Caolmhal" tha 'm Bard aosda a' feoraich:

An cluinn thu, shil na còs an craig,
Fonn o Oisean mu òg ghniomh fein?
Tha m'anam-sa mu'n aimsir mhoir;
Thill solus 'us sòlas do thriath.

Agus tha 'n Dan mu dheireadh 's an leabhar a' fosgladh mar so:

An cuala Oisein guth neo-fhaoin?
No 'n gairm laithean fo aomadh a th'ann?
Tric mo smuain air aimsir nan raon,
Mar ghrein fheasgair tha claon an gleann.
Nuadhaichear mor thorman na seilg,
Sleagh fhada nam marbh a m' laimh.

Agus ma thiunndas sinn gu euchdan Chuchullin 'us Fhionnaghail mar a gheibhear iad anns an Dàn a th'air ainmeachadh air Fionnaghal fein, gheibh sinn an teagasg ceudna. Tha na laoich a' cruinneachadh gus a' chath mar so:

Chluinnte' fuaim nan arm 's gach ceum ;
Meaghal mhiolchon, 'cleasadh ard ;
Duain 'g am muchadh anns gach beul,
Gach curaidh treun ag iarraidh blair.

An deigh a' bhlair tha 'm Bard a' seinn cliu nan laoch a thuit 's a' chomhrag :

Bi deurach air carragh nam fuaim,
A nighean uasal innis nan long ;
Lub do ghnuis aluinn thar chuan,
Thusa, is gloine na taibhs' air thom,
A dh' eireas suas gu mothar, mall
Mar ghath grein air samhchair nam beann ;
Thuit, ghrad thuit e 's a' bhlar,
Tha oig-fhear do ghraidh gun tuar
Fo lainn Chuchullin bu shar,
(Ciod dh' fhag thu cho bàn 's cho fuar ?)
Cha ghluais e gu cruadal gu brath,
Cha bhuail e fuil ard nan saoi ;
Thuit Treunfhear, og Threunfhear, gu bàs,
Oigh, cha 'n fhaic thu do ghradh a chaoidh;
Tha mhiol-choin a' caoineadh gu trom
Aig baile, 's chi iad a thaibhse ;
Tha bhogha gun taifeid 's e lom :
Air tom tha farum a' bhlair.

An uair a tha 'n oidhche teachd, gun fhios fathasd co taobh a bhuannaichd, tha Cuchullin a' cur a' Bhaird a thoirt cuireadh d'a namhaid thun na feille, oir

'S fada fiadh Lochlin o'n laoch,
A thalla faoin is fada thall.

Chaidh an cuireadh a dhiultadh. An uair a tha 'n fheill seachad, tha 'n righ a' toirt aithne do'n Bhard :

A Charuill, tog do ghuth gu h-ard
Air gach linn a bh' ann nach beò ;
Caithear oidhche ann am min dhàn ;
Faighear gairdeachas 's a' bhron.

Tha Carull ag innseadh sgeul air Cairbre 's air Cridhmor. An uair a tha i criochnaichte :

"'S binn do ghuth, a Charuill, dhomh fein,"
Thuirt triath Eirinn bu ghuirme suil ;
"'S binn d' fhocail, a' Bhaird, 's a' bheinn
Ag eirigh o àm nan cliù ;
Iad cosmhuil ri braon nan sian
'N uair sheallas a' ghrian air raon,
Caol fhaileus a' siubhal air sliabh,
'S an osag gu mall 'us gu caoin."

An sin chaidh faire chur air coigrich a chuain ; agus

"Luidh sloigh air aomadh fraoich
Fo reula 's gaoth na h-oidhche ;
Tanais churaidh thuit 's a' bhlàr,
Neoil ghruamach mu'n cuairt a' snamh ;
'Us fada thall air machair Lena
Chluinntear eigh a' bhais."

Mar so tha cheud Duan de "Fhionnaghal" a' criochnachadh. Is co-ionann teagasg do'n Bhardachd oirdheirc so g' a crich ; agus tha mi meas gur mor an call air iomadh doigh nach 'eil oigridh na Gaidhealtachd na's eolaiche oirre na tha iad.

Ged nach 'eil "Sean Dana" Mhic-a-Ghobhainn a' nochdadh, ma dh' fhaodte, neart 'us cumhachd inntinn cho mor ri "Oisean" Mhic-Mhuirich, tha cuid de na Dain, agus gu sonruichte cuid de na Marbhrannan, a bheir barr, ann am fior mhaise, a reir mo bheachd, air aon a gheibhear anns an t-saothair is ainmeile. Ann an "Dan an Deirg," gheibhear, ma 's maith mo bharail, an dà "Chumha" is maisiche agus is druightiche, ann an cainnt agus an smuain, a gheibhear an Gaidhlig. 'Se sin "Tuireadh Armhoir" agus "Caoidh Chrimine." Thuit Armor air ceann an airm Lochlainnich ann an Eirinn agus so mar a sheinn an seana Bhard a chliu :

Bha d'airde mar dharaig 's a' ghleann,
Do luas mar iolair nam beann, gun gheilt ;
Do spionnadh mar osann Loda 'n a fheirg,
'S do lann mar cheò Léige gun leigheas.
O! 's moch do thuras gu d' neoil,
Is òg leinn, a laoich, a thuit thu !
Co dh'innseas do 'n aosda nach beò thu,
No co do d' òg-mhnaoi bheir furtachd ?
Chi mi d' athair fo éire aois',
Gu faoin an dòchas ri d'thigheachd ;
A làmh air a shleagh 's i air chrith,
'S a cheann liath lom, mar chritheach 's an
t-sìn.
Meallaidh gach neul a dhall-shùil,
'S e 'n dùil gu'm faic e do bhàrca.
Thig deò gréin' air aghaidh aosda,
'S a ghlaodh ri òigridh—"Chi mi 'm bàta !"
Seallaidh a chlann a mach air lear,
Chi iad an ceathach a' seòladh.
Crathaidh esan a cheann liath ;
Tha osna tiamhaidh 's a ghnùis brònach.

Chi mi Crimìn', a's fiamh-ghàir' oirr',
A' saoilsinn bhi air tràigh 'g ad fhaicinn.
A bilibh 'n a suain a' cur fàilt' ort,
'S i le gàirdeinean ait 'g ad ghlacadh.
Och! òg-bhean, 's faoin do bhruadar;
An t-uasal gu bràth cha 'n fhaic thu!
Fad o dhachaidh thuit do ghràdh,
An Innis-fàil fo smal tha mhaise.
Dùisgidh tus', a Chrimìne,
'S chi thu gu'n robh d' aisling mealltach,
Ach c'uin' a dhùisgeas esan o shuain,
No bhios cadal na h-uaighe crìochnaicht'?
Fuaim ghaothar no buillean sgiath
Cha chluinnear 'n a chriadh-thigh caol;
'S a dh' aindeòin gach iomairt a's seilg,
Caidlidh 's an leirg an laoch.
A shìl na leirg', na feithibh an treun!
Guth sèimh na maidne cha chluinn e;
'S a shìl nan sleagh, na h-earbaibh á chòmh-
nadh!
Cha dean éighe-còmhraig a dhùsgadh.
Beannachd air anam an laoich!
Bu gharg fraoch ri dol 's gach greis.
Ard-righ Loi'eann, ceann an t-sluaigh,
'S iomad ruaig a chuireadh leis!

Phos Crimine, Ban-Lochlannach, an Dearg; agus a chum a gaol a dhearbhadh dh'iarr Conan crion, maol, rosadach gu'n rachadh an Dearg a shuaineadh ann am fuil tuirc, agus a thoirt dhachaidh ann an riochd mairbh. Rinneadh so; agus chaoidh Crimine a fear:

O thaibhse, bho àirde nan nial
Cromaibh a dh' iarraidh ur Deirg!
A's thigibh, òighean an Tréin, o'r talla,
Le ùr-fhalluinn leibh do m' ghràdh!
C'uime, Dheirg, an robh ar crìdh'
Air an snìomh co dlù 'n ar com?
A's c'uim' a spìonadh thusa uam,
'S an d'fhàgadh mise gu truagh trom?
Mar dhà lus sinn 's an drùchd ri gàire,
Taobh na creige 'm blàs na greine,
Gun fhreumh air bith ach an aon,
Aig an dà lus aobhach aoibhinn.
Shèun òighean Chaothain na luis,
Is bòidheach leo féin am fàs!
Shèun a's na h-aighean eutrom;
Ged thug an torc do aon diu 'm bàs.
Is trom, trom, 's a cheann air aomadh;
'N t-aon lus faoin tha fathasd beò,
Mar dhuilleach air seargadh 's a' ghréin—
O! b' aoibhinn bhi nis gun deò!
A's dh'iadh orm oidhche gun chrìch;
Thuit gu sìor mo ghrian fo smal.
Moch bu lannair air Mòr-bheinn a snuadh,
Ach anmoch chaidh tual an car.
'S ma thréig thu mi, sholuis m' àigh!
Tha mi gu là bhràth gun ghean.
Och! mur éirich Dearg o phràmh,
Is duibh-neul gu bràth a bhean!
'S duaichnidh do dhreach; fuar do chrìdh';
Gun spionn' ad làimh, no clì ad chois.
Och! 's balbh do bheul a bha binn;
Och 's tinn leam, a ghràidh, do chor!
Nis chaochail rughadh do ghruaidh,
Fhir nam mòr-bhuadh anns gach cath!
'S mall, mar na cnuic air 'n do leum,
A' chas a chuir éilde gu stad.
A's b' annsa Dearg seach neach fo 'n
ghréin o!
Seach m' athair deurach, 's mo mhàthair
chaomh.
Tha 'n sùil ri lear gu tric 's an éigheach;
Ach b' annsa leamsa dol eug le m' ghaol!
A's lean mi 'n céin thar muir a's glinn thu,
'S laidhinn sínte leat 's an t-sìoc;
O! thigeadh bàs no torc do m' reubadh,
Neo 's truagh mo chàramh féin an nochd.
A's rinneadh leaba dhuinn an raoir,
Air an raon ud cnoc nan sealg;
'S ni 'n deanar leab' air leth an nochd dhuinn,
'S ni 'n sgarar mo chorp o Dhearg!
Tùirlibh, o thaibhse nan nial,
O ionadan fial nam flath!
Tùirlibh air ghlas-sgiathan ur ceò,
A's glacaibh mo dheò gun athadh!
Oighean tha 'n tallaibh an Tréin,
Deilbhibh ceò-éideadh Chrimìne;
Ach 's annsa leam sgiobul mo Dheirg;
A' d' sgiobuls', a Dheirg, bìom!

Chuir e uair no dhà ioghnadh orm mu'n dà Mharbhrann, ma dh'fhaodte, is fearr a tha againn, gur ann do Lochlannach a rinneadh an dara aon, agus gur ann am beul Ban-Lochlannach a chuir am Bard an t-aon eile. Cha'n'eil sinn a nis cho deas a thoirt a leithid so de urram d'ar naimhdean. Saoilidh mi gu bheil am Bard a' nochdadh a thuigse agus a chomais anns an tuireadh throm, fhearail a tha e deanamh air an t-saighdeir; agus anns a' chaoidh chraiteach, ghoirt a tha e 'cur am beul na mnà. Mur biodh fios gur i a Chrimine a lean Armor á Lochlainn agus, an uair a thuit e,

"A rinn a leaba gun luadh ri eirigh,"

a luidh goirid 'na dheigh sin marbh ri taobh an Deirg, bhiodh m'earbsa á dilseachd nam ban na bu mho; ach is ni-eigin de thoilinntinn gu'm bu Bhan-Lochlannach agus nach bu Bhana-Ghaidheal Crimine.

D. M'K.

IMCHEIST OISEIN.

LE GÀIDHEAL.

ROIMHRADH.

Anns a' chomhad a th' air a thoirt a stigh le ùghdair an dàin so, tha Oisein a' labhairt ris an ughdair 's a' dianamh bròin air son a naimhdean a bhi 'fàs lìonmhor. Tha an t- ùghdair a' toirt misniche dha; 's tha esan a' beannachadh nan laoch a tha 'dìon a chùise.

'Oisein chaoimh nan ioma sgeul,
Bho d' bheul maiseach 's binn gach dàn;
An tra thòisicheas tu, 'rìgh nam bàrd,
Air iomradh àrd nan laoch 's nan lann;
Do bhriathran brìghor mar an driùchd
Air ùr-lus maoth nam mòr mhagh,
A bheir sòlas do m' anam cianail
Air a lìonadh le bròn 'us gràdh.

Innis dhomh fhéin, 'Oisein a' bhròin,
Ciod è 'tha 'n dràsd a' leon do chrìdh';
Ciod è ceann-fàth do chaoidh';
Ciod e aobhar do ghlaoidh 's an I.
Ceann-fàth mo chaoidh' ni 'n ceileam fhéin,
A choigrich chéin 'tha nis ga m' dhùsgadh.
Ach 's duilich 's gur truagh mo sgeul—
Bheir sileadh dheur gu bras bho d' shùileau.

Tha mìle 's còrr de chiadan bliadhna,
Bho 'n dhìbir mo cheum an fhàsach;
Bho 'n sguir mo bheul bhi 'seinn nan dàn
Ag iomradh air clann an àrfhaich.
'S lìonmhor gath bròin a reub mo chrìdh',
'S an t- slighe dhuirch 'an déigh na Feinne,
'S mi 'm aonar gu fann a' triall,
Gun mhac, gun triath, gun solus gréine.

Caomh-chomunn m' òige 's mo neart,
Air dol thart' gu léir 's mo thréigsinn;
Cuid dhiubh 's a' chath air an claoidh,
'S cuid dhiubh 'caoidh 's an doininn éitidh.
Dh' fhàgadh mise gu truagh trom
Air deireadh 's mi lom mar chraoibh-chrìonta;
Gun mheas, gun bhlàth, gun duilleach,
Air mullach àrd-bheinn nan siantan.

'S an déigh bhi ioma bliadhna leam fhéin,
Ag caoidh nan treun-laoch a thréig mi,
Thàinig osag bho 'n aonach le fuaim,
A m' chòmhail gu cruaidh 'us dh' eug mi;
Ach mhair mo chliù anns an dàn,
'S mi fhein am thàmh an innis nam flath,
A' sealbhachadh ceòl mo luchd dàimh,
Gun easbhuidh, gun chòmhraig, gun chath.

Ach air aomadh an tràth so nuas,
Gu ionad còmhnuidh mo shinnsre bho thus,
Tha mi 'n imcheist ri caoidh us bròn,
Mar bha Goll ann an Ifreòine.
Tha naimhdean na Féinne air fàs lìonmhor,
'S iad gu dìomhair ag cur as do m' chliù;
Ag iarraidh le foill 'us farmad
Mo sgeul a dhearmad mar nach b' fhiù.

A h-aon diubh mar mhath'an air thoiseach
Ag coiseachd le greann 'us calg;
'S e toileach air mise a lot
Na 'm biodh brod shaighdean na' bhalg.
A cheann crom, cudthromach, liath,
Air chrith le iarguin na h-aois';
Tha a shùilean gu silteach a' fiaradh,
'S e gu fiadhaich a' fosgladh a chraois.

Tha 'chasan neo-stéidheil ag cromadh
Fo chudthrom a chuirp nach grinn;
'Us amhuch ge mor a tomhas,
Air cromadh fo eallach a chinn.
Na 'dhéigh tha fear eile 'triall,
Gun iochd, gun chiall, gun mhodh, gun nàire;
Mar mhadadh-alluidh 's a' ghleann,
A' ruith na dheann a mhurt an àlaich.

Tha fraoch 'us greann ag éirigh suas,
Air cùl dà chluais an daor mhadaidh;
'S e 'rùsgadh a dheud cabach, cruaidh,
Gu murt mo shluaigh mu'n stad e.
Air cùlthaobh an dà fhir mhòir,
Tha 'n cuid slòigh a' teachd gu bras,
A chum na Bàird a chur á miagh,
'S na Fianntan gu léir a sgathadh as.

A shliochd gun iochd, gun bhuaidh, gun bhàigh,
A shliochd gun ghràdh, gun truas, gun rath,
An cliù 'bhi treun a' murt nam marbh,
Gun neach ga 'r coinneachadh 's a' chath?
Na 'm biodh an Fhéinn mar bhà bho thùs,
A' tarruinn dlùth dhuibh air an leirg,
'S grad a theicheadh sibh air falbh
Bho 'm buillean garbh an àm feirg'.

Dh' éirich fear 's an àirde-tuath,
Chum mo shluagh-sa 'chumail beò.
'S chuir e ar n-iomradh sìos as ùr
Am briathraibh ciùin gun fhacal sgleò.
Ach beannachd air anam nan laoch,
A tha le fraoch a' teachd a nuas,
Chum mise 's an Fhéinn a dhìon
Bho mhiann ar naimhdeau gun truas.

Ged sean an diugh m' éideadh,
'S e reubte bho thaobh gu taobh,
Tha a chuma fhathast neo-chearbach,
'S e 'dearbhadh mo neart 's mo chliù.
Nochd, ma ta, a dhàimhich thréin,
Gur tu fhéin is oighr' air Fionn;
Innis mo sgeul mar bha bho thùs
Air aithris ann am briathraibh ciùin.

Bho 'n airde-near a nuas gu fòil,
Ghluais fear-sgeòil a's deise guth;
'S bho bhilean òirdhearc mar an driùchd,
Mar òigh-mhil ùr bho'n chéir a' sruth.
Tha coltas filidh air a ghnùis,

'S e 'teachd a nuas le mall-cheum sèimh;
Tha a bhriathran eagnaidh, seòlta grinn,
'S a chomhradh binn le maise sgèimh.

Dh' éirich fear eile 's an 'airde-deas
Gu calma a sheas mo chùis 's a' chath,
'S a sgeadaich mi le m' éideadh fhein
An àm 'bhi 'g innseadh sgeul nam flath.
Chuir gaisgeach treun ann an Liosmor,
Mar bu chòir na h-airm air ghleus;
Thilg e sleugh 'us thug e beum,
An ceann a' mha'ghain bhréin gun bhéus.

Sheas cléireach sgaiteach 's an Dùn-àrd,
Air taobh nam bàrd an aghaidh 'mhadaidh;
Chuir e an daor-chù air a dhruim,
'S cùl a chinn ann an droch leaba
Tha treun laoch eile teachd as ùr,
'S calma cheum, 'us sèamh a ghuth
'S tilgidh e uile iad bun os cionn,
Gach neach a thug do m' shluagh-sa guth.

'S a nis bho 'n thuit an dà fhear mhòr,
Tha 'n ruaig 'an tòir air am feachd;
Cha 'n fhaigh iad cliù anns a' bhlàr,
'S cha choisinn cliù anns a' ghleachd.
Mo bheannachd air anam nan laoch,
A tha le fraoch a' teachd a nuas
Gu mise 's an Fhéinn a dhìon
Bho Mhiann ar naimhdean gun truas.

Mo bheannachd ort fhéin, 'Oisein nam buadh,
Maille ri do shluagh gu léir,
'S taitneach le mo chridhe truagh,
Gach ursgeul cruaidh a thig bho d' bheul.
Ged tha do naimhdean an diugh lìonmhor,
'S dìomhain dhaibh a bhi ri cath :
Buaidh cha 'n amais gu bràth
Air comunn gun ghràdh, gun rath.

Bho 'n àirde-near 's bho 'n àirde-niar,
Bho'n àirde-tuath 's bho 'n àirde-deas,
Tha na gaisgich threun a' triall,
Gus na Fianntan chur nan deis.
Till-sa gu d' fhois, 'Oisein chaoimh,
'S na guil na 's mo an déigh na dh'fhalbh;
Cho fad 's 'bhios grian no gealach ann,
Cha 'n àirmhear iad a measg nam marbh.
Cha 'n fhailnich do chumhachd no do chiù,
'S cha ghearrar do chuimhn' bho mheasg an t-slòigh.

Leabhar Chlann Challuim.

——o——

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

Mur. Thàinig thu mar a gheall thu, a Ghoistidh, agus a dh-innseadh na firinn' cha robh dùil agam riut gu feasgar. An d' thug thu an gearran donn leat, an uair a chuir thu an t-slighe seachad co luath, oir cha bheag an t-astar a ta eadar so agus an Goirtean-Fraoich?

Coinn. Ma ta, a Mhurachaidh, rinn mi an t-slighe na bu luaith' na bu mhaith leam, oir cha robh cruidhean air a' ghearran agam fein, agus thug mi leam *Eolus* aig Sir Séumas, a bha diomhain aig a' bhaile; agus ruith agus léum e fodham, air chor 's gu'n robh mi a' dian-ruith rè na slighe mar a' ghaoth.

M. Cha'n ìoghnadh sin, a Choinnich, oir tha fios agad gur e *Eolus* dia na gaoithe, ceart mar a dh' innis mi dhut roimh gu'm b'è Morpheus dia a' chadail. Tha dorran orm nach fhaca mi thu na d' dheann-ruith air muin Eoluis, oir chuireadh tu 'na m' chuimhne "Iain Gilpan" mu'n cual mi mòran an uair a bha mi am bhallachan òg.

C. Coma co dhiùbh, a Mhurachaidh, gheall thu dhomh an uair a bha sinn cuideachd mu dheireadh, gu'm mìnicheadh tu dhomh iomadh ni mu nàdar agus cleachdanna nan diathan-bréige sin d'an robh na Cinnich Ròimheach agus Ghréugach a' toirt geill.

M. Tha thu gle fhior, a charaid; rinn mi sin gu'n teagamh, ach aig an àm leigidh sinn ar n-ìnntinn air naigheachdaibh eile, agus air gach ni a thachair o'n chunnaic mi mu dheireadh thu.

C. Cha'n 'eil ùrachd idir agam, a Mhurachaidh, uime sin buaileamaid an t-iarunn an uair a tha e dearg, agus faigheamaid sgéul air gnathannaibh nan Cinneach iodhol-aorach sin an uair a tha iad againn os làimh.

M. Ma ta, a Choinnich, is fhad o'n chual sinn "Nach tig ubh mòr á nead an dreathain-duinn," ceart mar sin na biodh dùil agadsa, a ghraidh nam fear, gu'm faigh thu cunntas farsuing air na nithibh sin o dhuine aineolach mar a ta mise.

C. 'S eadh, 's eadh, a charaid ionmhuinn, 'se tìm a bheir teisteanas, mar a thubhairt an sean-fhacal, rach air d' aghaidh, agus cha'n eagal idir nach téid a' chùis leat, oir tha deagh eòlas agad air na cleachdannaibh eugsamhla a bha ann bho chéin.

M. Cha'n fhurast dol as bho d' liontaibh, a ghoistidh, ach thàinig ni àraidh na'm bheachd leis am bi thu, feudaidh e 'bhi, air do riarachadh gus am bi tuilleadh ùine againn gu léudachadh na's farsuinge air na cùisibh sin. Bha mi a' léughadh sgéul iongantach an raoir ann an *Cuairtear nan Gleann* mu thimchioll *Neptuin,* dia a' chuain. Sgriobhadh i le do charaid an Seann Sgiathanach, o cheann tri bliadhna deúg thar fhichead, agus do bhrigh gu'm bheil i ùr dhutsa, feudaidh mi ruith thairis oirre gu luath chum do thoileachadh.

C. Dean sin, ma ta, a ghoistidh, agus ma thugadh an sgeul riamh seachad leis an Sgiathanach, mo làmhsa dhuit gu'm bi iomradh air na sithichibh ann, no air glòrais éigin mu na réultaibh, oir bha dùil agam riamh gu'n robh seillean ann an ceann an Sgiathanaich sin.

M. Ud, ud! a Choinnich, na bi co bras, oir is dona a thig e dhuitsa a bhi 'cur sios air neach sam bith a thaobh nan sìthichean, oir bu dian an caraid thu fein dhoibh.

C. Tha mi 'g iarraidh maitheanais ort, a ghoistidh chòir: chuir mi stad ort na d' sgeul; rach air d' aghaidh agus bheir mise deagh chlùas duit. Tha e na 'aobhar taingealachd, gu'm bheil an Ti a thug comas labhairt dhuitsa, a' toirt comais eisdeachd dhòmhsa.

M. Ma ta, a Choinnich, cha mhòr nach 'eil mi 'smuaineachadh gur h-ann na d' cheann fein a tha'n seillean, agus gu'n do chuir an steudeach *Eolus* car na d' eanchainn; ach coma co dhiùbh, theid mi air aghaidh le m' sgeul. Tha mòran, gun teagamh de luchd-leughaidh a' *Ghaidheil* nach cual guth riamh air na cleasaibh iongantach a ta ga'n gnàthachadh air longaibh an uair a bhios iad a' sèoladh a null air crios-meadhoin an talmhainn. Nithear dichioll, uime sin, air cunntas goirid a thoirt air na cleasaibh sin, do bhrigh gu'm bheil iad air an cleachdadh gu ruig an là 'n diugh air mòran de na longaibh a ta 'seòladh thar a' chrios sin do dh' Innsibh na h-Airde-near, Australia, no àite air bith eile ann an cuantaibh na h-Airde-deas.

C. Tha mi gu tur aineolach air na nithibh sin, ach rach air d' aghaidh, a ghoistidh chòir.

M. Biodh fios agad gu'm faicear a' ghrian anns an rioghachd so deas oirnn aig meadhon-là, ach na'm biomaid ann an Australia chitheamaid i mu mheadhon-là tuath oirnn. Tha 'n talamh cruinn, agus leth-char air chumadh uibhe; tha, uime sin, àite sònraichte aig meadhon an astair eadar ceann deas agus ceann tuath an talmhainn, far am bheil a' ghrian aig meadhon-là direach os ar ceann, agus 'se sin an t-àite ris an abrar anns a' Bheurla an *Line* no an *Equator* 's e sin an crios, no an cearcall, a tha 'cuairteachadh an talmhainn bho'n àirde-near, gus an àirde-niar, agus ga 'roinn na 'dha leth. Ach chum gu'n tuig thu so gu ceart, a Choinnich, féumar a thoirt fanear, mar a dh' innis mi dhuit a cheana, gu'n robh mòran de dhiathaibh bréige aig na Cinnich bho shean d'an robh iad a' toirt géill. Is gann nach robh dia no ban-dia aca air son nan uile nithe. Mar so, b'e *Mars* dia a' chogaidh; *Baccus* dia an fhiona; *Pan* dia nan coilltean, agus nan ciobair; *Ceres* ban-dia an arbhair; *Minerbha* ban-dia a' ghliocais, agus mar sin sìos.

C. Ochan! nach iad a dhealbh an

armailt chumhachdach, chum iad fein a dhìon! Nach cianail tréun-mhealladh agus doille-inntinn a' chinne-dhaonda! Ach tha mi 'faicinn nach d'rinn iad dearmad air na ciobairibh bochda, oir thug iad *Pan* dhaibh.

M. Thug gun teagamh, ach tha eagal ormsa ma tha na cìobairean uile cosmhuil ri mo dheagh charaide-sa, nach bi mòran aig *Pan* bochd ri dheanamh.

C. Coma leat sin, a ghoistidh, gabh air adhairt le d' sgéul, agus thoir cead a choise do *Phan.*

M. Ro cheart, a Choinnich, ach tha e cìnnteach, air do na cinnich a bhi mar so a' dealbhadh dhiathan na 'n inntinn fein gu bhi 'riaghladh thairis air gach ni, agus air creutairibh co suarach ris na ciobairibh, nach fàgadh iad an cuan mòr agus doinionnach gun a dhia fein mar an ceudna. B'è uime sin, *Neptun* dia mòr a' chuain, agus b'i *Amphitrite* a chéile rioghail, ban-dia a' chuain. An uair nach robh eòlas sam bith aig na cinnich thruagha sin air an AON DHIA bheò agus fhior, a chruthaich neamh agus talamh bha iad gu diomhain 'an dùil gu'm b'e Neptun a b' aobhar do gach anradh agus doininn air a' chuan mhòr, gus gu'n robh uile uisgeachan an domhain aige-san fo 'smachd fein.

C. Ochan! b'e Neptun gun teagamh sam bith an diùlnach tapaidh. ach bha gu leòir aige r'a dheanamh, Ach lean air d'adhart.

M. Chum sùgradh agus cridhealas a chumail suas air na longaibh a tha 'seòladh do dhùthchannaibh céin, tha na seòladairean a' leagail orra gu'm bheil *Neptun* ann, agus gu'm bheil an t-àite-còmhnuidh aige direach aig crios-meadhoin an talmhainn anns a' chuan mhòr; agus nach ceadaich e do luing sam bith a dhol seachad air a' chrios sin gun fhàilt a chur oirre. An uair, ma ta, a ruigeas long an t-àite sin dhe'n chuan, théid seòladair suas gu mullach a' chroinn-mhòir a ghabhail-fradhairc air a' chuan ceithir thimchioll, agus cha'n fhad gus an glaodh e le uile neairt—"Tha mi 'faicinn ni éigin cosmhuil ri sgoth air taobh an fhuaraidh." Ann an ùine ghoirid an déigh sin, cluinnear guth anns a' chuan aig toiseach na lùinge d'an toir oifigeach àraidh-freagradh. Their an guth ris an oifigeach so, "Cuir an long air an laidh-thuige, oir tha *Neptun* a' teachd air bòrd. Air ball cuirear suas an long, agus air a' cheart mhionaid sin léumaidh òganach sgiamhach suas air a' chlàr-uachdair, air a sgéudachadh gu riomhach le briogais ghoirid, le bucullaibh na 'bhrògaibh, agus leis gach ni eile a réir sin. Grad-chuiridh e mòran cheistean, ag iarraidh fios air ainm na luinge, cia as di, càit am bheil i 'dol, agus ciod leis am bheil i air a luchdachadh?

C. Cha chuala mi leithid sin riamh, a Mhurachaidh; cuiridh mi geall gur e sin *Neptun* fein.

M. Air do shocair, a charaid, cha'n e idir, ach an gille aige, oir innsidh e gu modhail gur seirbhiseach le *Neptun* esan, agus gu'n do chuireadh e a thoirt brath gu'm bheil a mhaighstir a' teachd gu grad air bòrd. An sin, tha seòl mòr air a thilgeadh tarsuing air meadhon na luinge, leis am bheil a toiseach air fhaluchadh o a deireadh. Ann an ùine ghoirid thig *Neptun* agus a luchd-frithealaidh a mach bho chùl an t-siùil sin, agus nochdaidh iad iad féin na m' buidhinn eagallaich air a' chlàr-dheiridh.

C. Ochan! a ghoistidh, b' fhearr leam a bhi 's a' Ghoirtean-Fhraoich, cruaidh, creagach mar a ta e, na 'bhi maille riu; ach cia mar a streap iad air bòrd?

M. Dean foighidinn, a Choinnich, agus cuimhnich nach 'eil annta so gu léir ach na seòladairean fein air an sgeudachadh le culaidhibh iongantach, agus air an cur as aithne le dathaibh geala, dearg, agus dubh, agus le h-aghaidhibh coimheach dheth gach dealbh agus cruth. An sin, tha *Neptun* ga 'nochdadh fein na 'shuidh air carbad a ta air a tharruing le seisear ghillibh tréuna. Tha na gillean sin ag gluasad mar bheathaichibh ceithir-chosach, le'n corpaibh ach beag ruisgte, agus air an còmhdachadh le ballaibh dearg' agus geala fa seach. Tha feamainn agus luibhean-mara mar fhalt air an cinn, agus tha sligean àraidh aca na 'n làmhaibh, leis an dean iad fuaim, agus gleadhraich eagallach. Tha *Neptun* na 'shuidh gu h-àrd air a charbad fein, le coron rioghail air a cheann, agus le sleagh fhada, thrimheurach na 'laimh dheis. Fo 'n choron so tha gruag mhòr air a cheann, air a deanamh de chòrcaich-chalcaidh, agus tha féusag mhòr, robach dhe'n stuth chéudna a' tuiteam sios air 'uchd! Aig uachdaran cumhachdach so a' chuain, tha mòran luchd-frithealaidh a ta air an sgeudachadh le trusganaibh a thogas gàire na sgioba, agus leis gach ni eile a chuireas iad fo choslas fiadhaich agus gruamach.

C. Ubh, ubh! a Mhurachaidh, cha'n 'eil dùil agam gu'n seasainn ri leithid sin de shealladh fhaicinn, oir tha e eagallach air meadhon a' chuain mhòir; ach, tha mi 'g iarraidh maitheanais, rach air d' aghaidh, agus innis ciod tuilleadh a chithear.

M. Ciod tuilleadh! Cha d' thàinig a' chuid a's fearr fhathast, a Choinnich. Air doibh a bhi mar so cruinn air clàr-uachdair na luinge, chithear 'am measg chàich leigh *Neptuin*, leis gach cungaidh-leighis na 'làimh; agus mar an céudna bearradair *Neptuin*, aig am bheil ealtuinn da throidh air fad, eadhon mìr mòr de chearcall iaruinn, a tha dearg le meirg. Aig a' bhearradair so tha gille mòr, dubh, drabasda, a tha 'giulan cuinneige na 'laimh mar bhocsa-siabuinn, a tha làn tearra agus trusdaireachd eile.

C. Mo bheannachd agad, a Mhurachaidh, is ann agad féin tha 'chòisridh eagallach; ach am bheil an luingeas rè na h-ùine so a' seòladh?

M. Cha'n 'eil slat astair, a Choinnich, oir tha i air an laidhchuige, agus cha'n 'eil i a' carachadh; ach chum mo sgeoil: ri taobh *Neptuin* chithear *Amphitrite* a bhanrighinn fein, na 'suidh air carbad eile, a ta air a tharruing le seisear ghillibh làidir, borb, agus air an sgeadachadh cosmhuil ri luchd-tarruing carbaid a companaich. Cha 'n 'eil ann an *Amphitrite* ach fear ann an éudach boirionnaich. Tha sleagh aig a' bhan-righinn mar an céudna na 'láimh, agus na 'h-uchd tha aon de bhalachanaibh na luinge mar naoidhean. Tha banaltrum aig an leanabh sin a tha 'taomadh brochain le ladar-iaruinn na 'bhéul. A bhàrr air so, tha mòran de luchd-frithealaidh aig *Amphitrite*, maighdeanamara, le sgathanaibh, cìribh, bruisibh, agus nithibh eile mar sin, air an siubhal. An uair a bheirear na carbadan chum a' chaisteil-dheiridh, thig Caiptean na luinge a làthair le fion agus deochaibh eile, chum beatha *Neptuin* agus *Amphitrite* altachadh air bòrd. An an sin, grad-thilgidh Uachdaran a' chuain, agus a chéile an sleaghan air an làr, chum mar so ùmhlachd a thoirt do phriomh-fhear na luinge, agus do Bhan-righinn na dùthcha as an d' thàinig e.

An sin labhair *Neptun*, agus thubhairt e, "Thàinig mise chur fàilt ortsa, a dheagh Bhreatannaich, agus chum innseadh dhuit gu'm bheil mi ro thoilichte d' fhaicinn an taobh a stigh dhe 'm 'chriochaibh. So agad *Amphitrite* mo cheile urramach fein, agus so agad mo leanabh gràdhach. Ceadaich dhomh a nis foighneachd air son mo bhancharaid choir Bhictoria, Ban-righinn Bhreatunn, agus Ban-Iompair nan Innsean, agus air son a cuid mhac agus nighean, ach gu sònraichte air son Diuchd Dhunédeann, aig am bheil e mar dhréuchd a bhi 'taoghal a' chuain."

Caiptean. Dh' fhàg mise slàn, fallain iad uile.

Neptun. Is taitneach gun teagamh an naigheachd sin leamsa, a Chaiptein chòir, ach cionnas tha 'n teaghlach rioghail air fad eadar bheag agus mhòr?

Caiptean. Tha iad gu leir na'n slàinte, agus a nis a' fàs lionmhor. Cha'n 'eil dùil agam, gidheadh, gun sàmhlaichear iad a thaobh maise agus neirt, ris an òganach ionmhuinn so agad fein. Cha'n fhaca mi riamh ar leanabana rioghail fein, ged a fhuair mi a nis an t-urram agus an toilinntinn, mo Righ a' chuain mhòir fhaicinn 'am luing fein, agus is beothail, sultmhor, tapaidh e, ged is minic tha an leabadh aige fliuch agus fuar d'a rireadh.

Neptun. Tha thu sa' bharail, ma ta, nach 'eil a' chlann rioghail agad fein, a ta gu seasgair, sàmhach 'san lùchairt Bhreatunnaich, co tapaidh, tomadach, sultmhor, ris an leanabh-mic so agamsa, nach 'eil fathast ach beagan mhios a' dh' aois, a rugadh am measg nan tonn atmhor, geala, gàireach; agus aig nach 'eil pàilliun sam bith ach garbh-aigeal a' chuain ànradhaich?

Caiptean. Cha'n 'eil coimeas eatorra idir air an dòigh sin. Cha bu dual màthar do shliochd rioghail Bhreatunn a bhi mòr, oir is boirionnach beag a' bhan-righinn againne.

Neptun. Ciod a thubhairt thu, a Chaiptein? Ciod? Ban-righinn Bhreatunn na 'boirionnach beag! Am boirionnach a's mò air an talamh, gidheadh 'ad bharail-sa tha i beag! Smuainich car tiota co i, agus co iad na sinnseara mòra, gaisgeil, cruadalach bho'n d' thàinig i. B' eòlach mise air righribh Shasunn agus na h-Alba rè iomadh lìnn, agus b' iad fein an laochraidh thréun agus chalma. Smuainich air fad, agus léud, agus farsuingeachd nan righeachdan, nan tìrean, agus nan eilean, thairis air am bheil uachdaranachd an diugh aig Ban-righinn Bhreatunn, agus an abair thu an sin, gu'm bheil i beag? Cha'n 'eil a' ghrian a' laidhe air na tìribh thairis air am bheil i a' riaghladh! Tha i na 'culaidh-fharmaid do chumhachdaibh an domhain, agus na 'cùis-eagail do gach righeachd nàimhdeil. 'N aon fhocal, tha i mòr, mòr!

Caiptean. Tha fios agam gu'm bheil i mòr mar bhan-righinn, ach beag mar bhoirionnach. Tha i mòr a thaobh dréuchda, ach beag a thaobh pearsaidh.

Neptun. Ro cheart, ro cheart, ach, a chaiptein, cha'n 'eil ùine ri chall—so ma ta, òlamaid a nis deoch-slàinte teaghlaich rioghail Bhreatunn gu léir, agus gu'm b' ann a lionas sliochd nan daoine còire brògan an aithrichean. Sud, sud, suas e, agus guidheamaid,

> "Beatha shona is bhuan doibh,
> Slainte bhos agus shuas doibh,
> Sliochd an sliochd, 'sgach sliochd uathasan,
> Feadh gach linn gu robh sluaghmhor us mòr!"

Caiptean. Tha mi fad 'ad chomain, a Righ nan tonn, air son do dheagh rùin do'n righeachd sin d'am buin mise, agus da riaghlairibh—'s eadh, do dheagh rùin a chuir thu an céill co h-ullamh, h-eallamh, deas-chainnteach.

Neptun. A nis, a chaiptein, feumar a bhi 'deanamh deas gu dealachadh. Is maiseach gu cìnnteach an long so, agus a reir coslais, is gleusda, agus is ealanta an sgioba; ach air leamsa gu'm bheil mi 'facinn mòran sluaigh air bòrd nach robh riamh roimhe 'am chriochaibh-sa, agus saoilidh mi nach bu mhisd iad a nis an aghaidhean a nigheadh, agus am féusagan a bhearradh mu'n téid iad thairis air a' chrios mhòr.

Caiptean. Tha sin, a Righ Neptuin, gu h-iomlan aig do thoil-sa.

Neptun. Is i mo thoil-sa, ma ta, gu'n deanar e, agus sin air ball.

Air do Neptun labhairt mar so, buailidh e an clàr-uachdar leis an t-sleagh a ta 'na làimh, a chuireas an long gu h-iomlan air chrith mar gu'm buailteadh i le beithir dealanaich. An sin, glaodhaidh e ri a luchd-frithealaidh, "Thigibh 'an so, mo ghillean tapaidh, nighibh, glanaibh, agus bearraibh gach mac mathar a ta na'n coigrich, ach tha mi 'g àithneadh dhuibh a bhi bàigheil riu, agus na deanaibh dochunn air uasal no ìosal. Cha mhothuichear a nis ach cabhag, ùspairn, odhail, agus gleadhraich eagallach thall agus a bhos. Cuid 'an so ag call an treoir trid eagail; cuid eile 'an sud a chunnaic a leithid roimhe, làn toilinntinn leis an fhearas-chuideachd, air doibh a bhi ga'm faicinn fein tearuinte, agus saor bho gach dolaidh agus trioblaid. Chithear *Neptun* fein le sealladh àrd agus uaibhreach na 'shuidhe air a' charbad, ann am meadhon a luchd-frithealaidh! Ach ged is grinn an carbad sin, ann an sùilibh Uachdarain a' chuain, agus a chuid sheirbhiseach, is suarach e an coimeas ri carbad-cogaidh Chuchullin Mhic Shéuma, air am bheil Oisean liath nan ceilearan a toirt a' chunntais òirdheirc a leanas:—

"Carbad! carbad, garbh a' chòmhraig,
'Gluasad thar chòmhnard le bàs;
Carbad cuimir, luath, Chuchullin,
Sàr-mhac Shéuma nan cruaidh chàs.
Tha 'èarr a' lùbadh sios mar thonn,
No ceò mu thom nan carragh géur;
Solus chlocha-buadh mu'n cuairt,
Mar chuan mu eathar 's an oidhche.
Dh' iuthar faileasach an crann.
Suidhear ann air cnaimhibh caoin,
'Se tuineas nan sleagh a t' ann,
Nan sgiath, nan lann 's nan laoch!"

Cha bhi Neptun ach a mhàin na 'shuidh air carbad aoin de ghunnachaibh mòra na luinge, ach freagraidh sin fein na bhios r'a dheanamh leis.

Air do *Neptun* a bhi nis air a chuairteachadh leò-san a bhios deas agus deònach gu géill a thoirt d'a iarrtasaibh, cuirear sios do bhroinn na luinge gach mac màthar nach robh riamh roimh aig crios-meadhon an talmhainn, agus suidhichear freiceadan làidir orra gus an gairmear nios iad aon an deaghaidh aon.

An sin théid ballan mòr uidheamachadh, agus bithidh ochd no deich de bharaillean uisge air an taomadh ann. Thairis air béul a' bhallain so, cuirear sgealb fiodha mar àite-suidh dhaibh-san a tha gu bhi air an glanadh, agus air am bearradh le seirbhisich *Neptuin.* Air do gach ni a bhi mar so air a dheasachadh, gairmear a nìos as an luing a' chéud fhear a tha gu bhi air a laimhseachadh leis an luchd-fhrithealaidh aig righ a' chuain. Cuirear e na 'shuidh' os ceann a' bhallain le faluch air a shùilibh, chum nach faic e ciod a tha gu tachairt ris. Cuirear a' cheist so air; "C'ait an d' rugadh e?"—agus co luath 's a dh' fhosglas e a bheul chum sin innseadh, sparraidh am bearradair bruis làn tearra, agus iomadh gnè shalachair eile a stigh na 'bheul, agus còmhdaichidh e a ghnùis gu léir leis na nithibh sin a ta e 'gnàthachadh 'an àite siabuinn. An sin glacaidh e an cearcall meirgeach 'na laimh mar ealtuinn, agus sgrìobaidh e gnùis an truaghain a bhios fo 'laimh leis, co cruaidh agus co garbh 's gu'n sil a shuilean, agus gu'm bi a ghruaidh dearg le 'fhuil fein ! Aig an àm cheudna dlùthaichidh léigh *Neptuin* ris an duine bhochd, agus cumaidh e searrag-fàile ri 'shròin, dheth nach bi, gu'n teagamh, fàile ro chùbhraidh. Agus rud a's miosa na sin, bithidh an t-searrag làn de bhioraibh co géur ris na snathadaibh, a bheir gu h-ealamh fuil an duine bhochd a mach. An uair a nithear mar so gach droch càramh air le luchd-dreuchd *Neptuin*, tilgear e a'n coinneamh a' chinn 's a' bhallan mhòr, chum faotuinn as air an doigh a's fhearr is urrainn da. Nithear an cleas ceudna air gach duine 's an luing nach robh riamh roimhe sa' cheàrnaidh sin dhe'n chuan, agus is iongantach an sgiobadh iad an déigh dhaibh a bhi air an tumadh, agus air am béubanachadh co searbh ! Chithear iad bog, fliuch, salach, agus comhdaichte le fuil, a' deanamh spàirne cruaidhe a dh' fhéuchainn co a's luaith' a gheibh iad fein a ghlanadh. Is minic tha aimhreite agus tuasaidean ag éirigh bho na cleasaibh mithaitneach so. Tha cuid ann nach strìochd air chor sam bith do'n droch cleachdadh so, gus an toirear iad a dh' aindeoin chum a' bhallain mar a dh' ainmicheadh. Tha cuid eile ag ceannachadh saorsa dhaibh fein le deoch agus airgiod a thoirt do sheirbhisich *Neptuin*—nithe air an dean iad gréim le'n uile chridhe.

Ubh ! ubh ! ubh ! a Mhurachaidh, a' leithid do sgeul cha chuala mi riamh ! B'é *Neptun* fein an gille ! Ochan ! be'n diùlnach eagallach e ! Gu cinnteach cha bu mhaith leam tuiteam fo spòig, agus gu sònraichte fo spogaibh nan créutair uamhalta sin a tha na'n luchd-glanaidh agus na 'm bearradairean aige. A ghràidh nam fear, cha'n 'eil iad soitheamh.

M. 'Nam faiceadh Seònaid thu 's a' bhallan mhòr air do thumadh, agus air do chòmhdachadh le tèarr agus fuil, shaoileadh i nach faiceadh tu gu bràth tuilleadh an Goirtean-Fraoich. Bhiodh do chàramh na bu mhiosa gu mòr na càramh an duineachain sin mu thimchioll an dubhairt bean a ghràidh ;—

> " Na'm biodh agam trudair bodaich,
> Bhogainn anns an allt e.

C. Cha robh an càramh ion mhiannaichte, a Mhurachaidh, ach na'm féuchadh iad mar sin ruim-sa spealgainn na claigeannan aca leis a' chromaig dhuibh. Uime sin, tha e 'cur iongantais orm cia mar a tha iad a' cur suas leis an droch dhioladh sin. Tha mi da rireadh, a charaid, oir na'm buineadh iad mar sin riumsa, cha bu Choinneach Cìobair mi, mar tugainn am bat mu'n t-sròin dhaibh, agus sin le cabhaig.

M. Ma's fior thu fein, dheanadh tusa gaisge, a Choinnich, gaisge gun teagamh. Ach ciamar a rachadh agad air seasamh an aghaidh còmhlan oillteil righ a' chuuin mhòir ? Na biodh eagal ort, gidheadh, oir ma tha dùil agad dol, uair air bith, a nùll air cearcall-meadhoin an talmhainn, cha'n 'eil na cleachdanna so a nis air an ceadachadh air mòran de' na longaibh, agus orra-san air am beil-iad air an ceadachadh, cha'n fhéudar dol fad air an aghaidh leò. Uime sin na cuireadh *Neptun* eagal no geilt sam bith air mo dheagh charaid Fear a' Ghoirtein-Fhraoich.

C. Cha chuir e, agus cha'n fhearr dha, ged a bhiodh an comas aige, ach is dualach nach bi. Tha na bacain a ta ri m' shailtibh tuilleadh's lionmhor agus tuilleadh's làidir gu dol fad air astair o'n Ghoirtean-Fhraoich. Féumaidh sinn a bhi riaraichte le'r crannchar far am bheil sinn. Ach, a charaid mo ghràidh, cha chuirinn suas aon mhionaid leis na cleasaibh aig luchd-frithealaidh *Neptuin*, oir bhiodh e ge b' oil le m' amhaich.

M. Tha mi ga'd dheagh chreidsinn, a charaid, ach na'm biodh tu an sin, dheanadh iad e ge b' oil le d' fhiac laibh. O cheann beagan bhliadhnaichean, bha duin'-uasal àraidh a' dol a null air fairge, agus dhiùlt e a shaorsa a cheannachadh, agus mar an ceudna cha strìochdadh e do'n chleachd sin air an d' thug mi cunntas. An uair a chunnaic cuideachd *Neptuin* so, bhris iad a steach do sheòmar an duin'-uasail, shlaod iad leò e dh' ionnsuidh a' bhallain mhòir—bhearr agus bhog iad e gu maith 'sgu ro mhath, agus an sin leig iad cead a choise dha. Lìonadh an duine le corruich, tàmailt, agus farran, agus thog e fianuisean air a' chàramh a dh' fhuiling e. An uair a ràinig an lòng ceann a turais, chaidh e gu lagh ris a' Chaiptean, do bhrigh gu'n do cheadaich e a leithid de ghiùlan mi-riaghailteach air an lùing aige, agus thug e tri chéud punnd Sasunnach dheth.

C. Glé cheart, a ghoistidh, bheirinnsa a mach a' bhinn chéudna na'm bu bhreitheamh mi. Cha'n eil teagamh nach 'eil fearas-chuideachd na 'ni taitneach air cuan-thuras fada, an uair a bhios cuideachd mhòr air an druideadh suas ann an luing, agus nach faic iad ni rè iomadh mios ach na speuran os an ceann, agus an cuan mòr, farsuing, fosgailte, ceithir-thimchioll orra. Ach an déigh sin uile, cia aca tha daoine air muir no air tìr, bu chòir do gach sùgradh agus cridhealas a ghnàthaichear leò, a bhi air gach seòl gun chron, gun dochunn do dhuine sam bith, agus na'n nithibh neo-lochdach annta fein, do nach faighear coire le lagh Dhia no dhaoine.

M. Tha mise ag aontachadh leis gach lide a labhradh leat, a ghraidh nam fear; ach, a dh' innseadh na firinn, a Choinnich, tha mi sgith a nis de bhi 'léughadh, labhairt, agus 'g éisdeachd, agus air duitsa a bhi, gun teagamh, an ni céudna, rachamaid a dh' fhaicinn am bheil a' bheag no mhòr aig bean-an-tighe a dh' fhliuchas ar sgòrnain. Tiugainn, ma ta, maille rium-sa, a dh' fheuchainn ciod a thuiteas oirnn.

Alasdair Ruadh.

—o—

LAOIDH MU 'N BHAS,

LE DÙGHALL MAC-MHUIRICH AN TROTAIRNIS.

'N cluinn thu, 'dhuine, bi air d' fhaicill,
'S madainn na h-aiseirigh dlùth dhut;
Eisd an trompaid 's thoir an aire,
Guth an aingil 'thig dh' a d' ionnsuidh.

Ge socair thu air do leabaidh,
Cuimhnich gur h-aithghearr an ùine;
'S ma tha cùram ort mu d' anam,
Greas ort gu h-ealamh 's dian d' ùrnaigh.

Cha 'n i 'n ùrnaigh ghoirid, fhionnar,
Cuimhnich, a dhuine, ni cùis dhut;
Bheir an urnaigh ni dhut buinnig,
Ort gu'n guil thu air do shùilean.

Cha do chruinnich thu riabh de shalchar,
De dh-òr, no dh' airgiod, no dh' ionmhas,
Na ghabhar 'an éirig d' anma—
Greas ort gun dearmad 's dian d' ùrnaigh.

Ma ni thu d' ùrnaigh le creideamh,
Cha 'n 'eil teagamh dhut an éisdeachd;
Ruig le dùrachd an luchd-teagaisg,
'S thoir freiteach nach dian thu éucoir.

Cuimhnich air do bhóidean-baiste—
Gura fastadh iad dh' an géill thu;
'S mur tréig thu rathad a' pheacaidh,
Glaisear thu 'n ionad na péine.

Gu ionad na péine 'sheachnadh,
Bi gu faicleach air do ghiùlan;
Cùm na fàintean 's tréig gach cleachdadh
Leis an robh 'm peacadh ga d' lùbadh.

Cuimhnich gach bliadhna 'chaidh seachad,
Gur h-aobhar airteil 'us tùrsa,
A bhi smaoineachadh mar thachair—
Thu 'bhi 'peacachadh le dùrachd.

Ach ge nach strìochd thu 'n diugh do riaghailt,
Le d' cheann 'labhairt briathran beulach,
Cha bheag a' chùis-eagail Dia dhut,
An uair 'thig d' fhiachan air a bheulaobh.

A h-uile ni a bha e 'g iarraidh,
Bha thu diùltadh riabh a dhèanamh;
Do chogais a' togail fianais,
Leis gach gnìomh a ni droch sgeul ort.

Ach cliù 'us moladh gu sìorruidh,
Do Dhia am beil iochd gu saoibhir,
'N uair nach b' urrainn duinn 's na fiachan,
Gu'n do thoilich Crìost am pàidheadh.

Ach tha ar n-anmannan 'an cunnart,
'S aobhar-mulaid dhuinn e 'n dràsda,
Gu breitheanas, a bhi ga 'r cuireadh—
Sumanadh a' teachd gun dàil òirnn.

Mar tha an soisgeul fhein a' teagasg,
'S aobhar-eagail anns gach àit' e,
Gu'n tig breitheanas Mhic Dhé oirnn
Mar a tha E-fhéin ag ràdhainn.

'N ti 'dh' fhuilig a chorp a cheusadh,
'S a réubadh le sleagh 's le tàirnean,
'S a dhòirt fuil a thaoibh gu frasach,
Gu sinne 'thoirt a steach do Phàras.

Thig e le fuathas cho sgreamhail,
'S nach fheudar 'aithris mar dh' éirgheas :
Tréigidh muir, 'us tìr, 'us talamh,
Dubhaidh a' ghealach 's na reultan.

Dubhaidh a' ghrian a tha na coinnil,
Gu 'n teid teine ris na sléibhtean,
'Us thig ur Slànair 's na h-aingil,
'Chumail coinnimh anns na spéuran.

Dùisgear an sin sluagh a' chruinne—
Theid ar cruinneachadh le trompaid ;
Is laidir cumhachdach an urra
'Bheir iad uile dh' ionnsuidh cùnntais ;

'S a chuireas ri chéile na cuirp sin,
'Tha na 'n dus air falbh 's na'n smùraich ;
'S a chuireas anam anns gach coluinn,
'Tha air cnàmh na 'n torraibh ùrach.

Liùbhraidh an talamh uile,
Corp gach duine fhuair e fhéin diubh ;
'S bheir an fhairge cunntas buileach,
As gach duine mar an ceudna.

Cruinnichidh uisge 's gaoth na sgap iad,
Dheth gach carcais fad bho chéile ;
'S theid an ceangal suas gu dòigheil,
Eadar fhuil, 'us fheòil, 'us fhéithean.

Bheir am Britheamh làidir smachdail,
Fradharc do gach neach air 'eucoir ;
Peacannan dìomhair gu follais
'S gach aon chron soilleir na 'n 'eudann.

'N uair 'thig sinn air bialthaobh bara,
Bidh an t-anam a' toirt réusain ;
E 'bhi na 'spiorad neo-lochdach,
Gas 'na thruaill an corp e cheud uair.

An corp 'cur coir' air na sùilean,
Gu 'n do lùb iad e gu farmad ;
'S gur h-iad a bha 'dianamh iùil dha,
Anns gach tùrn an robh e ainmeil.

An t-sùil ag cur coir' air na lamhan,
Bha dianamh gach gnothuich fhallachaidh:
'Goid 's a' braid na dh' fhaod iad fhaighinn,
'Spùilleadh thighean, 'murt 's a' marbhadh.

Na lamhan 'cur coir' air na casan,
Bha air astar 'falbh gu siùbhlach,
'G iarraidh cothroim 'fad 's am farsuinn,
Air na daoine ceart a spùilleadh.

A dh-aindeoin na tha ri ràdhainn,
Tha 'n dràsta na 'aobhar dhùinne,
Cha dianadh iad sin a' mhèirle,
Mura bitheadh càch ga 'n giùlan.

'S cha 'n e na casan bu choireach,
Ach an cridhe foílleil, fallsa,
Ga 'chur a ghoid cuid gach duine,
Ge b' ann bharr mullach nam beann e.

Tha 'n saoghal dorcha gun 'bhi soilleir,
Tha e làn de thoinneamh meallta,
Tha e'g iarraidh dh' ionnsuidh a' bharrachd,
Tha e lùbach, carach, sanntach.

Bidh Crìost air cathair a' cheartais,
A' dioladh do gach neach mar bhà iad ;
Gu h-àraid bho 'n d' fhuair e masladh,
'S a bhiodh le tarcuis ga' àicheadh.

'S mar a chuala sinn bho thoiseach,
'N uair a theid gach olc os n-àird' orr',
Cuirear iad air an laimh thoisgeil,
Aig an nochdar iad ri 'nàmhaid.

Gheabh an lamh dheas ordugh gluasaid,
I 'bhi 'tarruinn suas gu làraich;
'S bheirear flathanas mar dhuais dhaibh
'S cluinnear guth an Uain ag ràdhainn :

A mhuinntir a rinn an ceartas,
Gluaisibh-se steach do Phàras,
Do 'n rìgheachd sin a dh' òrdaich Dia
dhuibh,
Far am bi gu sìorruidh sàbhailt.

'S an làmh thoisgeil bho 'n nach fhiach i
Sgiùrsar iad gu riasladh gràineil,
'S mar a bhà's ag innseadh riabh dhuinn,
Liùbhrar le Dia iad do Shàtan.

'S bidh iad an ifrinn ga 'm pianadh,
'Losgadh 's gach ial 's cha chnàmh iad ;
Sgreadail 'us dìosganaich fhiacla,
Gun solus no soillse na 'm fàrdaich.

Nise builichibh gu diadhaidh,
Am fuigheall tha gu triall de 'r làithean ;
Gluaisibh ann am follais Chrìosta,
Cho fad 's a ni ghrian oirbh dearrsadh.

Bho 'n 's e fhein a phàidh na fiachan,
Na dìochuimhnichibh a chàirdeas ;
Mu 'n tilg e do dh-ifrinn sìos sibh,
Beannachd Dhia dhuibh 's tionnda'ibh
tràth ris.

——o——

EUCHDAN MHONTROIS.

Cha bhòsd ri ràdhainn gu'n do dh' àraich Albainn barrachd mhac, a reir a sluaigh, a choisinn le 'm buaidhibh cliu neo-bhasmhor na dh' ainmichear le rìoghachd no cinneach eile fo'n ghréin. Air chùl nan arm 'an àm na teughhail, an ealantan ionnsachaichte an àm na sìth, tha iad araon ainmeil. Cha'n eil duilleag de dh' Eachdraidh a thionndar 'far nach faicear an euchdan ri' luaidh, a's cha'n eil cearna de'n t-saoghal, bho eirigh gu laidhe greine, 's nach cluinnear sgéul air an cliu. Ach cha'n eil a rùn oirn aig an àm seo leudachadh air éuchdan nan Albannach gu leir, 's è bu mhiann leinn cunntas a thoirt seachad mu dheighinn nan gaisgeach a chuidich, le'n gniomharaibh, ainm nan Gaidheal a thogail suas agus a sgaoileadh thar gach tir. Na 'm measg seo 's gann gu'm beil neach a rinn barrachad na rinn am Flath cliùteach air am beil sinn a dol a dh' iomradh. Air a ghinntinn de shliochd nan cuiridhnean calma' chuir stad air sgaothaibh fuilteach na Roimhe, bha còir aig air a bhith treubhach; ann 's gach linn bha shinnsreadh ainmeil am measg mhaithean na tìre. Bho lathaibh Righ Fearghuis a II., cha'n eil coinneamh no còdhail, strì no cath san robh saors' agus sonas na h-Alba ri 'sheasamh, anns nach faighte ceann cinnidh nan Greumach an tùs na comhstri. Cha do dhiobair am fuiran òg seo cleachdadh na h-'aitim bho n d'thainig e. Bhuilich nàdar air, araon am pearsa 's an inntinn buaidhean nach b'ainneamh, 's ged nach robh e ach ceithir-bliadhn' deug 'n uair a thainig e 's taigh air an oighreachd le bàs athar (Morair Iain) anns a bhliadhna 1626, cha ghòraiche no mi stuamachd air an d'thug e 'n fhaire; lea ne gu dealasach air inntinn oileineachadh anns gach seors' ionnsachaidh a bha ri fhaotainn 's an àm sin 'na dhùthaich. Bho nach d'fhàg athair de theaghlach ach esan 'na aonar, thug a chàirdean air posadh 's e òg, ach cha d'thug seo air lasachadh na rùn air aigne 'dheasachadh, a chum dleasnais na h-inbhe airde anns an robh aige ri gluasad a coimhlionadh mar bu chuibhe dha. Air dha gach fòghlum a bha ri fhaighinn an Albainn ionnsachadh dh' fhalbh e thar fairge chum cleachdainnean rioghachdan aineoil fhaicinn 'sa thuigsinn, agus air tilleadh dha gu dhùthaich ann sa bhliadhna 1634, tha e iar innsidh nach robh neach eile 's an Roinn Eorpa bu choimhliont' anns gach gnàs a fhreagradh do dhuin uasal na esan. Bha chonspaid mhi shealbhach a dh'eirich eadar Righ Tearlach I. 's a shluagh air tòiseachadh an uair sin, agus cha luathaidh a thainig Montròse do'n tìr na chaidh e 'm buillsginn na h-iorghuill mu 'n d'fhuair e uine air a' chuis a rannsachadh. Dian agus bras inntinneach mar bha è ghlac e cuis an t-sluaigh le uile chridhe. Chunnaig e gu'n robh an Righ ri ainneart air an t-sluagh an uair a theann e ri creideamh a' sparradh orra 'n aghaidh an toile, agus le gràin air anaceartas, nadara do'n inntinn fhiughantaich, raighnich e 'n taobh bu laige. Shuidhich na Cumhnantaich ceathair chuirtean an Dun-Eidin ris an abairte na Buird, b' iad sin Bord nam Moraireau, Bord nan Uaislean, Bord nam Bailtean mora, agus Bord nam Ministeirean, agus riutha seo bha cuis an t-sluaigh gu leir air earbsa. Ann sa bhliadhna 1639, air do'n iorghuill dol cho fad air a h-aghart 's nach robh dòchas gun còrdadh iad fein 's Righ Tearlach ann an sith, agus air do'n Righ feachd a thogail ann an Sasunn a los na Cumhnantaich Albanach a chur fo smachd; dh' ordaich na Buird neart na h-Albann a thogail gu bhi ullamh airson gach ni a dh'fhaodadh eiridh a mach, ach an aite fuireach ri feachd an Righ a thighinn do'n rioghachd 's iad fein a thoisich an tùs ri comhstri. Air di-haoine an naoimhe amh latha de'n Mhàrt an sa bhliadhna 1649, ghlac

Sinilair Leslie caisteal Dhun-Eidin agus air Diodonaich na dheigh ghlac na Cumhnantaich Caisteal Dhunbreatuinn. Aig an àm cheudna cha robh cairdean an Righ na'n cadal. Thoisich Morair Hunnduinn ri chuid dhaoine thrusadh 'san airde tuath, agus air dha a bhratach rioghail a thogail aig *Kintore* ghluais e gu Abaraidhin far an do ghabh e seilbh 'an ainm an Righ. Chual e anns a bhaile sin gu'n robh na Cumhnantaich ri cruinneachadh ann an Turriff agus chuir e roimhe sgapadh a chur annta. Sgriobh e uime sin litrichean a dh' ionnsaidh a chairdean iad 'g a choinneachadh air a cheart latha 's an aite cheudna. Thuit tè deth na litrichean seo 'an lamhaibh Iarla Mhontrois, agus chuir esan roimhe, a dh'aindeoin co theiridh e gu'n deanadh e chairdean na Cumhnantaich a dhion bho fhoirneart. A chum seo a dheanadh, ghrad chruinnich e mu ochd ceud fear agus mhears e gu Turriff. Air do na Gordanaich tighinn air an aghart feadh an latha, b' ioghnadh leotha claogh a bhaile fhaicinn làn dhaoine fo'n armaibh agus gu h-araid 'nuair chunnaig iad an gunnaichean ullamh gu losgadh orra thar balla chlaogha. Thill iad air an ais mun cuairt de dha mhile bho'n bhaile far an do stad iad gus an d' thainig an ceannard Morair Hunnduinn g' an ionnsaidh ach ged bha na Gordanaich corr is da mhile air lionmhoireachd cha do ghabh an ceannard misneach gu aghaidh a thoirt air Montròs ged nach robh aig ach ochd ceud fear.

Mu'n àm seo, thug na Bùird litir chumhaichd do Mhontròs feachd a thogail 'an aobhar nan Cumhnantach; agus mu'n deachaidh mios thair a cheann, chruinnich e mu'n cuairt de thrì mìle fear eadar mharcaichean 'us choiseachean, còimhliont' anns gach armachd. 'S iar do *Shinileir Leslie* tigh'n suas ris le cuideachadh dhaoine, mhearrs iad gu h-Abaraidhin, ach dh'fhàg Morair Hunnduinn am baile sin m'un d'ràinig iad. Ann an seo, thachair na Frisealaich, na Foirbeisich, agus Fineachan tuathach eil orra—mu thimechioll dà mhìle fear; rinn seo cunntas feachd Mhontròis mu'n cuairt do naoi mìle. Dh' fhàg e Iarla *Kintore* annan Abaraidhin le còig ceud deug agus ghabh e fein 's chuid eil' air an aghaidh gu ruig Inbhurùraidh. 'N uair a chunnaig Morair Hunnduinn an neart cumhachdach a bha mu' choinneamh, smaointich e nach robh fèum seasamh a mach na b' fhaide, agus chuir e Gordanach Shrathloch gu Montròs a dh' iarraidh còmhalach a dheanadh ris. Thachair iad agus dh'aontaich Morair Hunnduinn a lamh a chur ri bainn gu'n cuireadh e fein' s a luchd leanamhuinn an ainmeannan ris a chumhnant' albannaich. An deigh seo thill Montròs do dh' Abaraidhin agus chaidh Morair Hunnduinn dachaidh do Shrathbhalgaidh. Iar do Mhontròs Abaraidhin a ruigheachd agus a chur an geill do na h-uaislean Cumhnantach mar chòrd e fein 's an Gordanach, cha bu taing a fhuair e. Thuig iad gu'n robh cìrein coilich na h-àirde tuath fo'n òrdaig, 's cha bu deòin leotha mar cuireadh iad an cas air amhuich. 'S e 'n rud bu laotha' dheanadh an toileachadh, Morair Hunnduinn a thoirt 'na phrìosanach do Dhun-Eidionn. Cha do thaitinn seo ri Montros; cha robh foill 'na chridhe, 's cha bu deònach leis 'fhacal a bhristeadh, ach air eagal easaontachd a thogail am measg nan Cumhnantach cha'n fhac e iomchuidh cur 'na 'n aghaidh. Chuir e fios air Morair Hunnduinn agus dh' innis e dha mar bha 'chuis. Rinn iad suas ri 'cheile gu'n rachadh am Morair do Dhun-Edionn, cha'n ann mar phrìosanach ach aig saors' a thoile fein, ach iar dha Dun-Edionn a ruigheachd dh' òrduich Uaislean nam Bòrd e fein 's a mhac a chur 'am prìosan agus cóigear a chur 'g am faire 'latha 's dh' oeiche air an cosd fein, 'los nach faigheadh neach 'g an còir ach iadsan amhàin d'an tugadh na Bùird cead. Cha b' fhada 'bha Montròs 's an taobh deas, gu 's an do thoisich an ùspairn as ùr 's an airde tuath. Chruinnich mu 'n cuairt de dha mhile fear de na Cumhnantaich air an treas latha deug d'en mhios Mhàighe ann an *Turriff*, agus ged bha Ceannard nan Gordonach fo ghlasaibh, chuir uaislean a chinnidh an cinn ri cheile agus chuir iad rompa sgapadh a chur 's a choinneamh mu'n tigeadh tuille 'n am measg. Aig deich uairean de dh' oidhche ghluais ochd ceud Gordanach as Strathbhalgaidh eadar mharcaichean 'us choisichean agus ceithir ghunnaichean mora nan cois. Rainig iad *Turriff* mu ghlasadh am latha mun robh fios aig freiceadain nan Cumhnantach c'aite an robh iad, 'n uair a sheinneadh na tròmpaidean agus a bhuaileadh na drumaichean ghlac clisgeadh 'us uamhas gach neach, thug cuid dhiu ionnsaidh air cur 'an aghaidh nan Gordanach ach cha b' fhada gus an do chuir na gunnaichean mora sgaoileadh annta, rinneadh prìosanaich de bheagan dhiu 's cha do mharbhadh ach beag air taobh seach taobh. 'S e seo an comhrag ris an abair Seanachaidhnean an ama sin "*Trotan Turriff*."

Ged nach robh a bhuaidh ach suarach, dh' èirich inntinn nan Rioghalach ri 'linn; mhèars iad air an adhart do dh Abaradhin, a' ruagadh nan Cumhnnantach as gach aite. Ann sa bhaile sin chruinnich g'an ionnsaidh coig cèud Granndach a strathspè agus clann Fhionnlaith a nios a Braigh Mhàr. Thoisich am feachd seo air na Cumhnantaich a chreach 's a chlaoidh as gach làimh gus am do thrus Iarla *Marsall* da mhìle fear leis an do rainig e Abaraidhin air an treas la' thar fhichead agus thug càch na buinn as. Dà latha 'na dheigh sin thainig Montròs a suas ris le ceithir míle fear. Rinn seo feachd nan Cumhnantach an uair sin an Abaraidhin mu shia mìle. Iar dha coig latha 'chur seachad an Abaraidhin ghluais e mu thuath gus an do rainig e *Gight*. Thoisich e ri sèisdeadh a chaisteil seo, ach chual' e gu'n robh Iarl *Aboyne* iar tilleadh a Sasunn, agus gu'n robh e fein 'us moran Cheannard rioghail eil' tighinn air tìr anns a cheart aite' dh'fhàg e beagan làithean roimhe sin. Iar cluinntinn seo dha thill e air ais mu dheas do *Mhearns.*

Cho luath 's a chuala na Rioghalaich gu'n d'thainig Iarl *Aboyne* air tìr, chruinnich iad as gach taobh. Thog Morair Luathais Gordan, treas Mac - Morair Hunnduinn, tuath athar agus thug e Abaraidhin air. Chruinnich Clann Fhionnlaith, Granndaich, 'us Fineachan eile mar ri moran de na Cumhnantaich fein anns an aite cheudna, gus an robh aig Iarl *Aboyne* moran mhiltean fo' chomannd ann an latha no dha de dh' uine.

Air a cheathramh latha deug de dhara mios an t-samhraidh, ghluais *Aboyne* mu dheas. Iar cluinntinn do 'n Iarla *Mharsalach* an rathad a ghabh e' shuidhich e da chiad deug fear le beagan ghunnaichibh mora air bealach 's an robh fios aige gu'm faigheadh e 'n cothrom a b fheàrr. Ged fhuair Iarla *Aboyne* fios air seo, cha d'thug e ionnsaidh air a char a thoirt as, ach ghabh e dìreach air adhart 'an uchd a namhaid. 'N uair dh'fhosgail craos-lasrach nan gunnaichean mora' air a dhaoine. Sgap iad as a cheile mar mheanbh chrodh, thug Aboyne e fein a chasan as do dh-Abaraidhin comhla ri beagan Mharcaichean.

SGIALACHD NA TROIDHE.

DEALACHADH HECTOIR AGUS ANDROMACHE.

BHO'N GHREUGAIS,

LE EOBHAN MACLACHAINN.

Cha 'n 'eil dàn 's a' Ghréigis a thug barr air "Dealachadh Hectoir agus Andromache," agus ga rìreadh cha do chaill e a bheag dheth 'àilleachd le chur 's a' Ghàidhlig.

Bheirear fosnear gu'm b' e Hector mac Righ na Tròidhe agus gu 'm b'i Andromache a chéile-phòsta. Tha 'm bàs na dhealachadh diachainneach gun teagamh, ach cha dad idir e ri shamhlachadh ris an dealachadh-bheò. B'e an dealachadh gun choinneachadh a bh' eadar Hector agus Andromache. Bha séisde ris an Tròidh 's an àm.

Chual' e 's ghreas air 'ais romh'n t-sràid,
Seach sreithean thigh àrd nan cliar ;
'S thuit gu'n d' fhuair e 'ghaol a' bròn
Làimh ri còmhlaidh mhòir nan sgiath.
Chunnaic bean mhaiseach nam béus,
'S le plosg éibhnis léum na 'dhàil,
Andromache chaoin gun lochd,
A fhuair dìleab 's an toic làin ;
Nighean Elioin bu chian cliù,
Sluagh Chilicia lùb do 'n triath,
Thebe cathair an laoich àigh,
'S Hippoclacus nan sgàil ciar.
Air cìch na h-òighe ri 'taobh,
Bha 'n geala-mhicein aobhach, ùr,
A ghnùis fhiamh-ghàireach mar réul
A dh-éireadh 's a' Chéitein chiùin.
Scamandrius, bho shruth nan sealbh,
Rinn Hector a ghairm de 'n òg.
Astijanax ainm bho chàch
Thaobh an t-suinn bu sgàth do Thròidh.
Snodhadh sòlais rinn an laoch,
'S thòisich faoilt an t-aigneadh mòr.
Sheall gu tiamhaidh 'n Rìghbhean àigh ;
Ghlac i 'làmh 's thuirt briathran bròin.
Le h-osnaich bho ghrunnd a cléibh,
Chìte 'bràighe 'g éirigh dlùth,
Airteal 's na mailthean a' snàmh,
'S na deòir làn air chrith 's an t-sùil.
'S olc, a Rùin, gun d' fhaicill géur :
Bheir àrd-mhisneach d' éug romh 'n àm,
Gabh truas ri d' aon-mhnaoi, a ghaoil,
'S ri d' mhaotharan caointeach, fann !
Is dìlleachdan esan gun taic,
Is banntrach mis' an astail fhuair ;
'S dall oidhche bhròin i bho 'n là
'Theid thusa, 'laoich àigh 's an uaigh.
Còmhrag aonfhir 'fhad 's bu bheus,
Cha diongadh a' Ghréig ort buaidh :
Nis thig am mòr-fheachd a bhéum,
'S torchrar mo dheagh-threun le 'n cruaidh
Mu 'm faic mi sealladh a' chràidh,
Leagar mo chreubh tràth fo'n fhòid ;
'S crìonadh as bho thùs gu déis
Aimsir ghèarr mo ré 'am bròn.
Gun athair, gun mhàthair chaoin,
A lughdaicheadh fàth mo dheur ;
Bhrisd an t-Aicheall ar stuadh àrd,
'S chuir tein' i na 'smàl 's an speur.
Thuit m' athair le sonn nan ruag,
Ach ghabh e fhéin truas de 'n mharbh ;
Oir loisg e 'n corp air a' bhlàr,
'S éideadh àluinn nan sàr dhealbh.
Dh' adhlaic e 'n luath 's an fheart mhòr ;
'S chàirich teaghlach Iobh nan nial,
Rìbhinnean-sìth nam beann àrd,
Dosraich gheug mu 'n fhàl g'a dhìon,
Mo mhathair a ghléidh fo smachd,
Hippoplac' nan glac 's nan craobh ;
Sguab e leis anns an luing luaith,
Gu raon Thròidh thair chuan le 'mhaoin.
Dh' fhuasgladh a' bhan-rìgh fa-dheòidh ;
Air cheannach òir dh' fhalbh i saor ;
Chnàmh mulad ise na 'cùirt fhein,
'S gaithean Phæbe nan ruinn caol.
Ach 's athair thus air mo sgàth,
'S màthair thu 's is bràthair caoin,
Ath-chasgair iad sid gu léir
An uair is éug dhuts', a ghaoil !
Cùram fir 'us athar thlàth
Gabh de d' mhnaoi 's de d' phàisdein bròin.
O ! na fàg esan gun stuaidh,
'S mis' am bhanntraich thruaigh gun treòir.
Seall-tu 'm biùbhaidh garg a' strìth
Mu 'n chraoibh-fhìgis faisg do'n Tròidh.
Fan-s' aig an tùr ud ri gléus,
'S cùm na' n draip a' Ghréig 's a slòigh,
So ionad 's am breòite 'n stuadh ;
Trì uairean le ionnsaidh ghairbh,
Mhosgail Ajax 's an dà rìgh,
'S Idomen nach mìn 'am feirg.
Diomed uaibhreach nan garg-bheairt,
'S fìor ghaisgeach nam feachd fo 'n iùl ;
Mhaom trì uairean le 'n làn neart,
'S shaoil iad gu'n ghrad-ghlacte 'n dùn :
Co dhiubh 's gaisg' a ghluais an gnìomh
No sanais nan dia bith-bhuan :
Ach gleachdadh càch far am miann,
Bì-sa 'so 's thoir dion do d' shluagh.
Thuirt Hector bu mhòrach gnùis,
'S leamsa 'chùram sin gu léir ;
Iomlaid g'an éirich bho 'n chùis
Chì mise 's bheir iùl ga réir.
Ciod a labhradh gaisgich Thròidh,
'S òighean nan sròl sguabach slìom,
Na 'm faicteadh meath air mo threòir,
Stad-feachd orm mar dheòiridh tìm !
Tha m' aigneadh air ghoil gu gleus,
'S nòs leam éuchd air bhéul mo shluaigh ;
B' àrd m' athair an cliù nan arm,
Cha mhill mis' an t-ainm ri m' luath.
Ach thig òirnn an dàn gun bhréig,
'S goirt mo chrìdh' 's mo bheul ga luaidh,
Aomaidh Tròidh mhòrach gu làr,
'S crìon-sheargaidh a h-àgh 's a h-uaill.

Ge géur an taisbein so, mo leòn,
Neart mo shlòigh ga 'n sgrios le h-àr,
Bàs mo mhàthar, m' athar gaoil,
'S a chiabh aosd' am fuil a' snàmh.
Mo bhràithrean sìnte air an tràigh,
A' plosgail fo spàirn an éig ;
'S géire na sid uil' mo chràdh,
Thus', a ghràidh, 's gach pràmh 'tha 'd dhéigh.
D'fhaicinn gu bochd, tùrsach, fann,
Air bhall-chrith fo 'n t-slabhraidh chruaidh ;
Ga d' bhuin leo mar thràill do 'n Ghréig,
A dhealbh sgéul air eideadh nuadh.
Fo smachd nam Buadhach gun bhàigh,
'S tu 'g iomchar làn-chuinneag trom :
Their iadsan 's tusa ga d' chnàmh,
Féuch, bean Hectoir àigh nan glonn !
Brisdidh do chridhe na 'bhruan,
'S beòil gun chaomh a' luaidh air m' ainm.
Nàire 'dùsgadh mhìle bròn,
Do smaoin air a' ghlòir a dh' fhalbh.
O, gu 'n robh mise 's an uaigh,
'S a' chadal bhith-bhuan nach dùisg,
Am chreadhaidh fhuair seach mu'n cluinn
Osnaich ghoirt no caoidh mo rùin !
Thuirt Flath nan arm faobhar-nochd,
'S thairg le sòlas a dhà ghlaic
Iathadh mu gheal-chneas a mhic :
Shnaoidh an leanban le àrd-sgairt
'S dhlùthaich ri uchd earradh shròil
Na mnà-altruim bu chòrr snuagh
Air chrith romh ghnùis 'athar àigh,
'S romh 'n loinntreadh a dhearrs bho 'chruaidh,
'S romh 'n tiugh-bharr bhabagach ghlas,
Ga 'chrathadh mu bheairt nan dos :
Ghàir a' chàraid gu fìor ait,
Mu 'n nì bu cheann-fàth do 'n chleas.
'N sin thug laoch mìlidh nan glonn,
An t-ùr éideadh bhàrr a chinn,
'S leag gu socrach am ball trom,
A' boillsgeadh thair làr an fhuinn.
Rìsd 'n uair 'phòg e 'mhicein gràidh,
'S a thog 'na dha làimh le cuairt,
Dh' aslaich e Mòr-Righ nan nial,
'S uil' aitim nan dia bith-bhuan.
Thus' a shoillsich tolg nan spéur
'S a Mhaithean nach éug gu bràch,
Saoraibh mo mhac bho gach béud,
'S treòirichibh a cheum gu h-àgh.
Coisneadh e mo chliùth-s' air chòir,
A' dìdinn a shlòigh a 's rìgh,
'S aithn'gheadh a Bhiùbhaidh 's gach béum,
Hector éuchdach na h-ath-linn.
Air tilleadh bho strìth nam buadh,
Ag giùlan faoibh ruaidh an àir,
Eubhadh Tròidhich le h-aon-ghaoir
"Thug on laoch s' air 'athair barr !"
Crìdh' a mhàthar thair gach té,
Le h-éibhneas a' léum na 'cliabh,
'S alla cian-sgaoileadh gach beòil,
A' sìor-aithris sgeòil a ghnìomh.
An sin le dùr-bheachd a ghaoil.
Dh' aisig e 'm Beag maoth g' a rùn ;
Chuir is' a bheul ri geal-chìch,
Air uchd spìsridh nan séud ùr.
Bhreug i 'n sin e gu clos-thàmh,
'S sheall le gàir air a ghlan-ghnuis,
Ach chlaon fiamh a gean gu neòil,
'S thuit na deòir bho 'meall-shuil chiùin.
Mhaothaich na chom crìdh' an tréin ;
Ghlac e léug nam beus air làimh ;
Shiab e 'n leann-driùchdach bho gruaidh,
'S leag e 'smuairein le cainnt thlàth :
'Ulaidh m' anma thair gach mnaoi,
Com' na chaochail bròn do shnuagh ;
Arm biùbhaidh cha diong mo bhàs,
Romh 'n cheart là s' an dàn domh 'n Uaigh.
Cha d' fhuair bith gun 'fhàgail fhéin,
Neach fo 'n ghréin cha shnaoidh an t-àm,
Teicheadh no strìth cha dearbh féum,
'S dual do 'n éug an tréun 's am fann.
Tìll-sa nis, a ghaoil gu d' ghnìomh,
Stiùir le h-iùl an Snìomh 's a' Bheairt,
Dhòmhsa 's còir 'bhi 'triall gu m' chliù :
'S àite mìlidh tùs nan gleachd.
Labhair e 's ghrad-chuir mu 'cheann
Eideadh dosach nam bab fionn :
Thill ise gu déurach, trom,
Bho chomhradh mìl-bhlast an t-suinn.
Sùil thair ghualainn air gach ceum,
'Fhad 's bu léir dh'i 'n gaisgeach mòr ;
'S air teachd dh'i gu 'lùchairt fhéin,
Leig i 'n t-srian leis a' gheur bhròn.
Chual am Bannal reachd a cléibh,
Thog iad gu léir an éigh thruagh,
A' tursa mu 'n Bheò cho goirt,
'S ged dh' adhlaict' a chorp 's an uaigh.

——o——

AILEIN BAN.

SGIAL MU LATHA CHUIL-FHODAIR.

A's t-fhoghar so chaidh 's mi mach air an dùthaich air aoidheachd aig mo charaid, Còirneal Camran, chunnaic mi 'sin, air chéilidh air nighean a' Chòirneil, clann coimhearsnaich dhaibh, gille-uasal òg agus piuthar dha, dithis, aig deisead am pearsa agus feobhas an oilein, a thaitinn gu fìor choìmhlionta rium.

Tha eachdraidh am pàrantan car ainneamh, os an Còirneal, agus is toigh leam a bhi ga 'h-innseadh, ceart mar is math leam a bhi 'cur air chuimhne sgeòil sa bith a chuireas urram air ar nàdur. Leis a' chinnedhaonda 'ghabhail thair a chéile tha iad air choiriginn cho mìothor leam 's 'n uair a chì mi fiùghantas an neach sa bith fos leth, gur miann leam m' inntinn a leagail air car tamuill, agus a bhi gu tric ga 'mheamhrachadh, dìreach mar a dhianadh tu a' tighinn romh shléibhtean garbhlaich, ri faicinn dut àitich, no àilein ghuirm.

Bha athair na h-òigridh ud a thaitinn an snuagh cho ro ghasda riut, na 'thighearna - fearainn mu thuath oirnn; bha oighreachd luachmhor aige agus togail mhór dhaoine. An làithean 'òige bha e 'fuireach air làrach a shinnsrean—seann-nòs a tha nis air dol á cleachdadh—an caisteal greadhnach, tuath agus ceathairne mu 'n cuairt da, 's gun duine air fóid an fhuinn nach b' urrainn dàimh 'us càirdeas a thagairt air an triath no air na h-uaislean bho 'n d' thàinig e. Cha robh fear no té na 'fhàrdaich nach robh de'n aon chinneadh ris, agus uaill orra ga chionn, 's iad cho beadrach aige 's ge bu leis fhéin iad. Ach ge bu mhath uile iad, b' e Ailein Bàn àilleagan an triath. Bha e riabh na 'chois bho 'n a dh' fhàg e 'chreathall. Is e a bu shine gu math, air chor's gur h-e ionann's a b' oide-ionnsaich dha. Is e a dh' ionnsaich air a' chuspaireachd e, agus air fearas-lùth—dà ealaidh air an robh e fhein ainmeil. Is e a bu ghille dha aig an tigh 'us thairis 's a' sgoil, agus air gach turus air ghnothuch an rìgh dhlighich 's a dhùthcha.

Bha iad latha 's a' bheinn-sheilg agus Oscar aca, cù air an robh móran meas aig Ailein—is e fhein a thog 's a dh' ionnsaich e. Le tubaiste no failmse air choirigin millear Oscar an t-sealg. Bha an gunna air an làn-togail aig an triath, agus le braise feirge cumar ri Oscar, ach cha do chuimsich e e. Bha Oscar cho beadrach ri ubhal òir aig Ailein, agus mar a bha am mìshealbh ann, thugar le dànadas beum do 'n triath a chionn a bhi cho bras. Leis an fheirg, agus fios a bhi aige gu'n robh e 's a' choire, cha b' urrainn do'n triath e fhein a cheannsachadh, agus togar a làmh do Ailein fhein. Cha do ghabh Ailein air gu'n d' rinn e e; ach an oidhche sin, le mulad, dh' fhàg e an dùthaich, agus an ciad bhaile-puirt gus an d' thàinig e, gabhar 's an arm-cheangailte. A' bhliadhna sin fhein, 1744, bha Cogadh na Frainge air dùsgadh—cogadh 's na dhearbh Gàidheal no dha cruadal nan daoine bho 'n d' thàinig iad. Bha 'n triath so air na ciad uaislean a dh' éirich leis a' Phrionnsa.

Chuir Latha Chùil-fhodair—latha na dunach do na Gàidhil, na Rìoghalaich fo 'n choille. Na thàrr bhàrr na h-àrfhaich an latha sin, b' éudar dhaibh ionadan-falaich an dùthcha fhein a thoirt orra, a sheachnadh anacneasdachd an airm-dheirg. Mar bu chòir dha 's mar bu dligheach, thug esan a dhùthaich fhein fo 'cheann. Le 'bhi ris an t-sealgaireachd, cha robh frith-rathad no cluain air nach robh e eòlach. Thug e fada na 'fhear-cùirn—ré an latha 'an còs-falaich, agus a' téarnadh gu srath air chionn an anmoich a dh-fhaotainn iomfhuasglaidh bho a thuath dhìlis fhein. Is tric a dh' innis e dhomh (tha 'fhios agad tha e de m' sheann-eòlaich tur) mu 'n ionad-fhalaich sin, an uair a b' urrainn da tighinn thairis air gun déistinn. "Na 'uaireannan," os esan, "tra a thàrrainn dol gu iomall na coille air feadh nan creag aillteach, uaignidh ud, a tha, mar is cuimhne leat, mar bheagan mhìltean do 'n tigh agam, chluinninn, am balbhadh na gaoithe a bha le fàs-fhuaim a 'luasgadh na giùthsaich fotham, na saighdearan ag comh-fhreagairt a chéile 's an tòir ga cur. Is tric a chuala mi sgal an cléibh ag cur mactalla bho chreig gu creig, agus a chunnaic mi 's an loch shìos fotham, faileas na lasrach a bha 'g éirigh á tighean mo chuid daoine, 's iad na 'm buidealaich theine. Le nàire 's le feirg is tric a thàinig fotham ruith leis a' bhruthach, gun bhall-airm, agus mi fhéin a liubhairt an lamhan mo naimhdean; ach bidh taobh aig duine ri 'bheatha, agus chuireadh tartar na h-earbaig clisgeadh orm, agus thillinn air m' ais do m' chòs.

“Latha de na làithean,” os esan, “bha an iolach na b' fhaisge orm na 'b' àbhaist, agus mu dheireadh, bha na saighdearan a bha dìreach fotham cho teann orm, 's an uamha 's an robh mi 'm shìneadh, 's gu'n dianainn a mach an cuid seanchais. Uine 's aimsir dhomh 's an iolraig dhéistnich sin, bha an guth a' dol na b' fhaide 's na b' fhaide bhuam; mu dheireadh chaidh e bàs orm an ceann a mach na coille. Dh' éirich mi 's shnàig mi gu bial na h-uamha, agus tachrar cù orm 's leig e sgal as a nochdadh gu'n robh mi 'n sàs. Ged a bha mi 'm bhreathal leis na cuir a bh' ann, dh'aithnich mi gur h-Oscar a bh' agam, agus eadar mise 's tusa, shaoil leam gur diùghaltas as na h-Ardaibh a thàinig orm.” “Seas,” os an guth smachdail sin rium, agus ruithear h-ugam romh na pris, saighdear 's a bhéigneid an tarrainn. Co bha 'so ach Ailein Bàn! Eadar nàire, 's breathal, 's agartas-cogais, thàinig tachdadh orm, agus seasar 'am bhalbh-thosd air a bhialaobh. “Mo Cheanna-cinnidh!” os esan, 's ioghnadh 'us fiamh a' mùchadh a ghuth, 's thilg e e fhein sìos aig mo chasan. Thàinig mise gu m' ionnsaidh fhein. Tha do dhiùghaltas ad làimh, is mise do phrìosanach. “Diùghaltas!” os esan. “Mo chreach, is cruaidh ur breith! Cha robh latha sona dhomh bho latha a' chruaidh fhortain sin a dh' fhàg mi sibh. Ach chaomhnadh mo bheatha dhomh, tha dòchas agam, g' ur tiarnadh-se. Tha a' chuideachda 's am beil mi air dol seachad; dh' fhan mise 's an fhàrsanachd air feadh na coille 's nan creag air an robh mi cho eòlach 'an làithean m' òige. Ach cha'n 'eil ùine ri chall. A thiota bidh a' choille so na buidealaich; ged nach 'eil amhurras aca i 'bhi 'toirt dìon duibhse. Cuiribh m' aodach fhein oirbh; theagamh gu 'r cuideachadh e gu dol as gun umhail. Fiachaidh mise ri 'r deise-se fhaotainn bhuam air dhòigh air choiriginn. Fhuair sinn brath air prasgan chàirdean duibh a bhi air tìr 's an àirde-niar. Leanaibh ruith an uisge gu ciaradh nan tràth; 'an sin gearraibh air ur fiaradh thair guala na beinne, agus buannaichdidh sibh iad gu sàbhailte.” Ràinig e mi a bhi cho fada an eisiomail fir air an d' rinn mi eucoir, agus dh' earalaich mi air gun e fhein a chur 'an leithid de chunnart air mo sgàth-sa, nach robh teagamh nach faighteadh a mach air e, agus leis an nàdur a bha 's a' chomanndair, bha fhios agam gu'n cuirteadh gu bàs e. Ach ghrìos Ailein orm, 's e 'n dòruinn le fiamh 'us teinn, mi 'chuimhneachadh a mhàin air mi fhein a thiarnadh. “O, sàbhailibh le chéile sinn,” os esan, “ma 's bàs duibhse e, cha bheò dhòmhsa na 'r deaghaidh e. Theagamh gu'n tachair sinn fhathast; ach ciod sa bith a dh' éireas do Ailein, beannachd Dhia aig a cheann-cinnidh.”

Fhuair ùrnaigh Ailein éisdeachd. Bha tàlantan math aig an triath, ged nach d' fhuair e cothrom air an cur an gnìomh gus an d' thàinig an anshocair; 's dh' éirich e gu inbhe aird thairis agus rinn e beairteas. An uair a thàinig an t-sìth, thill e dhachaidh, 's fhuair e Ailein na 'Chaiptin 's an arm, 's e pòsta ri mnaoi uasail leis an d' fhuair e beagan tochraidh. Cha robh aca ach aon nighean, 's chaidh Nàdur gu 'dhùbhlan g'a dianamh na 'h-àilleagan coìmhlionta, agus rinn a pàrantan na b' urrainn daibh, a chuideachadh leis. Faodar a thuigsinn gu'n robh an ceann-cinnidh taingeil; ach cha bu lugha toilìnntinn 'us uaill Ailein, ni a bha làn riaraichte goirid an deaghaidh sin an uair a phòs an ceann-cinnidh, a shàbhail e fhéin cho suairce le a dhìlseachd. Màiri a nighean. Thionndaidh ainiochd an ama sin gu cneasdachd 'us féile, agus fhuair an triath air ais còir air oighreachd a shinnsrean, agus bha de thoileachas aige ogha Ailein fhaicinn 'an seilbh 'us dùthchas nan uaislean bho 'n d' thàinig e.

Chaidh mi còmhla ri Còirneal Camran air chéilidh air an triath, agus thug e riarachas domh 'fhaicinn cho furachail, fritheilteach, 's a bha e dh'a athair-céile, agus cho toilichte 's a bha an seann-duine còir a' làn thuigsinn na duaise a ghléidh a dhilseachd dha. Thug mi an aire cuideachd gu'n robh aig na h-àilleagain a chunnaic mi 'an tigh a' Chòirneil, cu-ianaich breac donn a rinn iad mòran beadraidh 'us cleasachd ris an deaghaidh na dinnearach, agus 's e Oscar a b' ainm dha.

Bho Henry Mackenzie.

——o——

MO SHEANN CHRUIT-CHIUIL.

Fair a nall mo sheana chruit-chiuil,
Fair thugam i gun dàil,
Oir feumaidh mi dan eile 'sheinn
M'an triall gu léir mo chail.
'S mo lamh dhuibh nuair a sheinneas mi,
Sin fonn a dh'éireas leinn;
Se tir nam beann 'us tir nan gleann
An tir is anns' leam fein.
Dh'olainn cuach do thir nan cruach
Le caithream uallach cleith!

Tha'm fraoch a' luasgadh air a' bheinn
'S nam leum thar bharr nan cas;
Tha h-uillt a' seinn air saors' an fhuinn,
Troi 'n taom an steud shruth' bras.
Se 'n tir ma'n iadh an lear, mo sheoid!
An tir da mò mo speis;
Se tir nam beann 'us tir nan gleann,
An tir is annsa leinn;
Dh' olainn cuach do thir nan cruach,
Le caithream uallach cleith!

Tha'n cluaran dosrach air an fhaich'
An d' tharaing Wallace lann;
San d'thug e fuil a namh' ma shliabh
A dhath a liath-bhrait ann;
Sa Sealltuinn dha san iar, mo sheoid!
Gun d' sheinn e'n t-oran treun;
Se tir nam beann 'us tir nan gleann
An tir is anns' leam fein;
Dh'olainn cuach do thir nan cruach
Le caithream uallach cleith!

Glan speuraibh aillidh dhuthcha cein,
Tha sgaoilt' os cionn na traill;
Thoir dhomh-sa tir a cheo 's na saors',
San aobhach guth nam bard;
An tir a dh'eisd ri Oisein binn
A seinn air Suinn na Feinn.
Se tir nam beann 'us tir nan gleann
An tir is annsa leinn;
Dh'olainn cuach do thir nan cruach
Le caithream uallach cleith!

Ead. leis a Bhard Luideagach.

——o——

FALACHD EADAR CLANN AN TOISICH AGUS NA ROTHAICH.

Anns 1454, iar do Thuitear Follais a bhi 'tilleadh a Dun-Eidionn do 'n airde-tuath, stad e fein 's a ghillean air lurga monaidh ann an Srathardail. Iar dhaibh a bhi sgìth bhar an an turais chaidil iad, ach mu' n do dhuisg iad rinn droch dhuin'eigin earball gach eich a bh'aca 'ghearadh bho 'n dreall. Iar do na Rothaich dusgadh 'sa chunnaig iad mar a bha, chuir iad rompa gu'm biodh diùghaltas aca. Ghreas iad dhachaidh agus chruinnich iad an cinneadh gu leir, dh'innis iad an tamailt a fhuair iad agus gu'n robh 'dhìth orra aicheamhail a thoirt amach. Cha bu ruith ach leum leis a chinneadh Rothach sin a dheanadh; thaghadh tri chiad gu leth de na daoine bu trèine, agus thog iad orra gu Strathardail—loisg 'us chreach iad an dùthaich agus thrus iad leotha gach speir chruidh 'us each 'us chaorach a bh' anns an tìr. Iar tilleadh air an ais dhaibh troimh oighreachd Mhic an Tòisich, chuir esan fios a dh ionnsaidh an Rothaich gu'm fèumadh e earann de 'n chreich fhaghainn, no mar a theirte, staoig rathaid, airson cead a thoirt dhaibh triall troi 'n fhearann. Thairg an Rothach earann chothromach dha, ach cha deanadh na bu laotha na leth na creiche Mac an Toisich a thoileachadh. Seo cha toireadh am fear eile dha no taing, agus chùm e roimhe air a shlighe. Ghabh Macantòisich 's an t-sroin e —chruinnich e dhaoine agus sìnear air na Rothaich. Thainig e 'n suas riutha aig clach-na-fhaire, goirid bho Ionbhurnis. Nuair a chunnaig an Rothach a tighinn e, chuir e coigear ghillean dhachaidh do dh' Fhearann-Domhnuill leis an sprèidh, agus rinn e fein 's a dhaoine deas airson comhraig. Bhuail iad air a cheile le goimh 's le gamhlas. Bu ghoirt a dh fhuilinn Macantòisich air 'ardan —mharbhadh e fein 's chuid bu motha de dhoine a's chasgradh moran de na Rothaich mar an ceudna 'sa chomhstri. Dh'fhàgadh an ceannard an riochd mairbh 's an àrfhaich far am basaicheadh e gu'n teagamh, mar deanadh MacShimi a ghiulan do'n Mhorfhaich far an do leighiseadh a chrèuchdan ach chaill e lùths na laimhe deise ris, agus theirte riamh tuille mar fhrith-ainm ris, Iain Baclamhach no Iain ciotach Mac an-Rothaich. Bho cheann ghoirid, thogadh clach-lighe air binnean na craige, anns an do chuireadh an cath seo, le òrdugh an uasail dhuineil *H. R. Duff*, Tighearna Bhail'-an-fhraoich, an Siorramachd Ionbhurnis.

——o——

CAGAR BHO IAIN EILEINEACH.

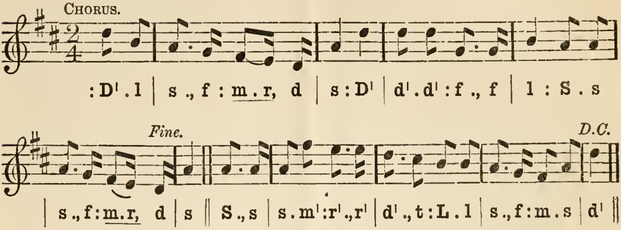
Tha e air innseadh dhuinn a réir an ughdarrais a 's ro fhearr gu 'm beil tràth aig gach ni, agus àm aig gach rùn fo nèamh: Am gu gal agus àm gu gàire; am gu caoidh agus àm gu dannsa, àm gu réubadh agus àm gu fuaghal. Tha e soilleir gu'm beil a' chuid mhor de òigridh ar dùthcha, cho luath 's a theid iad do bhailtean mòra an taoibh-deas, a' leigeadh á 'n cuimhne mar is urrainn daibh, àm a' ghuil 's na caoidhe, 's an réubaidh, 's gu'm beil iad gu ro mhòr air an toirt suas do thaobh soilleir an neòil. Tha sin cronail do 'n òigridh fhein, agus ro chaillteach do 'n dùthaich do 'm faodadh iad còmhnadh math a dhianamh. Is e a tha a' bualadh na m' inntinn, gu'm biodh e na 'ni ro iomchuidh gu'n tugadh cinn-iùil na h-òigridh Gàidhealaich 's an taobh-deas, an oidhirp 'an àm airce, a threòireachadh a dh-ionnsuidh an rian bu fhreagraiche air son na reubaidhean a rinneadh air gach cearna de ar dùthaich a dhianamh suas no am fuaghal. An ciad thòiseachadh a leithid sin de oidhirp, shaoilinn gu'm biodh e iomchuidh gu 'n rachadh na Comuinn Ghaidhealach 'an Glaschu 's an àiteachan eile 'an guaillibh a chéile gu 'bhi 'dianamh suas ard-dhuaisean do thrì no 'cheithir de na òraidean Gàidhlig a bu ro fhearr a bhiodh air an sgrìbheadh mu 'n rian bu ro choltaiche ri 'bhi soirbheachail gu bhi 'g aonadh nan Gaidheal ri chéile aig a' bhaile 's bho 'n bhaile, gus an dùthaich a chuideachadh. Co-ghleachdadh gus na duaisean so a bhi fosgailte do Ghaidheal sa bith; agus buidheann a chur air leth air son fad nan òraidean 'us miad nan duaisean a shocrachadh.

Mur h-oidhirpich an ginealach so air an dùthaich a thiorcadh bho "Gheòidh Ghlas 's bho Shasunnaich," ciod an ginealach do 'n còir a dhianamh?

I. E.

BIODH AN DEOCH SO 'N LAIMH MO RUIN.

Key D.—*With spirit.*



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Seisd :—Biodh an deoch so 'n laimh mo rùin,
Slàinte le fear an Tùir ;
Biodh an deoch so 'n laimh mo rùin.

Oladh no na òladh càch i,
Biodh i làn air ceann a' bhùird.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

Sùil gu'n d' thug mi thar mo ghuallainn,
'S rinn mi cuairteach air a' chuan.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

Chunnacas bàta air an fhairge,
'S lamh dhearg air an stiùir.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

Chunnaic mi 'dol seach na caoil i,
'S badan fraoich 's an t-slat-shiùil.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

Fhir a chunnaic air an t-sàil' i,
Beannaich an long bhàn 's a *crew.*
Biodh an deoch, &c.

Beannaich a croinn àrd 's a h-acfhuinn,
A cuid acraichean 's a siùil.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

Ged a tha mi so an Cola,
B'e mo thoil e dol a Rùm.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

Agus as a sin do dh-Uithist,
Na 'n d' fhuair mi mo ghuidhe leam.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

'S mairg a shamhladh Cola creagach,
Ri Dùnbheagain no Dun-tùilm.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

Mo rùn air muime nam macaibh,
A bhiodh ga'n altrum aig a' ghlùin.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

'S gur-a ladurn' thuirt am balach,
Ri Mac-Cailein an Tùir.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

Mur a b'e gur tu mo bhrathair,
'S mi nach àicheadh idir thu.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

'S e am mac a b' fhearr na 'n t-athair,
An cliù, an aighear, 's an sùnnd.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

'S truagh nach fhaicinn Caisteal Dhubhaird
'Dol 'n a sprudhan anns a' ghrunnd.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

Dh' òlain deoch slàinte Righ Seumas,
'Bhi ga 'éigheach air a' chrùn.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

Bidh mi 'nis a' sgur ga m' sheisreach,
Bho'n tha 'm feasgar 'leagail drùchd.
Biodh an deoch, &c.

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FAOLAN, OR ST. FILLAN OF BREADALBANE.

BETWIXT Lochtay on the east, and the march of the county near Tyndrum on the west, a distance of twenty miles, extends Glendochart, famous as the scene of Faolan's life-labours. Near the eastern end of the glen, and not far from the head of the loch, stands Killin, the market-town of the district.

Glendochart is not celebrated for terrific and rugged mountain scenery, like Glencoe or the Coolins, but has a grandeur of a different character. Lofty mountains, clothed here in heather, there in green; cloudy shadows frequently flitting across their sides; and serried ridges of multiplied lines and forms of varied beauty, and along their sides strangely shaped stones and boulders of rocks deposited by the ancient glaciers. Along the strath there are stretches of river, its course broken occasionally by lochs; sometimes wending its way slowly and solemnly through green meadows, and anon rushing along, as at the celebrated bridge of Dochart, at Killin, with fire and fury. Not the least notable object in the scene is Benmore, rising up near the centre of the glen, and rearing up towards the clouds that glorious profile of grandeur and beauty which is seen from far.

Killin, or Cille-fhinn, the burial-place of the "Fia'n," for romantic beauty of its own kind is probably unrivalled. The mountain ridge, extending all along the north side of Glendochart, and dividing it from Glenlochay, suddenly about a mile above Lochtay, comes to an end, and, with a very steep break, drops to the plain; and there, on its southern side, in a long and picturesquely irregular form, extends the village of Killin. Standing on the summit of this break, and looking eastwards towards Lochtay, a scene of wonderful beauty spreads itself out before our gaze. In front stretches the plain of Finlarig and Auchmore, and beyond, the loch, reposing in its deep bed amidst the mighty mountains. From the glen on the right, in a straight course, and with boiling current, as if hurrying on to lose itself in the great lake, rushes the River Dochart. From the gorge on the left issues the River Lochay, and then slowly winds and wanders through the plain until it joins the Dochart immediately above the Loch. Strath and glen, wood and water, colours varied from the light green of the pastures to the dark green of the pines, the grey of the rocks to the rich purple of the heather, and above all, the glorious mountains stretching their peaks and ridges of never-ending majesty and splendour all around, combine to form a picture which, once realised by a spirit sympathetic with God's works of nature, becomes to that spirit a joy for ever.

Mr. Geikie says that the bed of Lochtay was scooped out by huge glaciers pouring down Glens Dochart and Lochay. That glaciers were there I don't doubt, but that they entirely scooped out the bed of the loch I don't go in with. I believe Lochtay to have been the seat of great volcanic activity. The temperature of the water is now so high, that evidently hot-springs must be rising in its bottom; and we know the strange sympathy it showed with the great Calabrian earthquakes. It not improbably takes its name from this—viz., *Loch Teth*, or the warm loch.

Such, then, is the country in which of old our father in the Christian faith, "Faolan," was called on to labour.

About the end of the seventh, or beginning of the eighth century, Kentigerma, a native of Leinster, and a very devout woman, sailed from Ireland, along with her brother Congan and her son Faolan. Their object was the glorious one of extending the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ and eternal life to their brother Celts of Scotland. They landed in the North, and after spreading the Gospel at Lochalsh, Kentigerma, Congan, and Faolan came to a place in the upper parts of Glendeochquhy (now Glendochart) called Siracht (now Sraithudh in Gaelic; Strathfillan in English), where a place for building a basilica was, it is said, divinely pointed out to Faolan and his seven serving clerics. Kentigerma did not remain in Strathfillan, but passed onwards, for the sake of contemplation, to Inch-Cailleach, in Lochlomond, where she died in the year 733 or 734.

It is utterly impossible that monkish biographers could write the life of an eminent Christian without interlarding it with miraculous legends, and Faolan has not escaped these. He was born, as we are told, with a stone in his mouth, which caused such contempt in his father, that he had him thrown into a neighbouring pool or lake. There he remained for a year, fed and sustained by angels. Through a divine revelation, he was found by Bishop Ibar playing with the angels. Lifting him safely out of the lake, the bishop took him to himself, baptised him, and instructed him in the knowledge of God. "But after his youthful years had been thus passed, he betook himself to the most devout Abbot Mundus, from whom he received the monastic rule and habit. In this monastery, that he might more easily labour in divine contemplation, he secretly constructed a cell not far from the cloister, in which, on a certain night, while the brethren of the monastery announced by a little servant that supper was ready, the servant, kneeling and peeping through a chink in that cell to see what was taking place, saw the blessed Faelanus writing in the dark, with his left hand affording light to his right hand. The servant, wondering at the occurrence, straightway returned to the brethren and told it. But blessed Faelanus having this made known to him supernaturally, and being angry with the servant that had revealed his secret, by divine permission, a certain crane which was domesticated in the monastery picked out the eye of the servant and blinded him; but the blessed Faelanus, moved with compassion, and at the instance and supplication of the brotherhood, straightway restored the eye of the servant."

Passing, however, from these, let us see what Faolan's real work in Glendochart was—a work so great, that his memory is endeared to every native of Breadalbane, whilst his name is a household word to us from our infancies. It was threefold, but all three united in the one end of bringing his brother-men to a belief in the blessed realities of a true faith in the Lord. First, and above all, he preached the Gospel. These Culdees were strictly "Gospellers." They passed much of their time in studying, reciting, and transcribing the Scriptures. There are still pointed out three spots where Faolan read the book and instructed the people. In Strathfillan, at the upper end of Glendochart, the place where afterwards was built the monastery; half-way down the glen, at a place called "Dun-ribin;" and at the lower end, close to Killin, "Cnoc-a-bheannachd." Second, he encouraged the cultivation of the land and the improvement of agriculture. This is clearly evident from the fact that he and the other Culdee missionaries in this district, where-ever they settled, built meal-mills for grinding the corn. Faolan's mill was built at Killin, and it is a striking proof of the veneration entertained for his memory in the district, that it is only recently that the mill was allowed to be worked on Faolan's Day. Third, he set up fairs for the sale and barter of the produce, thus introducing the principles of political economy. Faolan's fair was established at Killin, and is still held there in the month of January.

It thus appears that these Culdees introduced enterprise and civilisation as subsidiary means to the progress of their great work of Christianisation. It is intensely interesting to contemplate these olden missionaries under the light thus thrown upon them. A most pleasant sight are they. No mere austere and repulsive clerics, but men of common sense, freely mingling with their fellow-men; preaching and teaching faithfully the Gospel, but also ploughing land, sowing and reaping crops, building mills, grinding corn, and setting up fairs. Sometimes as I pass along the market-place of Killin, I picture in my mind's eye the old Christian gentleman moving, as no doubt was his wont, in midst of his own fair; every head uncovered before him, every eye filled with love and gratitude to him, every difficulty submitted to his award, and every semblance of vice hid from his glance. And thus Faolan, "having converted many to the faith of Christ," and "full of happy days, migrated to Christ on the fifth of the Ides of January, and is said to have been honourably buried in the said church, which is in Strathfillan, and there he reposes" (*Brev. Aberdeen*).

There is a strange tradition in the district in reference to his burial. He died, it is said, from home, somewhere about Strathearn. The Breadalbane men, of course, proceeded to bring his body to Glendochart. They carried it across the mountain-pass of Larig-Hele until they came to a place, still pointed out, where Glendochart opens out upwards and downwards. The day being very warm, they laid down the coffin and rested themselves. During their rest, a violent dispute arose between the men of upper and lower Glendochart—the one desiring to have him buried at Strathfillan the other at Killin. But on looking round, what was their amazement to find two coffins, exactly similar, instead of one. The dispute was at once solved—the one party took the one coffin to Strathfillan, and the other party the other to Killin, rejoicing greatly in the miraculous gifts of their departed saint.

Before leaving the miraculous powers of our saint, it would be unpardonable to pass over the "Holy Pool," to which was imparted through him the gift of curing madness. At one time numbers resorted to it, and even within my own recollection two women were plunged into its healing waters, but now when the steam-whistle disturbs its solitude, all faith in its efficacy has come to an end. Indeed, the modern Dr. Johnsons need no longer look amongst us for "Highland superstition." The Londoners must look nearer home, where a Newman, a Lee, and a Slade seem to have no lack of followers. The process which the patients underwent was as follows:—First, on the first day of the quarter (O.S), after sunset, they were plunged overhead into the pool. They were instructed to take up three stones from the bottom, and walking in Deas-shiubhal three times round each of the three cairns on the bank, to throw a stone into each. They were then conveyed to the ruins of the chapel, and left there, tied all night in their wet clothes. If found unbound in the morning it pretokened cure. It is also said that St. Fillan's bell was, during part of the ceremony, placed upon the patient's head. I can quite conceive that in some cases the journey, change of air and scene, together with the powerful hydropathic treatment, may have helped to effect a cure.

The circumstance which of all others has brought Faolan into notice is the veneration in which his relics were held by Robert the Bruce. Bruce had caused the case containing, as he believed, the arm of St. Fillan to be brought to his camp before the battle of Bannockburn. The miracle which followed is thus related by Boece (Bellenden's translation):—"All the nicht afore the batall, K. Robert was right wery, havand great solicitude for the weil of his army, and micht tak na rest, bot rolland all jeopardeis and chance of fortoun in his mind; and sumtimes he went to his devoit contemplation makand his orisoun to God and Sanct Phillane quhais arme, as he believit set in silver wes closet in ane case within his palyeon; traisting the better fortoun to follow the saimin. In the mene time the cais chakkit to suddanlie but ony motion or werk of mortall creaturis. The Preist astonied be this wounder went to the alter quhaire the cais lay; and quhen he fand the arme in the cais, he cryit here is ane great mirakle; and incontinent he confessit how he brockt the tume cais in the field, dredaned that the rillik suld be tint in the field quhair sa gret jeoperdies apperit. The King rejosing of this mirakill, past the remanent nicht in his prayaris with gud esperance of victorie." It was to the "mirakle of Sant Phillane" that the king alluded in his speech before the battle, after that the Abbot of Inchaffray had said mass "on ane hie mote, and ministret the Eucharist to the King and his Nobillis." Bruce had an intimate connection with Glendochart. One of his battles, that of Dal-righ, or the king's field, was fought there, and traditions still exist amongst our old people connected with his wanderings in the glen. It was no doubt what he learned at this time of the fame of St. Fillan that filled him with such veneration for his memory, and gave him such trust in his posthumous powers. In gratitude for the miracle of Bannockburn, Bruce built, or helped to build, the priory of Strathfillan, and endowed it with the celebrated sheep grazing of "Bein-mhannach" (or the monk's mountain) in Glenlyon, and which he detached for the purpose from the forest of Albyn.

It is necessary to mention, as extreme confusion exists on the subject, that our Faolan and "Faolan of

Ratherran" (or Dundurn), after whom the village of St. Fillans, at the east end of Lochearn, has been named, are not the same. The latter lived a century (or a century and a-half) before the former. He was not a Culdee, but a follower of St. Ninian and the Roman Church; and lastly, his day was on the 20th of June, whilst Breadalbane's Faolan was on the 9th of January. St. Fillan of Ratherran was called "Faolan-an-lobhar," or "The Leper," also "The Stammerer." He was of the race of Angus, son of Nadfraech —*i.e.*, King of Munster. The church of Aberdour (Fife) was dedicated to him. An error has been made by some in appropriating the district of Killin to this saint instead of Faolan of Glendochart. Not to speak of the whole tradition of the district, the fact that "Fille Faolan," at Killin, is held on the 9th January, and not on the 20th June, is quite decisive on the point.

We have some noted relics of St. Fillan. The best known, of course, is the pastoral staff returned the other day from Canada by Mr. Dewar, its hereditary keeper, and now lodged in the Museum of the Scottish Antiquarian Society. Its history has of late become well known—how special privileges belonged to the Dewars of Glendochart, who were the custodiers of the relic, and how these were confirmed to them by letter of James III., dated 1478. From this letter it appears that it had been in the keeping of this family since the "tyme of King Robert the Bruys, and af before." This relic has been called the "Quigrich," or "Coig-gerach;" but no feasible explanation of what this word means has been given. In the district here it is known as the "Coig-mheurach," or five-fingered, probably for the reason that when the abbot blessed with the uplifted right hand, he rested the fingers of the left on the head of his staff. "Coig-mheurach" could easily pass into "Coig-gerach," the name used in the inquisition from Glendochart in reference to its privileges in 1428. "Quegrith," the name used in the royal letter of 1478, is a very gross corruption, as no such letter as Q is found in the Gaelic alphabet. There is another name by which it is chiefly known in the district, viz.—"an Fharaichd;" and the Dewars, its custodiers, were known as "Doirich-na-Faraichd." I cannot give any completely satisfactory meaning of this word. Probably there may be something in the following, which I merely throw out as a suggestion. There was at one time a chapel at Auchlyne, in Glendochart, called "Caipal-na-Faraichd," where the relic was kept. This chapel, it is said, was burnt, and the Dewars became custodiers of it in consequence of their predecessor rescuing it from the burning. Now, we know that Faolan's father was called "Feriach," and that he had a brother who was called "Farce," and may it not be that both the chapel and "Coig-mheurach" take their names of "Faraichd" from either of them.

Another relic of Faolan is his bell, formerly preserved at the ruins of the old monastery in Strathfillan, and now, likewise, in the Museum in Edinburgh.

There are also preserved at the Millmore, Killin, eight stones, called "Clachan-Fhaolan," and which were used for the cure of various diseases. An old man in the village tells me that he remembers when a new bed of straw was placed under them by the assembled villagers every New-Year's Day. At the rebuilding of the mill a niche was made for them in the wall, in which they are now kept. The stones are in their rough state, and evidently taken from the bed of the neighbouring river. Two of them have markings ; one has evidently been broken, but, from examining the other, I am of opinion that it is older than Faolan, and dates back to the worship of the heavenly bodies.

It only remains to say a few words regarding the ecclesiastical conformation of the Culdee Church, to which Faolan belonged. It was certainly not a Presbyterian Church of the very model of the Church of Scotland, still less was it an Episcopal Church in the proper acceptation of the term,—I mean in the sense of apostolic succession. This latter is quite impossible, as not only were the so-called bishops entirely subject to the presbyter abbots, but these latter seem to have had the power of instituting them whenever or wherever they pleased. Secondly, the Culdees, as already stated, were great Bible students and transcribers. And thirdly, there existed down till near the time of the Reformation, the bitterest opposition between the Culdee and the Roman Churches. Up to the time of Malcom Cean-more, the best of it seems to have rested with the Culdees, but he, as we all know, married an Englishwoman, who introduced English fashions into the Scottish Court, and amongst others, the usages of the Roman Church, of which she was a superstitious and bigoted partisan. Many of the aristocracy took the English side, and a system of persecution and supercession was initiated, which, *outwardly*, nearly annihilated the Culdees, until they rose from their ashes under another name at the Reformation. The common people, although deprived of their ministrations, secretly retained their doctrines, and this may account for the extraordinary rapidity with which the Reformation spread in the Highlands of Perthshire.

Charles Stewart.

Tighnduin, 24*th Feb.*, 1877.

Note.—Since writing the above, I have seen Mr. Campbell of Keighley's letter in the *Scotsman* of the 8th instant. The crosier was not known as "Arichd Clann an Deora," but the single family of Dewars who had it in custody were known as "Doirich na Faraichd"—two very different things. Mr. Campbell's supposition, therefore, that it meant the "ark or fortune of the Clan Dewar," is untenable. The word "Crograch," is not a word familiar to me. "Crog" means a "large hand or paw," and "Crograichd" means "handling;" but I have not met with "Crog-rach" for crook. The name known to me for shepherd's crook is "Cromaig."

I must also, with all respect, express my entire disagreement with Dr. Stuart when, in his address to the Antiquarian Society (see *Scotsman* of 13th instant), he defines "Coig-gerach," in its application to the crosier, to mean "Coig-reach," or "Stranger." For, in the first place, Dr. Stuart adduces no evidence that the word as so applied ever had such a meaning. Second, it never had such a meaning in this district, where alone it should be looked for, but something quite different. And third, the *noun* "Coig-reach," or "Stranger," is never applied by us to a *thing*, but only to a *person*. This last seems conclusive. Dr. Stuart does not appear to know, or at least does not refer to the most common local appellation, the "Fharaichd." He is wrong in saying that "Doirich na farachd" are extinct in Glendochart; and Dr. M'Lauchlan is equally so in saying that St. Fillan's Mill does not work on St. Fillan's Day. Such was the case to the middle of this century, but not now.

◆

AN
GAIDHEAL.

> "*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein*
> *Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*"—Oisean.

VI. Leabh.] TREAS MIOS AN EARRAICH, 1877. [64 Air.

LITREACHAS NAN GAIDHEAL.

VII. NA MARBHRANNAN.

Ma sheallas sinn ar Bardachd na treas linne a dh' ainmich mi, chi sinn gu bheil na Cumhachan ro lionmhor. Tha Mac-Coinnich, ann an "Sar obair nam Bard Gaidhealach" a' cruinneachadh an roinn is luachmhoire, a reir a bharail-san, de shaothair dà-Bhard-dheug-thar-fhichead air a' bheil cunntas creideasach againn, a' toiseachadh le Mairi-nighean-Alastair-Ruaidh, agus a' criochnachadh le Bard Loch-fine, Eobhan Mac-Colla, a tha fathasd a lathair. Mar thuirt mi cheana, 's ann a' cumhadh no caoineadh ni-eigin a tha moran d'ar n-Orain Ghaidhealach cia air bith an steigh; ach tha roinn mhor dhiu is e Cumha no Marbhrann an steigh cho maith r'an cainnt. Gabh mar eisempleir saothair nam Bard is ainmeile mar a thagh Mac-Coinnich i. Tha naoi de Orain Mhairi-nighean-Alastair-Ruaidh 's an leabhar. Is Cumhachan ceathrar dhiu. Tha tri-orain-dheug le Iain Lom 's an leabhar; tha ceithir dhiu so na'n Cumhachan. Cha 'n 'eil ach aon Mharbhrann am measg tri-tharfhichead de orain Mhic-Mhaighstir-Alastair, agus is ann do pheata calamain a rinn am Bard an t-aon sin. Cha 'n 'eil Marbhrann idir aig Dughall Buchannan; ach tha ochd aig Rob Donn, cuig aig Donnachadh Bàn, agus ceithir aig Uilleam Ros. Agus am measg nam Bard is isle cliu, gheibh sinn Marbhrannan, ma dh'fhaodte, na's lionmhoire.

Cha 'n 'eil earrann d'ar Bardachd, saoilidh mi, is fearr a bheir seachad cunntas air faireachduinean agus air beachdan an t-Sluaigh na na Marbhrannan. Tha 'm Bard a' moladh a' ghaisgich nach maireann airson nam feartan is cliuitiche a tha air am meas 'n a latha fein. O shean gheibh sinn misneach, gaisge, firinn, caoimhneas, fialachd, dilseachd air an cur ás leth nan treun a tha airidh air cliù. Anns an linn mu dheireadh a dh'ainmich mi, gheibhear gu tric na h-uiread de fheartan agus nach 'eil mi cho earbsach gu bheil an fhirinn daonnan aig a' Bhard. Ach tha 'n comhnuidh deise, maise, gaisge, fialachd, déigh air ceol, air seilg, agus gu tric air deoch, air an ainmeachadh le h-urram. De na Baird Spioradail a sheinn Marbhrannan, tha an t-ollamh Domhnullach, Iain Moristan, agus Mac-Illeathain Ghlinn-Urchaidh, airidh air an ainmeachadh. Bhiodh a chuid so de Bhardachd nan daoine urramach sin na b'airidh air cliu na tha i, mur biodh an Dain cho fada, agus cho cosmhuil ri Searmoin. Feumar na gibhtean Bardail is airde fhaotainn mu'n toirear gu crich shoirbheachail tri no ceithir de cheudan rann mu chliù an neach is urramaiche no is naomha a sheas ann am broig. Anns a Mharbhrann ainmeil a sgriobh *Tennyson*, *In Memoriam*, cha 'n 'eil ach beagan iomradh air a' charaid; agus ged tha buaidhean a' Bhaird gu leir air an cur a mach a shoilleireachadh doimhneachd fhaireachduin agus neart a' bhroin, cha mhor a leughas an Dàn gun sgios.

Ann a bhi coimeas 'n am Marbhrannan Gaidhealach — sean 'us òg —ri cheile, is eigin aideachadh gur iad na seana Mharbhrannan gu mor is airde cliù. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh iomadh rann do'n mharbh agus do'n bheò, o shean, air bheag luach, oir "cha 'n fhaicear ach caol na bh'ann;" ach cha 'n 'eil aon idir a thig a nios ris an t-seana Chumha ri fhaotainn a nis. Tha dà ni gu sonruichte anns a' bheil na Seana Mharbhrannan, agus an t-seana Bhardachd thar cheann, dealaichte o na Marbhrannan a tha againn 's an linn mu dheireadh a dh'ainmich mi.

I. Theirinn gu bheil an t-seana Bhardachd thar cheann, na Marbhrannan 's gu leir, oirdhearc ann an smuain cho maith ri bhi maiseach ann an cainnt ;—gu bheil a' Bhardachd nomha mar is trice na's cumhachdaiche ann an cainnt na tha i ann an smuain. Tha inntinn mhor, fharsuing aig an t-seana Bhard ; tha a smuain reachdmhor ; agus tha chainnt fo smachd. Cha 'n urrainn mi bheag de'n Bhardachd ùir a' leughadh—is e sin a chuid is airde dh' i —gun a bhi fo ni-eigin de amhurus gu bheil am Bard car coma ciod a dh'eireas do'n smuain ma gheibh e focail shnasmhor a ni fuaim thaitneach. Gheibh thu 'n seana Bhard a' deanamh greim teann air na faireachduinean is bunaitaiche bhuineas duinn, agus tha fhiosrachadh farsuing a' dusgadh smuaintean ann an dlù dhaimh do na faireachduinean sin, agus tha cainnt fhreagarrach ag eirigh a chum na smuaintean sin a chur an ceill ; ach saoilidh mi gu tric gu bheil a chainnt a' riaghladh a' Bhaird ùir agus a' dusgadh na smuain ma 's e agus gun teid a dusgadh. 'S e is aobhar dha so ann an tomhas mor gu bheil aig an t-seana Bhard Duthaich 'us Sluagh fa chomhair a shùl ; agus nach 'eil aig a Bhard ùr ach Sgireachd 'us Fine. Tha morachd 'us greadhnachas 'us maise aig an t-seana Bhard ; ach ged tha maise gu tric aig a' Bhard nuadh, tha an comhnuidh criontachd 'us beagadas aige. Chithear an dealachadh so 'n ar Marbhrannan. Cha 'n abair neach nach 'eil bron an t-seana Bhaird cho goirt ; ach cha 'n ionann smuain a tha 'm bron a' togail dhasan agus do'n Bhard ùr. A chum an dealachadh so a shoillearachadh seall air "Tuireadh Armhoir" a thug mi seachad anns an aireimh mu dheireadh de'n *Ghaidheal;* agus leugh e taobh ri taobh ri aon de na Cumhachan is fearr a tha againn a sgriobhadh o chionn dà cheud bliadhna—'s e sin "Cumha Chailein Ghlinn-Iubhair," le Donnachadh Bàn Mac-an-t-saoir. Thuit Cailein Ghlinn-Iubhair le urchair thuairmeis o chul tuim ; agus chaoidh Donnachadh Bàn e ann an Marbhrann ochd-fichead sreath de fhad. So a cheud rann :

Smuaintean truagh a th'air m'aigne,
Dh'fhag orm smuairean 'us airsneul,
An àm gluasad a'm' leabaidh,
Cha chadal ach dùsg' ;
Tha mo ghruaidhean air seacadh,
Gun dion uair air mo rasgan,
Mu'n sgeul a chualas o'n Apuinn,
A ghluais a' chaismeachd ud dhuinn;
Fear Ghlinn-Iubhair a dhìth oirnn,
Le puthar luchd mi-ruin,
Mo sgeul dubhach ri innseadh,
Thu bhi d'shineadh 's an ùir ;
'S truagh gach duine do d'dhilsean,
O'n a chaidh do chorp priseil,
An ciste chumhainn, chaoil, dhionaich,
'S ann an lion-anart ùr.

A rìs, gabh "Caoidh Chrimine" a thug mi seachad mar eiseimpleir air an t-seana Chumha anns an aireimh mu dheireadh de'n *Ghaidheal;* agus ri thaobh leugh "Cumha do Uilleam Siseal, fear Inns'-nan-ceann an Strath-Ghlas, a thuit latha Chuilfhodair, le Mhnaoi fein," mar a gheibh thu e ann an "Sar-obair nam Bard Gaelach," taobh, 373. A reir a' chunntais a tha againn, cha robh Dearg no Dubh d'ar cinneadh a b' airidh air barrachd cliù na'n Sisealach airson gach feart a mheasadh Gaidheil toillteannach air urram—neart 'us gaisge 'us maise. Bha buaidh na Bardachd aig a mhnaoi; bha a cridhe briste, agus cha b'ioghnadh e. Thaom i mach a gearan ann an Cumha ochd'us-ceithir-fichead sreath de fhad. So a cheud dà rann:

Och! a Thearlaich Oig Stiubhart,
'S e do chuis rinn mo léireadh,
Thug thu bhuam gach ni bh'agam,
Ann an cogadh 'n a d'aobhar:
Cha chrodh 'us cha chaoraich,
Tha mi caoidh ach mo chéile,
Ged a dh'fhagte' mi m'aonar,
Gun ni 's an t-saoghal ach léine,
Mo rùn geal òg.

Co nis thogas an claidheamh,
No ni chaithir a lionadh?
'S gann gur h-e tha air m'aire,
O nach maireann mo cheud ghradh,
Ach cia mar gheibhinn a'm' nadur,
A bhi 'g aicheadh na's miann leam,
A's mo thogradh cho laidir
Thoirt gu 'aite mo righ maith?
Mo rùn geal òg.

Saoilidh mi gu'n aidichear cia b'e sgriobh "Tuireadh Armhoir" gu'n robh inntinn dhomhainn, gheur, fharsuing aige; agus gu'n robh comas aige air inntinnean dhaoine eile a lubadh le smuain 'us cainnt air nach do rainig Donnachadh Bàn. Agus saoilidh mi air a cheart doigh gu'm faighear ann an "Caoidh Chrimine" bron cho trom agus a gheibhear ann an Cumha na Ban-Sisealaich; ach ged "dh'imich 's an dàn a h-anam," tha suil 'us smuain Chrimine ag amharc na's airde na suil 'us smuain bantrach Inns'-nan-ceann.

II. 'S e 'n dara ni anns a' bheil na seana Mharbhrannan a' toirt barr air Marbhrannan ar latha-ne, an t-urram agus an t-soluimteachd anns a' bheil an seana Bhard an comhnuidh a' seinn mu'n Bhàs agus mu na Mairbh. Ann an coimeas ri rioghachdan agus ri Cinnich eile, tha Gaidheil na h-Alba comharraichte airson an urraim leis an labhair iad mu na Mairbh. Dearbhaidh ar doigh-chainnt so gu soilleir. Cha 'n abair sinn "dh'eug e" no "bhasaich e" ro-thric. 'S e "Fhuair e bàs" is trice their sinn—a' cur beul-boidheach air a' chuis. Cha 'n 'eil sinn ag amharc leis an doigh-chainnt so air a' bhàs mar namhaid an toir air an duine, ach air an duine mar gu'm b' ann a' dol an coinneamh a' bhàis, 'g a shireadh—"Fhuair e bàs" (*he found death*). Ach cha 'n e so a mhain. Anns na cearnan de'n Ghaidhealtachd anns an eolaiche mi, cha toirear ach ainmig guth air a' bhàs idir. 'S e "chaochail e" (*he changed*); "shiubhail e" (*he walked*); "dh' fhalbh e" (*he went*);—is trice a their sinn. A rìs "Am fear nach 'eil a lathair" (*the absent one*); "Am fear nach maireann" (*the non-enduring one*). Tha 'ghne chainnt so a' cur an ceill, tha mi saoilsinn, gu soilleir, gu'n robh an Gaidheal a creidsinn nach robh an ceangal eadar e fein agus am Marbh gu tur air a bhriseadh—nach d' rinn na cairdean a dh' fhalbh ach imeachd romhainn, agus

"An uair bhitheas an obair criochnaicht',
Gu'm bi sinne triall 'n an deigh."

Bha mar so ceangal dlù air a ghleidheadh eadar am Marbh agus am Beò; agus bha cuimhne nam Marbh air a gleidheadh ùr, le nieigin de uamhas ach le tlachd. Innsidh ar Sean-fhocail an sgeul cheudna; agus is gann a labhras neach an diugh air failinn ann an aon a chaochail gun a radh—"Cha 'n ann ri chur 'n a dheigh e." Is ann, da rireadh, le bhoneid 'n a dhorn agus le bhrogan bharr a chos a sheasas an Gaidheil aig bruaich na h-uaighe.

Ach ged tha so fior mu thimchioll ar Sluaigh ann an coimeas ri Cinnich eile, tha e fior ann an doigh ro shonruichte mu thimchioll nan Gaidheal o shean cho fad agus a tha iomradh orra. Bha agus tha iad 'n an daoine calma, treuna — air bheag eagail roimh chunnart; ach bha 'm Bàs na ni uamhasach dhoibh. Cha'n aithne dhomh earrann de'n t-seana Bhardachd anns a' bheil am Bàs no na Mairbh air an ainmeachadh ann an cainnt eutroim no shuaraich. Ach gheibhear eisempleir no dha 'n ar Bardachd nomha anns a' bheil am Marbhrann air uisneachadh airson cridhealais 'us spors. Cha bhi mi 'g ainmeachadh na h-Aoir sgreamhail, bhreun a rinn Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair fo ainm "Marbhrann na h-Aigeannaich"—Oran a bheireadh masladh air Sluagh gun teachd air Bard. Ach gheibh sinn Gilleaspuig na Ciotaig a' caoidh a charaid Iain Ruadh Piobaire ann an rann shunndaich, eutroim, a' dearbhadh nach robh cridhe a Bhaird ro ghoirt, agus cha robh aobhar air, oir thachair nach robh am Piobaire idir marbh. Tha 'n spliucan, an gloine, 's am pige cho maith ris a' bheag agus ris a' mhor a' caoidh a' Phiobaire, agus tha 'm Bard an sin a' cur an ceill a' chliu :—

Dh' fhalbh an deagh ghille cuideachd,
Nach robh sgrubail 's an òsd';
Dh' fhalbh fear traghadh nan searrag,
Chosgadh barrachd thar stòp.
Dh' fhalbh fear deanadh nan duanag
Leis an luaighte' gach clò,
Cha b'e ghnas a bhi gearan
Ge h-ioma' glain' thug dha pòg.

* * * *

Bha thu d' dhamhsair air ùrlar,
Bha thu siubhlach air snàmh ;
Bha thu d' chairiche lùghmhor,
Cha bhiodh tu d' luirich fo chàch.
Urram leum, agus ruithe,
Glac threun a ruitheadh an ràmh,
'S an am caitheadh na cloiche,
Bu leat an toiseach air càch.

Thoir mo shoraidh-sa thairis,
Dh' ionnsaidh 'n fhearainn ud thall;
O nach faod mi bhi mar ribh,
'S leibh mo bheannachd 's an àm.

Biodh an uaigh air a treachladh,
Ann am fasan nach gann ;
Buideal rùm aig a chasan,
'S rol tombac aig a cheann.

Mar dh' ainmich mi cheana 's ann do pheata calamain a tha Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair a' deanamh an aon Mharbhrann a thug Mac-Coinnich leis de shaothair a' Bhaird ainmeil so. An deigh a mhulaid ás deigh a' pheata chur an ceill, agus cliu nan calaman o shean a sheinn —cho feumail 's a bha an t-eun so do Noah seach Dughall (am fitheach)—an caithe-beatha 's an doigh leannanachd, tha 'm Bard a' criochnachadh :—

Cha do chuir thu dùil an airgiod no spréidh,
No féisd am biodh sùgh ;
Ach spioladh 'us criomadh an t-sil le d' bheul,
'S ag òl a' bhùirn ;
Aodach no anart, sioda no sròl,
Cha cheannaicheadh tu 'm bùth,
Bhiodh t-eideadh de mhin-iteacha gorm,
Air nach druigheadh an driùchd ;
Cha do ghabh thu riamh paidir no créud,
A ghuidh nan dùl ;
Gidheadh, cha 'n 'eil t-anam am péin,
O chaidh tu nùll,
Cha 'n e gun chiste no anart
Bhi comhdach do chré,
Fo lic anns au ùir,
Tha mise, ge cruaidh e, 'g acain gu léir,
Ach do thuiteam le cù.

Ma rinn Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair Marbhrann do chalaman b'eigin do Dhonnachadh Bàn Marbhrann a dheanamh "do Chù a chaidh a bhàthadh 's a' mhaigheach tarsainn 'na bheul" :—

Bha mhaigheach tarsainn 'na bheul,
Thuit iad le cheile ann an slochd ;
Bha iad bàite bonn ri bonn,
'S muladach sin leam an nochd.

Cha chuimhne leam an traths' ma tha Bard Gaidhealach againn a rinn Marbhrann dh'a fein ach Mac-an-t-Saoir 'n a aonar. Tha an t-Oran am measg nan Oran is fearr a rinn am Bard ; agus cha 'n ann idir ann am feal-a-dha a rinn e e. Tha am Marbhrann 'n a dhearbhadh maireannach an dà chuid air buaidhean Bardail agus air fein-speis Dhonnachaidh Bhain. Dh'uisnich Rob Donn am Marbhrann uair no dhà mar cheann teagaisg airson earail 'us achmhasan a thoirt seachad; ach toigheach air abhachdas agus mar bha e, cha do ghabh e Marbhrann airson culaidh-mhagaidh a dheanamh do ni no do neach.

Ma 's maith mo bheachd gheibhear Marbhrannan de'n t-seorsa so na's cumanta 'n ar latha-ne na gheibhteadh iad ceud bliadhna roimhe so. Cluinnear gu maith tric agus chithear air uairean 'n ar leabhraichean Oran o chionn ghoirid Marbhrann air a h-uisneachadh airson spors. 'Se tiomnadh tuirc no cullaich a bu steigh do'n aon oran a bu ghleusta a rinneadh anns an Sgireachd air an eolaiche mi o'n is cuimhne leam. Ghabh am Bard cothrom air a bharail mu choimhearsnaich innseadh leis na dleasdanais a bha aca ri choimhlionadh ri linn bàis an tuirc, agus leis an dileab a dh'fhag an torc aca. Their cuid, gun teagamh, gu bheil an rian so a' comharrachadh a mach ni-eigin de chul-shleamhnachadh 'n ar sluagh; bithidh cuid eile de atharrach barail. Cha'n fheuch mi 'n traths' ri freagairt a thoirt, taobh seach taobh, do'n cheist chiogailtaich so. Mar tha aig a mhor chuid de cheistean a theid a chur, saoilidh mi gu bheil tuillidh 'us aon fhreagairt aice.

De na Baird ainmeil Ghaidhealach a sgriobh Marbhrannan o'n linn Oiseinich, 'se Rob Donn, a reir mo bheachd, is airde cliù. Cha 'n ann airson na Marbhrannan a sgriobh e a tha 'n duine ainmeil so cho airidh air urram am measg nam Bard Gaidhealach; agus a chionn gur e so mo bharail gabhaidh mi air m' aghaidh an traths' gun moran iomradh air, ann an dùil ri cothrom is fearr. 'S e fior chliù Rob Dhuinn am measg nam Bard gu'm faod thu bhi cinnteach gu'm faigh thu 'n a rann a bheachd 's a bharail fein, gu saor, gun sgath, gun eagal. A rìs cha sgithich e thu, mar a ni a mhor chuid de na Baird eile, le fad a "Chumha." Bha Rob 'n a fhoirfeach anns an Eaglais; agus tha mi meas gur mor a' chliu dh'a fein agus d'a mhinisteir mar a sheinn e mu dheibhinn :—

Fhuair mi car ann ad rianaibh-s',
Le do ghibhtean bha fialaidh,
Nach do dhearc mi, ma's fior dhomh,
An aon neach riamh ach thu fein:
Càil gach cuideachd a lionadh,
Leis na theireadh tu diomhain,
'S crioch do sheanchais gun fhiaradh,
Tighinn gu diadhaidheachd threun.

Agus bliadhna an deigh bais "Mhr. Murchadh" cha deachaidh bron a' Bhaird an lughad :

'S caomh leam an teaghlach,
'S a' chlann sin a dh'fhàg thu,
'S caomh leam na fuinn,
Bhidhte' seinn ann ad fhàrdaich ;
'S caomh leam bhi 'g ùrachadh,
'Chliù nach tug bàs dhiot ;
'S caomh leam an ùir th'air do thaobh,
Dheth na Bhaghan.

Mu Uistein Mac-Aoidh, a chaochail 'n a òige, bu shnasmhor agus b'fhior a thuirt e :

Ma sgriobhar cliù do bheatha air d'uaigh,
Gur lionmhoir' buaidh na bliadhnachan.

B'e Iain Mac-Eachainn an caraid a bu dlùithe bha aige ré a bheatha; agus is urramach air gach cor an teisteanas a tha Rob a' toirt air a' charaid; ach is eigin gabhail seachad air "Marbhrann Iain Mhic-Eachainn," agus air Marbhrann eile air gach doigh is comasaiche—"Marbhrann Eoghainn"—an traths'.

Ged tha aon no dhà d'ar Marbhrannan Gaidhealach airidh air urram, cha 'n 'eil moran, a mach bho na Marbhrannan a gheibhear anns an t-seana Bhardachd. Agus ged bhiodh iad na b'fhearr na tha iad, tha iad, thar cheann, tuillidh 'us fada; agus, gu sonruichte, tha tuillidh 's a choir ann diu. Ma bhitheas tu a' cumha' gach ni a chailleas tu, agus a' deanamh Marbhrann do gach neach a gheibh bàs, fasaidh an "Cumha" agus am "Marbhrann" air bheag luach. Tha mi meas gur ann mar so a thachair anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Cha 'n 'eil bàta a theid air creig, no gamhainn a bhriseas a chas, nach faighear cuid-eigin a ni Oran cho tuirseach agus ged thigeadh sgrios air an duthaich. Cha 'n 'eil neach a gheibh bàs, ma chaidh e 'n urras ort ann am fiach crùin, no ma bha e cho caoimhneil agus nach b'urrainn e ainfhiach a phaigheadh, no cho fialaidh agus gu'n d'thug e 'theaghlach gu bochduinn, nach faighear Sgonn-bhard anns an Sgireachd a bheir éubh cho goirt agus ged rachadh Cuilfhodair a chur 's a chall ás ùr. An ni a tha aig gach neach cha mhor is fiach e. 'S e gainnead an òir ann an tomhas mor a dh'fhag cho luachmhor e. Agus bhiodh na Marbhrannan Gaidhealach na b'airidh air cliù na 'm biodh iad na b'annasaiche na tha iad. Theirear air uairean 'n ar measg: "Is fearr sgàineadh na biadh maith a leigeadh am mughadh;" ach saoilidh mi gur e is firinniche agus is freagarraiche a radh: "Is fearr sgur na sgàineadh."

Anns an linn Oiseinich bha am Marbhrann buadhmhor mar theagasg; agus, mar a chunnaic sinn, bha i cliuiteach 'na gnè. Ach eadhon anns an àm sin bha i aon-taobhach. Tha mi smuaineachadh gu'm faod àm a bhi ann an Eachdraidh Sluaigh anns an coir leigeadh leis na Mairbh cliù nam Marbh a sheinn, mar a tha fios againn, air ughdarras neo-mhearachdach, gu'm faod àm a bhi ann am beatha an duine an uair is e 'dhleasdanas "leigeadh leis na mairbh am mairbh fein adhlac." Cha 'n 'eil mi ro chinnteach nach d'thainig a leithid so de àm ann an Eachdraidh nan Gaidheal an Albainn. 'S e cron ar latha-ne, tha mi meas, gu bheil ar suil a mhain 'n ar deigh. Cha 'n 'eil sinn a' sealltainn mu'n cuairt duinn no idir air thoiseach oirnn cho tric agus a bu choir dhuinn. Cha bu mhaith leam iarraidh air neach na bu lugha de thlachd altrum mu'n àm a dh'fhalbh, no na bu lugha de urram a thoirt do na daoine treuna a dh'fhag an aimsir sin cho ionmholta agus cho iomraiteach. Is falluinn mhaiseach gradh do d'shinnsearan airson sgeudachadh do ghiulain; ach ma bheathaicheas tu an inntinn a mhain air cuimhne na chaidh seachad, gheibh thu mach, an uair a bhitheas e tuillidh agus anmoch, gu'n robh thu 'g a beathachadh air plaoisg. 'S e ar dleasdanas amharc 'n ar deigh le tlachd agus le h-urram; ach is e gu sonruichte ar dleasdanas amharc mu'n cuairt oirnn agus romhainn. Cuiridh sinn an t-urram is freagarraiche air an àm a dh'fhalbh, agus bheir sinn a' chliù is airde do na daoine o'n d'thainig sinn, le bhi coimhlionadh dleasdanais ar latha fein air a leithid de dhoigh agus gu'm bi ar giulan cothromach ann an sealladh an t-saoghail, agus gu sonruichte ann an sealladh ar coguis fein;—air a leithid de dhoigh agus an uair a thig an t-àm anns am bi sinne air ar n-aireamh am measg nam Marbh, gu'm bi ar cuimhne air a' gleidheadh urail aig na ginealaich a thig 'n ar deigh, co-dhiù bhitheas no nach bi i air a sgriobhadh ann an leabhar no air lic, air chor agus gu'm faodar a radh mur deibhinn le firinn: "Ghluais na daoine ud iad fein air dhoigh a bha airidh air an latha fein, air an duthaich iomraitich d' am buineadh iad, air na daoine treuna a bha air thoiseach orra, agus oirnne a thainig 'n an deigh."

D. M'K.

MARBHRANN DO THEARLACH STIUBHART CAMRAN.

Marbhrann a rinn mi do m' bhràthair Tèarlach Stiùbhart Camran, òganach air an robh fìor choltas rath, ach, mo chreach, bha giorra-shaoghail air. Chaochail e air 24 là de Dheireadh an earraich 1865.

Màiri Nic-Ealair.

'S beag ioghnadh ged dhòirteadh mo dheòir-sa gu dlùth,
'S mo bhràthair òg gràdhach ga 'chàradh 's an ùir,
Anns an fhuar leabaidh bhuain as nach gluais e 's nach dùisg,
Gu Là-Luain 'n uair a luaisgear an saoghal.
Gu Là-Luain, &c.

Leigheas air mo leòn cha dian eòlas an léigh,
'Fhir nam blàth-shùilean mòr bheireadh sòlas do m'chrìdh,
Cha dùisgear le ceòl thu 's do phòg cha 'n fhaigh mì,
'S trom do shuain stigh fo dhuathar nan craobha.
'S trom do, &c.

'S cha'n ioghnadh, a Thearlaich, do d' mhàthair 'bhi 'tùrs',
'S trom aobhar a cràidh 'us do thàmh-s' anns an ùir,
Far nach cluinn i guth mànrain bho d' bhlàth bhilean ciùin;
'S fliuch a gruaidh bho 'n Diluain 'rinn thu caochladh.
'S fliuch a gruaidh, &c.

Oig ùir bha thu fòghluimt thair mòran de chàch,
Air cruaidh cheistean domhain bha d' eòlas ro àrd,
Bho d' òig', ann an gliocas, 's an tuigs' thug thu bàrr;
'S gu'n robh suairceas 'us uaisle 'cur aoigh' ort.
'S gu'n robh, &c.

B' e do mhiann air gach am 'bhi ri rannsachadh géur
Air nàdur gach blàth bhios a' fàs anns an fhéur;
Air gach àile 's an iarmailt, 's gach miar de 'n rian-ghréin;
Och, bu luath ruith do chuairt anns an t-saoghal.
Och, bu luath, &c.

'S 'n uair a dhianainn-sa duan cha bu duais leam an t-òr,
Làimh ri thus' 'bhi ga 'séinn 's tu 'bhi éibhneach am cheòl;
Crocham clàrsach nan téud nis air géugan a' bhròin,
'S gun thu, 'luaidh, ann gu cluas 'thoirt do m' shaothair.
'S gun thu, 'luaidh, &c.

Shearg ùr-ròs ar gàraidh—laidh sgàil air ar grian,
Tobar-sòlais ar fàrdaich air tràghadh gun diar—
Tobar-gaoil a bha làn, 's b' e 'bhi pàirteach a mhiann,
'S e mo chruadal cho luath 's 'chaidh a thaomadh.
'S e mo chruadal, &c.

Nis ged bhrùchdas na flùrain romh ghrùnnd anns a' Mhàigh,
'Us na h-eòin a' séinn ciùil air gach dlùth mheangan àrd,
Ar sòlas cha dùisg iad—'s neo-shunndach ar càil,
'S tusa bhuainn an diugh, 'luaidh de na daoine.
'S tusa bhuainn, &c.

Ach ge mòr sinn ga d' chaoidh, och, cha'n fhaod sinn 'bhi 'n gruaim,
Bho'n 's i toil an Athar naoimh rinn, a ghaoil, do thoirt bhuainn,
'S sinn 'an dùil gu 'm beil thù 's an Ierùsalem nuadh,
Trid na buaidh' 'tha 'm fuil luachmhor 'n Fhir-shaoraidh.
        Trid na buaidh', &c.

Soiridh leat, ma tà, 's ged, a ghràidh nach tig thù,
Coinnichidh sinn gun dàil ann an àros na mùirn',
Far bheil craobh-na-beatha 'fàs 's nach tig bàs òirnne dlùth,
Soiridh bhuan gus an uair sin, a ghaoil, leat.
        Soiridh bhuan, &c.

——o——

SEANN LEABHRAICHEAN GÀIDHLIG.

Tha 'shannt orm bho àm gu h-àm sgeòd a thoirt á seann leabhraichean a's aithne dhomh, mar shamhuilt air a' Ghàidhlig *chlòbhuailte* bho shean ; agus facal no dhà a ràdh mu' n déighinn, mar a bheireas mo chothrom air. Gabhaidh mi iad mar a's sine 's mar a's sine—an Albainn agus cuideachd an Eirinn. Uime sin, gun tuilleadh comh-sheanchuis, thig orm tòiseachadh le

Leabhar a' Charsalaich.

Is ann le " Leabhar Liosmór " a b'annsa leam tòiseachadh ; ach bha e cho fada gun a chur 'an clò 's gu'm beil e car as mo ghabhail. Tha 'n ceum-toisich aig " Leabhar a' Charsalaich" air na leabhraichean Gàidhlig uile—an Albainn 's an Eirinn. Is e an ciad fhear Gàidhlig a chaidh riabh 'an clòth, agus sin 's a' bhliadhna 1567. Cha'n 'eil gin iomlan air sgial dhiubh ach aon fhear a th' aig MacCailein. A' bhliadhna roimhe, 1873, chuir an t-Olla MacLachainn a mach as ùr e, air chor's gu'm beil e pailt gu leòir a nise. An toiseach, facal no dhà mu'n Charsalach.

A réir an Olla MhicLachainn rugadh e ann an siorrachd Ionaraora, mu'n bhliadhna 1520, agus fhuair e 'ionnsachadh 'an Cill-Rìmhinn. 'S e an ciad ainmeachas a th' againn air gu 'n d' éirich e le " Lennox." An uair a chaill am moraire sin, dh' fhàg esan an rìgheachd. Fhuair e fàth air tilleadh agus rinn MacCailein ministeir-teaghlaich dha fhein d'e. Bha e na 'fhear de'n chóignear uachdran-eaglais a shònraicheadh 's a' bhliadhna 1560. Is coltach gu'n robh e car coimhdheis mu chreideamh, agus gu'n robh an stéidhealachd na dragh leis—ceithir bliadhna an deaghaidh sin b'e 'n Carsalach Tulchan nan Eilean. Their feadhainn gur h-e a chuir Leabhar-Cheist Chalvin an Gàidhlig ge nach do chuireadh 'an clò e lethchiad bliadhna an deaghaidh a bhàis.

Bha duine còir bho chionn fhada an Cnòideart, ris an abairteadh Iain an Torr-a-chruim. Bhìteadh ag cur air nach robh e ro lombais mu'n t-saoghal, agus nach robh e idir dluitheil mu chuid fearainn—

" Iain an Torr-a-chruim,
Fear nach robh cruinn mu'n bhuain:
An uair 'bhiodh adag aig càch,
Cha bhiodh aig Iain ach dà sguaib !"

Ach ma's fhìor innseadh-sgeòil cha b'e sin do dh-fhear 'ainme e, bha Iain Carsuel grunndail, gramail, sanntach. An uair a bhiodh e 'tomhas a thalmhann fhéin cha bhiodh na 'chéum ach trì traidhean ; ach an uair a bhiodh roinn eadar e fhein 's a choimhearsnaich, bhiodh cóig càirt ann—co dhiùbh is ann mar sin a dh' fhag am facal e :—

> “ An Carsalach mór 'tha 'n Càrn-Asairidh,
> Tha còig càirt na 'chasan ;
> Tha 'dhroll mar dhruinnein na corra,
> 'S a sgròban lom, gionach farsainn.”

Dh'éug an Carsalach 's a' bhliadhna 1572, agus a réir 'òrduigh, 's ann am Prìoraid Aird-Chatain a thìodhlaiceadh e, dà fhichead mìle dh' uidhe bho Charn-Asaraidh. Latha an tìodhlaicidh aige bha stoirm ann nach tig 's nach d'thàinig a leithid, ionann's gus an latha an diugh, an uair a bhios stoirm ghàbhaidh ann, gu'n abrar, “ Cha d' thàinig a leithid bho latha adhlaic a' Charsalaich.”

Ach ge b'e mar a bha a chaitheamh-beatha 's a bhàs, 's ann air a chàireadh tionndadh an leabhair so :—

“ FOIRM NA NVRNVIDHEADH agas freasdal na Sacramuinteadh, agas foirceadul an chreidimh christuidhe andso sios. Mar ghnathuighear an eagluisibh alban do ghradhuigh agus doghlac soisgel dileas dé tareis an fhuar chreidimh dochur ar gcul ar na dtarraing as laidin, & as gaillbherla in gaoidheilg le M. Seon Carsuel Ministir Eagluise Dé agcriochaibh earragaoidheal darab comhainm easbug inndseadh gall. . . . Dobuaileadh so agcló indún Edin darab comhainm dún monaidh an. 24. la don mhis Aipril. 1567, le Roibeard Lekprevik.”

Tha e cóig òirlich air fad agus ceithir air liad, agus tha 247 slios ann. Foghnaidh dhomh aon shamhuilt a thoirt seachad.

ADHMAD BEAG ANDso do rinde. M. Séon Carsuel.

DO CHUM AN LEABHAIR BHIG SE FÉIN.

GLVAIS romhad aleabhrain bhig,
  Go húa nduibhne rig ad réim.
Chomhluath is fhuicfeas tú an cló,
  Na áras dó soirbhidh sén.
Na dhiaidh sin siubhail gach tír
  Arfhud Alban go mín mall.
Acht ort onach bfuil abfeidhm,
  Na tabhair céim ingort gall.
Da éis sin taisdil gach tond,
  Go crich Eireand na bfondbfial.
Ge beag ar na bbraithribh thú,
  Gluais aramharc asúl siar.
Gach seancha gan seanchus saóbh,
  Gach fear dáno nar aomh brég.
Cumand eadrad agas iad,
  Aleabhrain bhig biadh go hég.
Gach neach do ghradhaigh an chóir,
  Do tsiol adhaimh roimh ni guais.
Aca sin dena do nid
  Romhad aleabhrain bhig gluais.

GLVAIS.

Bheir mi nise sgrib a dh-Eirinn. Tha sinn an eisiomail nan Eirionnach air dhòigh no dhà, gu h-àraid air son ar Gàidhlig-sgrìbhte, móran na's fhaide na's àill le cuid againn aideach.

'S e an dara leabhar Gàidhlig a chuireadh an clò, Leabhar-cheist : “ Alphabetum et ratio legendi Hibernicum, et catechismus in eadem linguam. John a Kearnagh, 1571.” 8vo. Bho'n nach 'eil agam air an leabhar so ach seanchus-beòil cha'n urrainn domh a bheag a ràdh mu dhéighinn. Cha'n 'eil ach aon fhear air bhuil deth, agus is ann an Leabharnaich Bhodley, an Oxford a tha e.

Is e an treas leabhar a chuireadh an clò “ Tiomna Nvadh ar Dtighearna agvs ar Slanaigheora Iosa Criosd, ar na tarruing go firinneach as Greigis gu Gaoidheilg, re Huilliam O Domhnuill. Tit. Cap. 2. Uers. 11. Do shoillsigh grás Dé gu deallruighteach, do bheir slánughadh ris do chum na nuile dháoineadh : Uers. 12. Agus do bheir teagusg dhúinne, fá neamh dhiághachd, agus fá ainmianuibh an tsaoghailse dho sheachna, agus fa ar mbeatha dho chaitheamh dhúinn gu measárrgha agus gu comhthrom, agus gu diagha, sa saoghalsa dho lathair. Ata so ar na chur a gclo a mbaile athá Cliath, a dtigh mhaighistir

Uilliam Uiséir Chois an Droichthid, ré Séon Ffrancke. 1602."

Is ann 's a' Chorra-litir a tha e. Tha 429 slios ann a thuilleadh air an roimhràdh, &c., 's am beil 10. Tha ochd òirlich air fad agus cóig air liad anns gach slios.

Cha do chuireadh ach 500 'an clò air chor's gu'm beil e 'n duigh gu math ainneamh. Chuireadh a mach e 's a' bhliadhna 1602, agus tha e fo thiarmunn Righ Seumas VI. ge nach d' thàinig e stigh air na Trì Righeachdan gus an ath bhliadhna rithist. Foghnaidh dhomh an Roimhràdh a thoirt seachad, agus 's e so e :—

DO CHUM AN LEUGHTHORA.

Ag sin agad a Léughthoir, tiomna nuádh ar dtighearna 's ar slánaighthéora Iosa Criosd, ar na tarruing gu diongmhálta [do réir mo bharamhla] a ngáoidheilg, as an dteanguidh fhoirfe Ghréigise inar sgríobhadh hí ar tús, tre thrćoir an spiorad náoimh. Obair agá raibhe súil na diaigh ag na sinnsearuibh cian ó shoin, 's nách tugadh do chum críche gus anois. Biódh gu bhfuáradar dáoine diágha, foirfe, foghlomtha lór sáothair dha taobh roimhe so : mar atá Séan O Cearnuidh, do bhi na threisenéir a dteampall Phádruic a mbaile atha Cliath, 's Nicolás Bhailis do bhi na Easbog ro oirrdheirc a Nosruidhe maille ré Fear ganainm ó Ndomhnalláin atá anois na Airdeasbog a Dtuaim, noch dho ghabh sáothar mór air féin maille ríomsa 's ré Maoilin og mhac Bhruáideadha, duine iùlmhar sa teanguidh ghaoidheilge, sa Gcoláisde nuadh láimh re Baile atha Cliath, ait nar chríochnuighemar maille re na chur a gcló ghaoidheilge (ar chosdus Chóigidh Chonnachd, ré linn Shior Risdeard Bingem do bheith na uachdarán innte), gus an seiseadh caibidil do thsoisgeul Lucais, 's an chuid eile dhon tsoisgéul sin, 's soisgeul Eóin, sgriobhtha ré laimh gan chur a gcló an tan sin, ná fós gu ceann cúig mbliádhan na dhiaigh, nó gu dtáinic tre thoil Dé, maille ré cungnamh Domhnuill óig Iuiginn (air ar chuir mé uálach na coda eile dho sgríobhadh do réir óghuim 's chirt na ghaoidheilge), crioch dho chur uirrthe, ar chosdus mhaighisdir Uilliam Uiséir, Cléireach na comhairle, do bhi ro fhonnmhor as gach cosdus do chaitheamh ría, do chum an tsáothairse dho theachd chum maitheasa dha thír, noch atá o ré na sean a ndorchadas agus agus a sgaile an bháis, tré bheith doibh a nainbhfios bhréithre na fírinne, eadhón thsoisgeil an tslánuighthe. Atámuid ag foráileamh an tsáothairse ortsa a Léughthoir, 's ar eagluis Dé, mar an seud ios uáisle 's ios onoruighe ios éidir dho neoch ar bioth dho thairgsin uádha. Uime sin iárrmuid dathchuinghe ort a nainm ar dtighearna Iósa, noch is úghdar ris an soisgéulsa, gan an táirgsin so dho ghabháil chugad gu diomháoin, achd amhuil thiodhlacadh tig o Dhia do chum a fphobail, do chum méuduighthe a ríoghachda, 's chomhfhurtachda a eagluise, gu madh hamhluidh sin ghéubhus tú chugad hé, maille ré na leughadh gu dúthrachdach, 's ré na stuidéur gu díthchiollach, 's ris an teagusg naomha atá ann do leanmhuin feadh do bheatha. Da bhfágha tú comhfhurtachd ar bioth do thaobh na hoibrese, beir a bhuidhe ré Dia. Agus da bhfagha tu lochd ar bioth innte foillsigh dhúinne hé, maille ré na cheartughadh gu compánta : oir ni héidir dhuit do ghradh dfoillsiughadh dhúinn ni sa dhúthrachduighe ina sin. Agus déagla a sháoilseana dhuit gu dtruáillfemís an texa re barruigheachd ar bioth dho chur leis uáinn féin, tabhair húidh, nior chuireamar éunfhocal ris, achd amhàin a gcás chéille iomláine na gaodheilge do chur sios, dob éigean dúinn a nionaduibh dhairigthe (fá mar is gnáth ion gach uile thranslasion), focail dáirighthe dho chur leis, maille ris an gcomharrghasa [ ]. Agus ní eile, ios deimhin linn féin, gu bhfuilid lochda sa bpríonndasa, ag arob neimchiontach sinn féin ríu. Iárrmáoid dathchuinghe ortsa na lochda sin do cheartughadh, agus ar leisgéul do ghabháil ionta. Grása maille rinn uile. Amén.

Do charuid ionmhuin a Gcríosd.
Uilliam O Domhnuill."

GUNURRAINN.

——o——

CRANN NAM BUADH.

A CHROIS nam buadh, a chraobh an àigh,
Coimeas dhutsa riabh cha d' fhàs
An coill no 'n doire;—'s tus' an crann
A 's bòidhche duilleach 's blàth a th' ann.
'S caomh na tàirnean 's caomh a' chraobh
A ghiùlain sac cho taitneach, naomh.

Tog do ghuth le caithrim bhinn,
Cliù Mhic Dhé le dùrachd seinn;
Mol an cath 's an d' fhuair e buaidh,
'N uair thog iad air a' chrann e suas.
Far 'n d' thilg e 'n deò, o, deò nan gràs,
Le 'bhàs 'toirt buaidh air guin a' bhàis.
'S caomh na tàirnean, &c.

Le diachainn chunnaic Dia bho thùs,
Gnìomh a làmh ri 'fhàint' 'cur cùil;
'N uair dh' ich iad leis a' ghòraich meas
Na craoibh' 'bha bacte dhaibh 's an Lios.
'N sin rùnaich Dia gu'n tugt' air falbh
Air craoibh, an t-olc 'chuir craobh na 'n lorg.
'S caomh na tàirnean, &c.

Mar so na 'ghliocas dh' òrdaich Dia,
Bho 'n pheacadh 'us bho 'n bhàs ar dìon.
Dh' fhàg eòlas Chrìost' maraon 's a ghaol,
Innleachdan an deomhain faoin.
Bho 'n bhall 's an d' rinn am mealltair leòn,
Shruth uisgeachan na beatha òirnn.
'S caomh na tàirnean, &c.

'N uair ruith an ùin' 'bha sgrìbhte shuas,
Gu 'ghaol a thaisbeineadh dh' a shluagh,
Bho 'chathair naoimh 's na flaithis àrd',
Chuir Rìgh na glòir' a Mhac a bhàn;
'S air talamh, lagan truagh nan deòir,
An com na h-Oighe, ghabh e feòil.
'S caomh na tàirnean, &c.

Féuch! Dia na 'dhuine—Naoidhein suairc
Na 'laidhe 'gal 's a' phrasaich fhuair;
Gun suaineadh tlàth mu 'choluinn naoimh,
Ach ciotagan le Moire chaoimh.
Tha lamhan 's casan Rìgh na glòir',
Paisgte suas gun uaisle sròil.
'S caomh na tàirnean, &c.

Deich bliadhna fichead 's còrr ri chùl,
Air fògradh cruaidh chaidh Rìgh nan dùl;
'N sin dheònaich e le neart a ghràidh,
'Fhuil fhéin 'bhi dòirt', 's ar féich 'bhi pàidht'.
'S air fiodh a' Chroinn-chéusaidh chruaidh,
Thairg e ìobairt-dhìolaidh suas.
'S caomh na tàirnean, &c.

B' i 'dheoch an domblas—reub iad fheòil
Le tàirnean garbha, 's drisean mòr.
Chaidh sleagh na 'chliathaich gus 'na ruith
An fhuil measg uisge mach na 'sruth.
O, sruth nam beannachd—fuil an Uain,
A ghlan an tìr, an speur, 's an cuan.
'S caomh na tàirnean, &c.

Do ghéugan, lùb, a chraobh an àigh,
Biodh d' fhiodh gu sùbailt', faoilidh, tlàth.
An raige 'chinn ad chuislean daor,
Nis taisicheadh mar fhiùran maoth,
Us glac ad asgail, mùirneach, sèamh,
Coluinn naomh ard-rìgh nan Nèamh.
'S caomh na tàirnean, &c.

Ortsa mhàin fhuair bàs, an t-Uan,
A thoill do 'n pheacach saorsainn bhuan.
'S 'n uair bhà air chuaintean gàbhaidh caillt',
Sliochd-Adhaimh truagh 's an saoghal bàit',
Gu cala ciùin thug thu, gun bheud,
Iad, coisrigte le fuil Mhic Dhé.
'S caomh na tàirnean, &c.

Glòir do 'n Trianaid Naoimh, aon Dia,
Glòir 'us aoradh dhà gu sìor,
Do 'n Athair, 'n Mhac, 's do 'n Spiorad Naomh,
Biodh taing, 'us moladh, 's cliù maraon.
Bho 'n domhan uile éireadh fuaim,
Do 'n Aon 's do'n Triar 'toirt glòir' bith-bhuan.
'S caomh na tàirnean, 's caomh a' chraobh,
A ghiùlain sac cho taitneach Naomh.

——o——

A' CHREITHLEAG.

THA oibre a' Chruitheir mìorbhuileach annta fein, araon thaobh nan nithe aig am bheil beatha, agus nan nithe aig nach 'eil. Cha'n 'eil a' ghrian, a' ghealach, agus na réultan a' foillseachadh cumhachd, maitheis, agus gliocais an Tighearna air mhodh na's soilleire, na tha na feartan sin air am foillseachadh ann an cleachdannaibh, nàdar, agus buaidhibh nan créutairean a's meanbha air am bheil sinn a' saltradh fo'r casaibh. Mar aon eiseimpleir air so, am measg mhìltean eile, gabhamaid beachd air a' chuileig bhig, nimhnich sin air am bheil eòlas againn uile, agus is i sin a' Chreithleag. Cò nach robh gu minic air a chlaoidh leis na lotaibh guineach aice air feasgar blàth samhraidh? Is iongantach da rìreadh an dòigh air am bheil an créutair beag so air a bhreith, agus a' fàs gu inbh. Tha na cruthatharraichean troimh am bheil an dealbhan-dè, agus iomadh creutair beag eile dhe'n ghne sin a' dol anabarrach neònach, ach a thaobh so bheir a' Chreithleag buaidh orra uile.

Cha mhòr de luchd-léughaidh a' "*Ghaidheil*," gu sònraichte dhiubhsan a ta chòmhnuidh air an dùthaich, nach minic a chunnaic an ionnsuidh chruaidh a bheireadh na Creithleagan air an each bhochd air là grianach samhraidh. Bhiodh iad 'nan sgaothaibh ag iadh mu'n cuairt da, a' dol an sàs 'na chliathaichean, agus 'na chosaibh, agus 'ga chlaoidh gu searbh. Tha e air fhaotuinn a mach gur i a mhàin a' chreithleag bhoirionn a lotas an t-each truagh air an doigh so, agus c'arson? Tha a' chuileag bhochd a' deanamh so gu'n fhios, gun aire dhi féin, chum a gnè fein a chumail suas. Tha i 'ga tilgeadh féin gu cruiadh am measg fionnaidh an eich, far am bheil i a' suidheachadh nan uibhean aice, agus air doibh a bhi air an còmhdachadh le studh de nàdar glaoidh, tha iad a' fantuinn gu teann an sàs ann an ròinne an eich. Ann sin, laidhidh iad beagan làithean, gus am fàs daolag bheag annta. Tha e 'na chleachd aig an each a bhi 'ga imleachadh fein gu tric, agus an uair a bhios e 'deanamh sin, tha e' briseadh nan uibhean meanbha sin, agus tha na daolagan a bha annta a' dol a'n sàs 'na theangaidh, agus air an giulan sios do bhroinn an eich maille ri a lòin. Tha iad a' dol gu teann an sàs ann an stamaic an ainmhidh bhochd, far am bheil iad 'gan ceangladh fein gu cruaidh le dà dhubhan a ta air gach taobh dhe 'm beul. Tha iad a' fantuinn gu stoldta 'san àite iongantach sin rè mhìosan a' gheamhraidh, far am bheil iad air am beathachadh gu seasgair le stuthannaibh àraidh a ta 'san stamaic. Aig deireadh an earraich, tha iad a' call an gréim fein dhe'n chraiceann, air an robh iad co fada an sàs, agus tha iad air an tilgeadh a mach ann an innear an eich a thug caidreamh co fada dhoibh. A cheann so, tha iad 'gan nochdadh fein ann an cruth eile mar chnuimheagan beaga, cruinn, agus tha iad a' gabhail fasgaidh, ann sin, 'san talamh. Mar so, tha iad na'n laidh gu'n charachadh gus an tig am blàthas. An sin, dùisgidh iad suas na'n làn neart agus bheothalais mar chuileagan a tha cuimear 'nan dealbhadh, a tha ro làidir a réir am mèud, agus ro neobhàigheil ri duine agus ainmhidh le'n gathannaibh géur.

Cha'n 'eil e comusach beachd-smuaineachadh air nàdar agus cleachdannaibh a' chréutair bhig so, gun ghloir a thoirt do'n Ti-Uile-bheannaichte a ta 'nochdadh a ghliocais neochriochnuich fein ann an uile-oibribh a làmh! Agus cha'n urrainn sinn gun a bhi 'smuaineachadh le h-ùmhlachd air farsuingeachd a làthaireachd dho-thuigsinn, agus air gliocas a riaghlaidh thairis air a' chruitheachd gu léir, an uair a tha e 'ga nochdadh fein co soilleir ann am beatha agus ann am buaidhibh créutair co beag agus co suarach ris a' chuileig air an tugadh an gearr-iomradh so. Is mìorbhuileach oibre an Ti a's Airde gu leir. Is e dleasnas luchd-léughaidh a' *Ghàidheil*, agus dleasnas nan uile, a ràdh, le tréibhdhireas cridhe, "Is tusa an Dia a tha 'deanamh nithe iongantach. Bha guth do thàirneanaich 'san spéur; shoillsich do dhealanaich an saoghal, ghluaiseadh agus chriothnaich an talamh. Sléuchdadh gach tir dhuit, agus seinneadh iad do d' ainm. Thigeadh iad, agus faiceadh iad oibre Dhé, oir tha e uamhasach 'na ghnìomharaibh gu leir."

Alasdair Ruadh.

SGIALACHD NA TRÒIDHE.

COMHRAG PHARIS 'US MHENELÀÜIS MU HELEN.

BHO'N GHREUGAIS.
LE EOBHAN MACLACHAINN.

'N uair thàirneadh iad air an raon,
Fo iùil 'nan laoch bu choltach dealbh,
Feachd na Tròidhe ghluais na 'n dàil,
Le comh-ghàir 's le gleadhraich arm.
Amhuil sgaoth siùbhlach nan còrr,
Ard 's na neòil a' bodhar-fhuaim,
Thair gailbhinn na fairg' a' triall
Romh spìonadh nan doinionn fuar,
Gu dùthaich nan eilein cian,
'Chogadh ris an iarmad mheanbh,
Mu 'm brùchd iad gu dlùth bho 'n spéur,
Còmhrag beumnach nan éug searbh.
Ghluais na Greugaich fo bhalbh-thosd,
An trom fheachd 'bu shocrach ceum ;
Gach anam air ghoil gu h-àr,
'S gu còmhnadh 'an spàirn nan créuchd.
Mar dhòirteas gaoth-deas bho sgéith
Falluinn néul mu chruach nan sliabh,
'S bochd le fear faire nan tréud,
'S annsa do 'n mhèirleach gu gnìomh.
No 'n dùbh-thrath dorcha gun réul ;
Luchd-astair fo bheud 's a' cheò ;
'S gann a chìtear tóm no glac,
Fhad 's a shiùbhladh clach á dòrn :
'S sin mar 'dh' 'eireadh cuairteag dhall,
Ga 'mosgladh le tatraich bhonn,
Fo thriall nan cuiridh gun mheang,
Thair còmhnard an raoin na 'n deann.
Air tigh 'n fagus uchd ri uchd,
Sheas air dha thaobh gach feachd :
'S chunn'cadar air tùs a shlòigh
Pàris òg bu rìoghail dreach.
Ri thaobh bha claidheamh nam buadh,
Fiùbhaidh 's balg air 'uallach siar,
Faobh math'ain mu 'ghuailnean àigh,
'S e 'gluasad romh 'n bhlàr mar dhia.
Fad shleagh ga 'crathadh 's gach làimh,
'S an dà bhàrr de 'n stàillinn chruaidh.
Gu còmhraig fhuileach nam béum,
Dhùlanaich e 'Ghréig 's a sluagh.
Menelàüs nan lann géur,
Ghabh beachd air an tréun 's an uair,
'Teachd le fad-chéumaibh romh 'n lòn,
Gu mòrach air tùs a shluaigh.
Mar mhion-acras leómhainn ghairg
'Thachras ri mòr-chairbh 's a' ghleann,
Utlaiche cabrach nan cròc,
No fiadh-ghobhar òg nam beann,
'Spòltaidh e 'n fhaodail le ghial,
'S sluigidh sìos na 'ceillcibh dlùth ;
'N òigridh 's à' chonchairt gun fheum,
Ga 'thathunn bho bhéul gu 'chùl ;
Sid mar chít' an Gréugach ùr
Air iomchrith gu diùghailt thruim
'S a' charbad, fo armaibh àigh
Ghrad-thòirleum gu làr an sonn.
Chunnaic Paris bu ghlan lìth,
Air tùs chàich an rìgh na 'chruaidh ;
Phlosg anam an grunnd a chléibh,
'S theich romh 'n éug air cùl a shluaigh.
Mar chì buachaille nan gleann,
'S e 'n doimhneachd coilltich nam beann,
Nathair bhreac shligneach an tuim,
A' saighdeadh air lom le deann ;
Breabaidh e seachad na léum,
Romh'n gharg-bhéist is mìllteach ruinn,
Fallas fuar air a ghruaidh bhàin,
Dlùth-chrith air gach cnàimh le oillt :
B' amhuil grad-theicheadh an òig
Romh 'n rìgh mhòr bu stàtail loinn,
Air cùl reang a dhìlsean gràidh,
'S gu 'n seachnadh e 'm bàs a thoill.
Fhuair Hector an t-uasal deas,
'G ialadh as bho ghreis nam béum,
Las corruich a chuim gu dian,
'S thaosg i mach am briathraibh géur :
“ Fhir bhòidhich bhuig nan diom-buaidh,
A dh' fhuadach bhan le saobh-ghlòir,
Righ ! nach d' éug thu mu 'm facas grian,
Ach gu h-àraid romh d' ghnìomh bròin.
'S mòr gu'm b' fhèarr na 'm bòsd gun fhéum,
'S teicheadh an déis fogairt' faoin ;
Thu 'nis ad ion-bhùirt aig càch,
'S ad bhall-tàmailt do d' luchd gaoil.
'N uair chunnacas Paris nan arm,
Chlisg a' Ghréig romh dhealbh an t-seòid,
Ach fhuair iad thu mach romh 'n àm,
Cridhe fann 'us cóm gun treòir.
B' amhuil bho làithibh cian,
'N uair dh' imich thu siar le d' shluagh
D' àrd-loingeas fo 'n còmhlan borb,
Thair gailbhinnean doirbh a' chuain.
(Bu shealladh-ioghnaidh do 'n Ghréig,
Na 'n sréud air an oitir dhuinn,
Faicinn fiùbhaidh nan seòl crom,
'S an tonn ag crònan mu 'druim.)
Am b' amhuil d' aigne gun chlìth
'Triall gu Sparta tir nan tréun,
'N uair mheall thu le d' bhrìodal cùil,
An òg-bhean a b' ùire gnè ?
Aighir 'us uaill sid do d' nàmh,
Dosgainn 'us gnìomh-nàr dhut fhéin ;
Cùis-chràdh-lot do d' athair bròin,
Sgrios 'us deòir do d' shlògh gu léir.
Dhiùlt thu còmhrag an fhir thréin,
Menelàüs nam béum-bàis.
Mur diùltadh, dh' aithn'gheadh do chóm,
Nach faoin ciad chómpach do mhnà.
Tairbhe cha dian d' òrchùl réidh,
Tobhartas Vénuis nan gaol,
Do chruit airgid do sgèimh grinn,
'N uair shìnear thu 'n sal an raoin.
'Anmain chrìn nan gnìomh neoghlic,
Mur biodh Tròidh gun sgrid, gun toirt,
'S cian bho 'n 'chaidh air muin do chuirp
Earradh chlach a dhìol do lochd.
Freagair Pàris a' chruth chaoin :
('S rughadh nàire sgaoil mu 'ghruaidh)
'S ceart, a bhràthair, ràdh do bheòil,

Thoill mi do dhiomb, 's còir a luadh ;
Tha cridhe 'd chòm-sa mar chruaidh,
Nach taisich romh fhuathas bhlàr ;
Ruinn-gheur gu beumannan goirt,
Nach sgìthich 'an trod a' chràidh.
Mar thuaigh 'an glaic saoir 's a' choill,
A' solar fiùbhaidh dh' a luing,
'Cur neart le strailleannan tróm,
'S e 'bruan-spealtadh craobha 'ghlinn
'S amhuil leam d' anam gun fhiamh,
'S aidichim gur fìor do ghlòir ;
Ach na meas, a laoich, mar thàir,
Tìodhlac Vénuis nan gràdh òir.
Cha chòir saltairt le diom-brìgh,
Air gibhtean prìseil nan dia ;
Bho 'n làimh thà an teachd a nuas,
'S beairteas iad nach cnuasaich miann.
'N âill leat mi chòmhrag gun dàil ?
Thoir caismeachd gu'n tàmh na slòigh ;
Mis' 'us Menelàüs tréun,
Cogaidh mu'n chaoin léig 's mu h-òr.
Bidh cath dian air an lom réidh ;
'S an laoch leis an éirich buaidh,
Helen 's a h-earras gu léir,
Théid dhachaigh leis fhéin mar dhuais.
Naisgeadh càch le càirdeas sìth,
Eugadh a chaoidh strìth 'us fearg ;
Còmhnaicheadh tuath Thròidh na 'n tìr,
Air sgàth fuinn nam mìle sealbh.
Gréugaich lìonmhor nan long luath,
Grad-aisigeadh bhuainn thair sàil,
Gu Argos, tuineadh nan tréun,
Fonn nan stéud 's nan rìbhinn àigh.
B' éibhinn le Hector a ghlòir ;
Chéum e gu mòrach romh 'n fhonn,
'S le 'fhad-shleagh tarsainn na 'ghlaic,
Ghrab e maomadh feachd nan sonn.
Shocraich iad uil' air an lòn,
Ag grad-thoirt do 'n òrdugh géill ;
Bheachdaich a' Ghréig am fear mòr,
'S bhrùchd na chòmdhail a dh-aon-bhéum,
Ag caitheamh mu chom an t-seòid,
Fras nan dòirneag 's nan calg géur,
Gus an d' éubh an ceannard àigh—
Agamemnon gràdh nan tréun :
Na tilgibh, 'fhearaibh nan conn,
Hector tha 'teachd òirnn le sgéul ;
Eisdear ciod is miann do 'n t-sonn.
An grad òrdugh ghabh am feachd,
'An urram do smachd an rìgh ;
Sheas iad gu léir na 'm balbh-thosd,
'S shìolaidh conbhadh lot gu sìth.
Thuirt Hector, eadar na slòigh :
Mean-éisdeadh rium Tròidh 's a' Ghréig ;
Labhram briathran Pharis òig,
Ceann-aobhair ar bròin gu léir.
Taisgear gach claidheamh na 'thruaill,
'S leagar gach arm cruaidh air làr ;
Menelàüs mar ris fhéin
Ni déuchainn air réidh a' bhlàir.
An làn-fhianais an dà shlòigh,
Imridh iad a' chòmhrag dhian,
Air sgàth Helen tùs ar cràidh,
Géug na mais' is àrbhuidh ciabh.
A' bhean 's a h-earras maraon,
Biodh do'n laoch a choisneas buaidh ;
Naisgeadh càch le càirdeas sìth,
'S éugadh a chaoidh strìth 'us fuath.
'N uair chuala na suinn an ràdh,
Fad a' bhlàir gach béul bha balbh ;
Dh' éubh fa dheòigh gu h-osgarr' ard,
Menelàüs làmh nan arm :
Eisdibh riùms' a fhuair an tàir,
Tagram-sa labhairt mar chòir ;
Ormsa dh' imreadh an gnìomh nàr,
A ghin béud nan cràdh 's nan gò.
'S dùil leam nach cian bhuainn an t-àm
'Thàirneas ar n-amhghar gu ceann ;
Ormsa ghnìomhaich Paris, béud ;
Leinne dearbhar stréup nan lann :
An neach sin do 'n dual am Bàs,
Tuiteadh marbh air tràigh fhuair :
Naisgeadh càch le càirdeas sìth,
'S eugadh a chaoidh strìth us fuath.
Faighear gu h-ìobairt trì uain,
Tairgear fear geal duts', a Ghrian ;
Uainein do 'n fhonn bhith-bhuan,
'S uan do Uachdaran nan dia.
Thigeadh Priam nan ciabh glas,
'S naisgeadh e ceangal nam mionn ;
Tha 'mhic foilleil, eangbhaidh, cas,
Falchaidh, connspeach, leat 'us leam.
Mar sin cha tig iad na 'r dàil,
Mu'n tàirear air mionn an dé.
'S iomluath 'n Oige, 's b' iomluath riabh,
Luasganach dìomhain gun chéill:
Tha 'n Aois faicleach, glic gu h-iùl,
Air gach taobh tha sùil-bheachd géur,
'S léir na dh' fhalbh 's na thig gu crìch,
'S freagradh i gach nì g' a réir.
Chual an slògh le sòlas crìdh' ;
Dhealraich dùil ri sìth 's gach com ;
Theann iad reang nan stéud air chùl,
'S thòir-leum fo 'n airm ùr air fonn.
Dh' fhuasgladar gach màilleach trom,
'Sgaoileadar air lóm na h-airm.
An dà fheachd bha 'n òrdugh blàir,
'S sleaghan sàithte 's a' chaol-leirg.
Chuir Hector dà mhaor gu luath,
Dh' fhaotainn uain as an stuaigh mhòir
'S a dh-iomchar fios do 'n t-seann rìgh,
Los gu'n naisgte' 'n t-sìth air dòigh
As gu àrd chabhlach nan long,
Talthybius bu mhòr suim,
Thoirt uain leis do Thriath nan spéur,
Nach meallar le bréig a chaoidh.
'N sin thùirling bho nèamh na 'stìll,
Gu Helen 'bu rìomhach ciabh,
A' bhann-dia 'ni 'm bogha-frois',
Air fillinnean glas nan nial.
Mar Laodice nan gaol,
Bha gluasad 's a h-aogasg mìn,
Oigni bu mheasaile loinn,
Gu 'm bi siol do chloinn an rìgh.

Fhuair e Léug na féile steach,
Aig a beairt an talla na mùirn,
Air uachdar an earraidh shròil,
A' fighe nan òr-dhealbh dlùth :
Mar-ri h-eachdraidh dhòinich fhéin,
Dheilbh i blàir na Gréig' air raon,
Na dh' fhuilig Tròidh air a sgàth,
'S uile bhuaidhean cràidh a gaoil.
Bann-dia luath nam bogha breac,
Ghairm air Helen nan rosg mall :
Thig-s', a Ghràidh 's gu'm faic do shùil,
Gach ioghnadh 's an fhaich ud thall.
Tròidhich mheanmnach nam bras stéud,
'Us Gréugaich nam màilleach trom.
Ge b' ainnteith gu earghlais àir,
Nis tha tàmh air feirg nan sonn.
Chaidh sìth-chlos air blàr nan déur,
Fiath air fad 's air leud an raoin ;
Ceann gach fir air èarr a sgéith,
'S àrd-shleagh sàitht' am féur ri thaobh.
Paris òg a's òrbhuidh dual,
'S Menelàüs nan cruaidh-lann,
Le 'm fad-ghaithean, calgach, géur,
Bheir garbh-dhéuchainn, éuchdach, theann:
Do 'n neach leis an éirich buaidh,
Ni do ghradh-sa 'n luach a dhìol.
Labhair bann-dia nan dealbh grinn,
'S dhùisg na 'h-inntinn mìle miann.
Rùn a muinntreach 's a céud-ghràidh,
'S na deithse 'dh' àraich i 'n tòs,
Las mar theine 'n grunnd a cléibh,
'S bhrùchd le 'meall-shùil déur a' bhròin.
'N uair thilg i mu 'gnùis gun mheang,
Brat-còmhdaich mar shneachd nan gleann,
Bu ghrad a h-imeachd air lom,
Bho 'n òr-bheairt, 's i osnach, fann.
Dh' fhalbh i gu dubhach na tosd,
Gu fosgladh dhorsan nan Sgiath,
Na 'cois bha dà og-mhnaoidh mhìn,
A fhreasdal 's gach nì d' a riar.
Shuidh aig árd-chòmhlaidh nan cliar,
Comunn liath nan seanfhear cruinn ;
B' iad sid luchd-comhairle 'n Rìgh,
A dh' fhuasgladh le brìgh gach snuim.
Icetaon 's Priam fhéin,
Ucalegon, 's Thymotes mòr,
Panthus, Lampus, Clytius géur,
'S deagh Anténor nan sgéum còrr :
Shuidh iad ri taice mu'n cuairt,
Aig balla nan stuadh 's a' ghréin,
Seann-laoich nach d' imich gu blàr
A mhosgladh nan àmhghar géur :
Ach bha 'n luaidh air gliocas cinn
Nan aimsir 's nan linn a thréig,
Mar thorman nam fionnan-feòir,
'S iad ri ceòl tràth-nòin air ghéig.
Chunnacas Helen nan òr-chleachd.
'Tigh'nn faisg dhaibh air balla 'n tùir,
Dh' aidich iad am briathraibh luath,
Feartan-buairidh na Léig' ùir'.
Naoidh bliadhna 'g iorghaill nan lann,
'S mairg a mheas mar ioghnadh dhuinn
Mu ghaol na finne gun mheang,
A b' fhèarr càil g' am facas leinn.
Liuthad buaidh na 'caoin-chruth sèamh !
Nach mòrach a mèinn 's a falbh !
Àgh nan annsachd thair gach té !
Mar bhann-dia bho 'n spéur a dealbh !
Ach ge h-àillidh Seirc nam Buadh,
Siùbhlaidh i thair chuan gun dàil,
Mu 'n dearbh i dhuinne 's d' ar sliochd,
Eiginn chruaidh, 'us sgrios, 'us cràdh.
Dh' éubh Priam i null ri 'thaobh :
Thig-s', a Réul nan ùr-bhean caoin !
Faic thall ud a measg nan slògh,
Càirdean d' òige 's do chéud-ghaoil.
'S dearbh nach tus ar n-aobhar bròin ;
'S ann a dhòirt oirnn corruich Dhé,
Toil nan Cumhachd buan air nèamh,
Stiùir gu'r dùthaich blàr nan déur,
Ach seall-sa, 's ainmich, Co e
Sid a' dèarrsadh thair an t-sluagh,
Am mòr-Ghréugach laochor, àrd,
'Imeachd stàtail, àillidh 'shnuagh.
Chì mi roinn g'an gairbhe com,
Air an fhonn a measg nan cliar,
Ach aon neach cha taobh ris fhéin,
'An urram, no 'n céum, no 'n sgiamh.
Colg an làn-ghaisgich na 'shùil,
Mòralachd na 'ghnùis gun spìd,
Cha 'n fhaca mi 'shamhladh riabh—
Ma sa fìor leam sid an Rìgh.
'Athair chaomh-chridhich mo ghaoil !
(Thuirt Helen nam maoth-rosg tlàth)
Romhad 's mòr m' eagal 'us m' fhiamh,
Teachd ad fhianuis 's leam gur nàr.
Och nan och ! gur truagh nach d' éug,
Seal mu 'n thréig mi 'm fear a b' fhiù !
Bràithrean, càirdean, dh' fhàg mi 'm dhéigh,
'S chaidh m' aon leanban fhéin fo'r cùl.
Lean mi le h-aigneadh neo-ghlic
Ceum do mhic-s' air an toisg chruaidh ;
Deòir 'us bròn na 'lorg ga m' chnàmh,
Gus an tàr dhomh bàs 'us uaigh !
Faic Mac Atreuis, Rìgh nan Rìgh,
Borb 's na strìthibh géur gu h-iùl ;
Romh làithean mishonais mo nàir'
B' e sid bràthair mo chéud Rùin !
Ghlac éibhneas an Seanfhear liath,
'S mhol e 'n triath 'am briathraibh binn :
'S son' thus', a Mhic Atreuis àigh,
Leat theid Buaidh 's gach àit am bì.
'S farsuinn do rìgheachd 's gur fial,
Slòigh 'tha cian gu'n éirich leat ;
Ge lìonmhor na dh' éug 's a' bhlàr,
Drèam gun àirimh 's beò fo d' reachd.
Ràineas 's an aimsir a thriall,
Phrygia, tìr nam fìonan trom,
Mìltean laoch air steudaibh seang,
Chìteadh na 'n làn-ghléus air fonn.
Otreus bu cheann-iùil nan tréun,
'S Migdon àigh nan éuchd mar dhia :
Ghluais mise na 'n taic le m' lòd,
Gu Sangar nam mòr-shruth dian.

Chog sinn ris a' Bhannal gharg,
'S bha 'n tonn airgid dearg le h-àr:
Ge b' ainmeil iad sid gu léir,
B' fhaoin iad seach na Gréugaich àigh.
An t-ath-shealladh thug e null;
Cò sid 's airm air làr an fhuinn?
'S leatha ghuailnean 's a chliabh cruinn,
Ge mò an Rìgh mar àird' a chinn;
Ri ceannsgal bho shlògh gu slògh,
Mar Reithe garbh-rùsgach, mòr,
'S stàtail sìos 'us suas a chéum,
A' dìdein nan tréud air lòn.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

———o———

DHEOGHAIL AN T-ÀL.

RAONALL GHEALAGHAIDH AGUSAN T-SÌTHICHE.

Tha "Dheoghail an t-àl," no mar a their feadhainn eile ris, "Dheoghail na laoigh," na 'cheòl ro bhriagha air a' phìob an uair a thuigear 's a chluithear gu pongail e. Uime sin, cha 'n 'eil fhios am misde le'r luchd-léughaidh a chluinntinn mar a fhuair e an t-ainm.

Is ann am Bràighe-Bhàideineach a tha Gealaghaidh, ach 's ann de Thigh na Ceapaich a bha Raonall so. Bha Gealaghaidh fada aige fhein 's aig a sheòrsa ach chaill iad i air dhòigh air choiriginn nach ruigear a leas innseadh an dràsda. Coma, bha Raonall latha 's a' bheinn-sheilg 's thigear an oidhche air. Bha spréidh 'us buachaillean aige 's a' mhonadh, ach bha e car sgìth, agus ged a bha 'n t-ainm gu'm bitheadh na sìthchean na 'uaireannan a' tachairt air feadhainn 's a' ghleann sin, b' fhada leis dol do thigh an àirich. Ghabh e mu thàmh ann am bothan fàs air an d' thàinig e, agus dh' fhadaidh e teine. Bhà, mar a tha 'fhios gu math, na seann daoine bho shean an dùil gu'n robh buaidh-choisrigidh air ceòl na truimpe a theasraigeadh bho na daoine-sìth iad. Is ann air sin a tha am facall so a' tighinn:—

Is math an ceòl an tromp,
Murbhith am pong 'tha na 'déigh.

Cha'n fhaicear tromp an diugh air son annais; ach, o, theagamh nach ionntraichear cho mòr iad bho 'n a chaidh na daoine-sìth fo thuinn. Bha paidhir thromp aig Raonall air a shiubhal a rinn gobha-mór Ionarlòchaidh dhà a dh-aona ghnothach, agus an uair a ghabh an teine, chaidh e air a dhruim-a-dìreach an leaba-chùl-beinge bha 's a' bhothan, 's thòisich e air cluith orra—bha e na 'thrompair ainmeil. Cha do chluith e ach port no dhà tra a chuala e an t-sìthiche taobh thall an uisge, ach cha d' thug e feairt oirre. Coma, cha deachaidh sin air mhìopadh air an t-sìthche; bhuail i stigh 's luinneag aice air, "Dheoghail an t-àl," 'an dùil gu'n tàlaidheadh i a mach e. Cha d' thug sid snaoidheadh air Raonall, 's tra a chunnaic ise sin dh' atharraich i pong, agus thuirt i:

"À, horó, 's mithich bhi falbh, . . .
Hù horó gu Ceann Loch-Tréig."

Ach innsidh am port fhein mar a bh' eatarra na 's fhèarr na 's aithne dhòmhsa. GLEANN.

DHEOGHAIL AN T-ÀL.

AN T-SÌTHCHE.

À, HORÓ, a Raonaill ud thall,
Hù, horó, a Raonaill ud thall,
À, horó, a Raonaill ud thall,
Hù, horó, nach imich thu nall.

À, horó, dheoghail an t-àl,
Hù, horó, dheoghail an t-àl,
À, horó, dheoghail an t-àl,
R. Hù, horó, ma dheoghail leig dhaibh.

RAONULL.

À, horó, cò bha riu sin?
Hù, horó, cò bha riu sin?
À, horó, cò bha riu sin?
S. Hù, horó, bean an tigh'-bhàin.

AN T-SÌTHCHE.

À, horó, bean an tigh'-mhóir,
Hù, horó, bean an tigh'-mhóir,
À, horó, bean an tigh'-mhóir,
Hù, horó, bean an tigh'-bhàin.

RAONULL.

À, horó, cò chaidh a 'n ghleann?
Hù, horó, cò chaidh a 'n ghleann?
À, horó, cò chaidh a 'n ghleann?
S. Hù horó, bean an tigh-bhàin.

AN T-SÌTHCHE.

A, horó, banarach ann,
Hù, horó, banarach ann,
À, horó, banarach ann,
Hù horó, bha mise na 'teann.

À, horó, a Raonaill ud thall,
Hù, horó, a Raonaill ud thall,
À, horó, a Raonaill ud thall,
Hù, horó, tha mise gu d' chall.

RAONALL.

À, horó, cha'n 'eil mi ad thaing,
Hù, horó, cha'n 'eil mi ad thaing,
À, horó, cha'n eil mi ad thaing ;
Hù, horó, dà theangaidh na m' cheann.

AN T-SÌTHCHE.

À, horó, 's mithich dhomh falbh,
Hù, horó, 's mithich dhomh falbh,
À, horó, 's mithich dhomh falbh,
Hù, horó, mach an t-Sròn-gharbh.

RAONALL.

À, horó, ceana a théid,
Hù, horó, ceana a théid,
À, horó, ceana a théid,
Hù, horó, mach an t-Sròn-gharbh ?

AN T-SÌTHCHE.

À, horó, stigh an t-Sròn-liath,
Hù, horó, stigh an t-Sròn-liath,
À, horó, stigh an t-Sròn-liath,
Hù horó, 'g iomain na spréidh.

À, horó, mach an Carn-dearg,
Hù, horó, mach an Càrn-dearg,
À, horó, mach an Càrn-dearg,
Hù, horó, gu Ceann Loch-Tréig.

———o———

RIDIRE NA SGIATHA DEIRGE.

(*Bho Sgeulachdan Gàidhealach Le* I. F. CAIMBEUL.)

BHA ann roimhe seo Righ Eireann 's dh' fholbh e fhéin, 'sa shluagh agus a laochraidh, 's a mhaithean, 's a mhòruaislean do 'n bheinn shithinn agus sheilg. Shuidh ad air cnocan dath-uaine daite, far an éireadh grian gu moch agus an laidheadh i gu h-anmoch. Thuirt am fear a bu luaithe beul na 'chéile.

" Co 'neis, ann an ceithir ranna ruath an domhain, aig am biodh a chridhe tàr agus tailceas a dhèanadh air Righ Eireann, 's e am meadhon slòigh agus laochraidh, mòruaislean a's maithean a rioghachd fhéin."

" Nach amaideach sibh," ars' an righ, " dh' fhaodadh e tighinn fear a dheanadh tàr agus tailceas armsa, 's nach b' urrainn sibh an rioba 'bu mheasa 'na fheusaig a thoirt aisde."

'S ann mar seo a bha. Chunnaic ad dubhradh frois' a' tighinn bho 'n aird an iar, 's a' triall do 'n aird an ear,—'S marcaiche fàlaire duighe 'tighinn gu sunndach 'na déigh.

Mar a bu churaidh air tir na sléibhte,
Mar reul air na rionnagan,
Mar mhuir mòr air lodannan,
Mar ghual guibhne gobha
'Ga bhàthadh aig taobh na h-abhann ;
'S ann mar sean a dh' amhairceadh fir agus
mnathan an domhain làmh ris,
An dealbh, 's an dreach, san crath, agus an
aogas.

Labhair e dhaibh, an sean, ann am briathra fiosneacha, foisneacha, fìor-ghlic, fior-eòlais; 's ma 'n robh tuillidh seanachais eatorra chuir e thairis an dorn, 's bhuail e 'n righ eadar am beul 's an t-sròn 's chuir e tri fiaclan as, 's cheap e 'na dhorn ad, 's chuir e 'na phòc ad, 's dh' fhalbh e.

" Nach d' thubhairt mi, ruibh," urs' an righ, " gum faodadh e tighinn fear a dheanadh tàir agus tailceas ormsa, 's nach b' urrainn sibh an rioba 'bu mheasa 'na fheusaig a thoirt aisde." Bhòidich an seo a mhac mòr, ridir' a' chùirn, nach itheadh e biadh, a's nach òladh e deoch, a's nach éisdeadh e ceòl, gus an d' thugadh e, bhàr a' ghaisgich a bhuail an dorn air an righ, an ceann a dhealbh a dhèanadh.

" Mata," orsa ridir' a' chlaidhimh, " an t-aon ciadhna dhomhsa, gus an d' thoir mi 'n làmh, a bhuail an dorn air an righ, o'n ghualainn deth."

Bha aon fhear leo, an sean, 's a' chuideachd d' am b' ainm Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge, " An t-aon ciadhna domhsa," ars' esan, " gus an d' thoir mi, as a' ghaisgeach a bhuail an dorn air an righ, an cridhe 'smaointich air a dhèanadh."

"Thus' a bheathaich mhosaich," orsa Ridire Chùirn, dé 'bheir thusa leinn? Nur a rachamaidne air thapadh, rachadh tus' air mhithapadh. Geobhadh tu bàs am mòintich bhuig, na 'n sgeilpe chreag, na 'n talamh toll, na 'n sgàth gàrraidh, na 'n àiteigin."

"Biodh sin 's a roghainn da ach falbhaidh mi," orsa Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge.

Dh' fhalbh da mhac an rìgh. Sùil gu 'n dug Ridire a Chùirn as a dhéigh as faicear Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge 'gan leantuinn.

"Gu-dé," orsa Ridire 'Chuirn ri Ridire 'Chlaidhimh, "a ni sinn ris."

"Ni," orsa Ridire 'Chlaidhimh, "an ceann a sgathadh dheth." "Mata," orsa Ridire 'Chùirn, "cha dèan sinn sean; ach tha carragh mòr cloiche shuas an seo agus ceanghlaidh sinn ris e."

"Tha mi toileach sean fhéin a dheanadh," ors' am fear eile.

Cheanghail ad ris a' charragh chloich' e, an los fhàgail gus am bàsaicheadh e, 's ghabh ad air falbh. Sùil gun d' thug Ridire 'Chùirn a rithisd as a dhéigh, 's faicear a' tighinn e, 's an carragh air a mhuin.

"Nach fhaic thu, neis, am fear sean a' tighinn a rithisd, 's an carragh air a mhuin," orsa Ridire 'Chùirn ri Ridire Chlaidhimh. "Dé 'ni sin ris?"

"Tha 'n ceann a sgathadh dheth 's gun a leigeil na 's fhaide," orsa Ridire 'Chlaidhimh.

"Cha dean sinn sean," orsa Ridire 'Chùirn, "ach tillidh sinn agus fuasglaidh sinn an carragh dheth. Is suarrach d' ar leithidne do dha làn-ghaisgeach gad a bhiodh e leinn; ni e fear ghlanadh sgiath, na sheideach thùrlach, na rud-eigin."

Dh' fhuasgail ad e agus leig ad leo e. Ghabh ad a sìos an seo thun a' chladaich. Fhuair ad an sean an long ris an abradh ad, an Iubhrach bhallach.

Chuir ad a mach i, 's thug ad a toiseach do mhuir, 's a deireadh do thìr.
Thog ad na siuil bhreaca, bhaidealacha, bhàrr-rùisgte,
An aodann nan crann fada, fulannach, fiùghaidh.
Bha soirbheas beag, laghach aca mar a thaghadh ad fhé'
'Bheireadh fraghach[*] a beinn, duilleach a coill, seileach as a fhreumhaichean.
'Chuireadh tutha nan taighean ann an claisean nan iomairean,
An latha nach deanadh am mac na 'n t-athair e.
Cha bu bheag 's cha bu mhor leòsan sean fhé'
Ach 'ga caitheadh, 's 'ga ghabhail mar a thigeadh e.
An fhairge 'fulpanaich 's a' falpanaich ;—
An lear dearg 's an lear uaine 'lachannaich,
'S a' bualadh thall 's a bhos ma bòrdaibh.
An fhaochag chrom chiar a bha shìos an grunnd an aigein,
Bheireadh i snag air a beul-mòr agus cnag air a h-urlar.
Ghearradh i cuinnlein caol coirce le fheobhas 's a dh' fhalbhadh i.

Thug ad tri lathan 'ga caitheadh mar sean.

"Tha mi fhéin a' fàs sgìth dheth seo," orsa Ridire Chùirn ri Ridire Chlaidhimh; "bu mhithidh leam sgeul fhaotainn as a' chrann."

"'S tu fhéin a 's mòr-ionmhmuneach ann a Ridire Chùirn, agus leig fhaicinn gu 'm bi spéis agad a dhol suas; agus mar an d' théid thu suas bidh am barrachd spòrs againn ort," orsa Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge. Suas a ghabh Ridire Chùirn le roid, 's thuit e nuas 'na ghlag paiseanaidh air clàr-uachrach na luinge.

"'S dona 'fhuaras tu," orsa Ridire Chlaidhimh.

"Faiceam an tu fhéin 'is fèarr; 's ma 's tu 's feàrr leigear fhaicinn gum bi barrachd toil agad dol air t' aghaidh, air-neo bidh am barrachd spòrs againn ort," orsa Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge.

Suas a ghabh Ridire 'Chlaidhimh, 's ma 'n d' ràinig e ach leith a' chroinn thòisich e air sgiamhail 's air sgreadail, 's cha b' urrainn e dol a suas na tighinn a nuas.

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[*] Fraghach, same as fraoch, heather.

“Rinn thu mar a dh’ iarradh ort, ’s leig thu fhaicinn gun robh am barrachd speis agad a dhol suas; ’s a neis cha d’ theid thusa suas, ’s cha mhotha ’thig thu nuas! Cha ghaisgeach mise, ’s cha leith ghaisgeach mi, ’s cha robh meas gaisgich orm an am fagail.” Gheobhainn bàs am mòintich bhoig na ’n sgeilpe chreag, na ’n sgàth gàrraidh, na ’n àit-eigin, “agus cha bu spàirn orm sgeul a thoirt as a’ chrann,” orsa Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge.

“A shaoidh mhòir,” orsa Ridire ’Chùirn, “feuch ris.”

“Is saoidh mòr mi ’n diugh; ach cha b’ eadh a’ fàgail a’ bhaile,” orsa Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge.

Thomhais e leum bho cheannaibh a shleagh gu barraibh ordag, ’s bha e shuas a chlisgeadh anns a’ chrannaig.

“Gu-dé ’tha thu ’faicinn?” orsa Ridire ’Chuirn.

“Tha e ro mhòr do dh’ fheannaig ’s tha e ro bheag do dh’ fhearann,” ors’ esan.

“Fan mar a th’ agad feuch an aithnich thu dé ’th’ ann,” ors’ ad ris, ’s dh’ fhan e mar seo treis.

“Dé tha thu ’faicinn a neis?” ors’ ad ris.

“Tha eilean agus cearcall teine ma ’n cuairt air, a’ lasadh an ceann a chéile; ’s tha mi ’smaointeachadh nach ’eil aon ghaisgeach anns an domhan mhòr a theid thairis air an teine,” ars’ esan.

“Mar an d’ théid ar leithidne de dha ghaisgeach thairis air,” ors àdsan.

“Tha dùil’ am gum b’ fhasa dhuibh sgeul a thoirt as a’ chrann na dol a staigh an siod,” ars’ eisean.

“Cha’n athais e?” orsa Ridire Chùirn.

“Cha’n eadh, ’s fìrinn e!” orsa Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge. Ràinig ad an taobh muin de ’n teine, ’s chaidh ad air tìr, ’s tharruinn ad an Iubhrach bhallach suas a seachd fad fhéin air feur glas, ’s a beul fòiche, far nach deanadh sgoilearan bailemhòir bùirt, na fochaid, na magadh urra. Shéid ad tùrlach, ’s thug ad tri oidhchean a’s tri lathan a’ leigeil an sgìos.

An ceann nan tri lathan thòisich ad air lìobhadh nan arm.

“Tha mi,” orsa Ridire Chùirn, “a’ fàs sgìth dheth seo, bu mhithich leam sgeul fhaotainn as an eilean.”

“’S tu fhéin,” orsa Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge, is mòrionmhuinneach ann, agus folbh an toiseach feuch dé ’n sgeul a’s fhèarr a bheir thu a’r ionnsuidh.”

Dh’ fhalbh Ridire Chùirn, ’s ràinig e ’n teine, ’s thug e làmh air leum thairte, ’s a sìos a ghabh e innte g’a ghlùinean; ’s thill e air ais, ’s cha robh rioba caoille na craicinn eadar a ghlùinean ’s a mhuthairnean nach robh ’na chuaran ma bheul nam bròg.

“’S don’ e, ’s don’ e,” orsa Ridire ’Chlaidhimh.

“Feiceam an tu fhéin a ’s fhèarr,” orsa Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge. “Leig fhaicinn gum bi barrachd spéis agad a’ dhol air t’ aghaidh, air neo bidh am barrachd spòrs againn ort.”

Dh’ fhalbh Ridire ’Chlaidhimh, ’s ràinig e ’n teine, ’s thug e làmh air leum thairte, ’s chaidh e sìos innte gu ceann ramhar na sléisde, ’s thill e air ais, ’s cha robh rioba caoille na craicinn eadar ceann ramhar na sléisde ’s am muthairn nach robh ’na chuaran ma bheul nam bròg.

“Mata,” orsa Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge, “cha bu ghaisgeach mise an am fàgail a’ bhaile ’nur beachd-sa; ’s na ’m biodh mo rogha arm a’s éididh agam de na ’bheil anns an domhan mhòr, cha bu spàirn orm sgeul a thoirt as an eilean.”

“Na’m biodh sean againn gheobhadh tus’ e,” orsa Ridire ’Chùirn.

“A Ridire ’Chùirn, b’ e t’ airm agus t’ éideadh fhéin darna airm agus éideadh a b’ fhèarr leam agam anns an domhan mhor; gad nach tu fhéin darna gaisgeach a ’s fhèarr a th’ ann,” arsa Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge.

“ ’Se m’ airm agus m’ éideadh fhéin a ’s fhasa fhaotainn,” orsa Ridire ’Chùirn, “agus gheobh thus’ ad; ach b’ fhèarr leum gum biodh tu cho math ’s gun innseadh tu dhomh co na h-airm agus an t-éideadh eile ’s fhèarr na m’ fheadhainn-sa.”

Tha airm agus éideadh Mhacaibh mhoir Mhacaibh an Domhain a bhuail an dorn air t’ athair,” orsa Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge.

Chuir Ridire Chùirn dheth airm agus éididh, ’s ghabh Mac an Earraich ri Gaisge na h-airm agus na h-éididh.

Ghabh e ’na threall-aichean cath agus cruaidh-chòmhraig.

Mar a bha ’leine ’n t-sròl ’s a’n t-sìoda shleamhuinn bhuidhe sìnte r’a chneas,

A’ chòtainn caomh cotain air uachdar na caomh chotaige,
A sgiath bhucaideach, bhacaideach, bharra-chaol air a làimh chlè,
A cheanna-bheart, clogada cruaidh-chòmhraig.
A’ coimhead a chinn, ’s a cheanna-mhullaich,
An toiseach na h-iorguill,—’san iorguill an-diomain,
A shlacanta cruaidh curaidh ’na làimh dheis,
Urra-sgithinn gheur an taice r’a chneas.

Thog e suas bràigh a’ chladaich, ’s cha robh fòid a thilgeadh e’n déigh a shàlach nach robh cho domhainn ri fòid a thilgeadh dallachrann arain nur a bu doimhne ’bhiodh e ’treobhadh. Ràinig e’n cearcall teine. Leum e o bharraibh a shleagh gu barraibh òrdag thar na teine. Bha ’n sean an aon eilean a bu bhòidhche ’chunncas o thus an domhain gu deireadh na dìlinn. Ghabh e suas feadh an eilean ’s chunnaic e cnoc maol buidhe ’na mheadhon. Thog e ris a’ chnoc. Bha Ionmhuinn mhnatha ’na suidhe air a’ chnoc, ’s òglach mòr ’s a cheann air a glùn, ’s e ’na chadal. Labhair e rithe ann am briathra fisneacha, foisneacha, fìor-ghlic, mìne, maighdeana, fìor-eolais. Fhreagair ise anns na briathra ciadhna; ’s mar am b’ àd a b’ fhèarr, cha b’ àd dad a bu mheasa ’s an am.

“ ’S ionmhuinn leam fhéin fear do choltais, ’s na’m biodh còir agam ort dh’ fhàgadh tu’n t-eilean,” ors’ an Ionmhuinn.

“ Nam b’ ionmhuinn leat fear mo choslais dh’ innseadh tu domh dé ’bu dùsgadh do ’n òlach seo,” orsa Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge.

“ Tha bàrr na laodaig a thoirt deth,” ors’ ise.

Thug e làmh air an urra-sgithinn ghéir a bha ’n taice r’a chneas, ’s thug e’n laodag deth o’n bhun. Cha d’ thug siod smoisleachadh na gluasad air an òglach.

Innis domh dé ’s dùsgadh do’n òglach;—air neo ’s dithisd deth an d’ thoir mi na cinn thu fhéin ’s an t-òglach! orsa Mac an Earraich uaine ri Gaisge.

“ ’S dùsgadh dha,” ors’ ise, “ rud nach dèan thusa, na aon ghaisgeach anns an domhan mhòr, ach gaisgeach na sgiatha deirge, do’n robh e ’s an tairgneachd tighinn do’n eilean seo, agus an carragh cloich’ ud thall a bhualadh air an duine seo ann an carraig an uchd; ’s tha e gun bhaisteadh gus an dèan e sean.”

Chual eisean seo, gu’ robh ’leithid anns an tairgneachd dha, ’s e gun bhaisteadh. Chaidh dorn air thapadh, ’s dòrn air ghleusadh, ’s dorn air spionnadh ann. Thog e ’na dha làimh an carragh ’s bhuail e air an òlach mhòr an carraig an uchd e. Thug am fear a bha ’na chadal blaomadh air a dha shuil ’s dh’ amharc e air. “ Aha,” ors’ am fear a bha ’na chadal, “ an d’ thainig thu ’ghaisgich na Sgiatha deirge? ’s ann an diugh a tha ’n t-ainm ort. Cha’n fhada ’sheasas thu dhomhsa.”

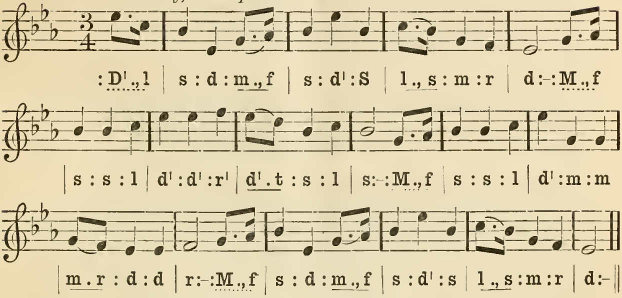
“ Da thrian de t’ eagal ort fhéin, ’s a’ h-aon ormsa,” arsa Gaisgeach na Sgiatha deirge, “cha ’n fhad’ a sheasas thusa domhsa.”

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

GUR MOCH RINN MI DÙSGADH.

LEIS AN LIGHICHE MAC-LACHAINN, NACH MAIREANN.

KEY E ♭—*Slowly, with expression.*



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| s : s : l | d' : d' : r' | d'.t : s : l | s :-: M.,f | s : s : l | d' : m : m

| m.r : d : d | r :-: M.,f | s : d : m.,f | s : d' : s | l.,s : m : r | d :- ||

Gur moch rinn mi dùsgadh, 's an ùr mhadainn chéit',
'S a dhìrich mi 'm bruthach gun duin' ach mi féin ;
Tha ghrian air a turas a' siubhal troimh 'n speur,
Dealt na h-oidhche a' tuirlinn thar ùr dhos nan geug.

A' dìreadh an aonaich ri aodann a' chùirn,
'S binn torman a' chaochain is aoibheala bùrn,
Le 'ròis air gach taobh dheth ag aomadh fo 'n drùchd,
'S e ri dearrsadh na gréine ag éirigh 'n a smùid.

'S binn na h-eòin feadh nam preasan gu leadarra 'seinn ;
Tha 'n uiseag làn sòlais ri ceòl os mo chionn ;
Na ba-laoigh anns a' gheumnaich air an réidhlein ud thall,
'S mac-talla nan creagan 'g am freagairt air ball.

'S àluinn trusgan a' ghlinne suas gu binnein nan stùchd ;
'S cùbhraidh bòltrach nan luibhean 'n am chuinnein mar thùis ;
Ged 's bòidheach gach doire anns a' choille 's a' bhrùchd,
Ged tha 'm barrach cho ùrail cha dùisg e mo shunnd.

An so air faobhar a' mhullaich gur muladach mi—
Ceann-aobhair mo thuiridh, leam gur duilich r' a inns' ;
Nach dirich mi tuille ri munadh 's an tir—
Nach dean mi cùis-ghàire 'n gleann àillidh mo chrìdh'.

Cha'n 'eil gleannan cho aoibheil ri fhaotainn mu'n cuairt,
Le d' bheanntainean àrd 'cur sgàth ort o'n tuath ;
Ann an dùdlachd a' gheamhraidh gun ghreann ort, gun fhuachd—
Mo sgaradh 's mo chràdh-lot a bhi d'fhàgail cho luath !

Ged is iomadh fear fìnealt' anns na h-Innsean ud thall,
'Chaidh a dh-iarraidh an stòrais, o'n tha 'n t-òr òirnn cho gann;
Am fear ainneamh de 'n àireamh a thig sàbhailt' a nall,
'N a bhodach gun spéirid, odhar, éisleineach, fann,

Air tilleadh do 'n dùthaich, 's e 'dhùisgeas am bròn,
'Bhi 'faicinn m'a choinneimh luchd-comuinn na h-òig',
Cho sunndach, geal, loinneil, ged tha 'ghoinne 'n am pòc—
Gun uireasbhuidh slàinte, ged tha iad gun stòr.

'S mairg a mholadh na h-Innsean 's gach rìoghachd o dheas,
'S am bi cholann 's an inntinn 'g an strìochdadh le teas;
Far nach urrainn dhuit gluasad gun fhuathas a's geilt,
Agus uamh-bheist 'g a chùbadh fo dhùiseal nam preas.

'S mi 'ghluaiseadh gun smalan ann an gleannan an àigh—
'S moch a shiùbhlainn do phreasan gun teagamh, gun sgàth;
Anns an ògmhadainn chùbhraidh, n' uair bhiodh drùchd air gach bàrr,
Nàile dhìrinn ri d' stùchd bheinn gun chùram roimh nàmh!

Ach 's tiom dhomh bhi 'g éirigh, 's bhi téurnadh o'n àird;
Cha dean luinneagan feum dhomh, cha dean éigheach dhomh stàth,
Feuch am bàta fo 'còmhdach aig còmhnard na tràigh,
Tha gu m' ghiùlan null thairis á gleannan an àigh.

Bheir mi sùil thar a' bhealaich air na beanntan mu'n cuairt;
So an sealladh mu dheireadh air gach gleannan a's bruach,
A' fàgail leibh beannachd, 'n àm dealachadh uaibh,
A' téurnadh an aonaich 's iad mo smaointean 'tha truagh.

Ach 's diomhain mo smaointean; nach faoin dhomh bhi 'caoidh;
Cha'n 'eil neach anns an t-saoghal 'g a fhaotainn le 'dhiù;
Ge blàth an fhuil chraobhach 'tha 'taosgadh o m' chrìdh,
'S ro ghearr gus nach plosg i fo phlocan 's a' chill.

'Thi 'chruthaich an saoghal, 's a chuir na daoine so ann,
'S a thug dhuinne Fear-saoraidh a dh-aontachadh leinn,
Tha thu 'g éisdeachd ri m' òran, cho brònach 'g a sheinn,
Bìdh mi 'striochdadh do d' òrdugh, bheir thu dhomhsa mo roinn.

* * *

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THOMAS FORD HILL'S POEMS.

[THE following "Antient Erse Poems, collected among the Scottish Highlands, in order to illustrate the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson," were published during 1782 and 1783, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and in a pamphlet form in 1784. They are now reprinted on account of their extreme rarity and interest.]

THE controversy about Ossian having been lately revived, both in the newspapers, and separate pamphlets, as well as in your Magazine; not without the intervention of several respectable names; I take the liberty of troubling you with some facts relative to it, which I obtained in an excursion of some months through the Highlands in the summer of the year 1780. I should scarcely have thought them worthy of the public attention, if the subject had not been revived with so much ardour; though they seem to me capable of affording much additional, and even new light. If your opinion of them agrees with mine, I shall be happy to see them inserted among your valuable collections.

It had ever appeared to me, that the arguments on both sides of this dispute, were attended with particular obscurity. The supporters of the authenticity of the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson, have been either unable or unwilling, to produce the authorities they pretend to. The antagonists of this opinion, on the other hand, though they cannot deny the existence of peculiar traditional and historic songs in the Highlands, and though they boast of invincible proofs that Mr. Macpherson's Ossian is wholly a forgery, and not copied from any such songs, yet even the great Dr. Johnson himself has no claim to any knowledge of those songs. From such considerations, I was induced to believe, that the subject might be considerably elucidated, by collecting these songs in their original form: and I therefore made it a part of my business, during my journey through the Highlands, to search out the traditionary preservers of them, and procure copies with as much attention and exactness as lay in the power of a foreigner, and a stranger to the language. The absurd difficulties I had to encounter with in this pursuit it is not necessary to enumerate: sometimes I was obliged to dissemble a knowledge of the Erse, of which I scarcely understood six words; sometimes I was forced to assume the character of a profest author, zealous to defend the honour of Ossian and Mr. Macpherson. It is not, however, impertinent to remark, that after I had obtained written copies in Erse of several of the following songs, I found it very difficult to get them translated; for though many understand Erse as a speech, few are yet acquainted with it as a written language.*

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* *Vide* Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

Before I proceed any further, it appears to me requisite, for the clear understanding of what follows, to remark that the dispute seems naturally to divide itself into three questions: first, Whether the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson be really the production of a very ancient Highland bard, called by that name? or, secondly, Whether it be copied from old songs, preserved indeed in the Highlands, but written by unknown bards, and only doubtfully and traditionally ascribed to Ossian? or, If it be wholly a forgery of Mr. Macpherson's?

Considerable opportunities were afforded me, towards obtaining information on these heads, by three several tours which I made in the Highlands. The first of these lay through the internal parts of that country, from Edinburgh to Perth, Dunkeld, Blair in Athole, Tay-mouth, Dalmaly in Glenorchy, Inverara, Loch-Lomond, Dunbarton, Glasgow, Hamilton, and Lanerk. In this tour I was honoured with the company of J. Stokes, M.D., of Worcester, now on his travels abroad,* but then a student at Edinburgh, a gentleman eminent for his literary abilities, and a strenuous unbeliever in Ossian. From Lanerk I crost to Linlithgow, Sterling, Perth, Forfar, Brechyn, Stonehaven, Aberdeen, Strath-Spey, Elgin, and Inverness, travelling along the eastern coast, or Lowlands, as they are called. From Inverness I proceeded along the military roads, down the Lakes, by Fort Augustus, to Fort William; and still pursuing the military road, crost over the Black Mountain to Tiendrum. In this stage I visited Glen-Co, famous in Scotland for its romantic scenery, for the massacre which happened there soon after the Revolution, and also for being one of the habitations assigned by tradition to Ossian.

Leaving Tiendrum a second time, I returned by Loch-Ern, Dumblaine, and Alloa, to Edinburgh.

Such was the direction of my two first tours through the Highlands: the third, in which I was happy enough to procure far the greater number of the following songs, led me from Edinburgh, through Sterling and Callender, by the Head of Loch-Ern, to Tiendrum for the third, and Dalmaly for the second time. From Dalmaly I went by Loch-Etive, to Oban, where I took boat for Mull, and spent near a fortnight in the Western Isles; visiting Staffa, and Icolmkill; and Morven on the mainland. In my return from Oban, I crost over to Loch-Aw, Inverara, Loch-Lomond, Dunbarton, and Glasgow; thus finishing my wanderings among the Alps of our Island. I think it necessary thus to delineate the track I pursued; that I may remove every doubt respecting the evidence I am about to produce; as I shall have occasion to refer hereafter to the different stages of my journey.

In the course of these researches I found that although every district had its own peculiar historic songs, yet the inhabitants of one valley were scarcely acquainted with those which were current in the next. The songs relating to the Feinne, and their chieftain, Fion-mac-Coul, or Fion-na-Gaël, whom we call in English Fingal, are wholly confined to Argyleshire and the Western Highlands, where the scene of their actions is supposed to have lain. In that district almost every one is acquainted with them; and all whose situation in life enables them to become acquainted with the subject, are zealous assertors of the authenticity of the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson. Yet it is remarkable, that I never could meet with Mr. Macpherson's work in any part of the Highlands; and many of his defenders confessed that they had never seen it. The only book I met with, which had any immediate connection with it, was Mr. Hole's poetic version of Fingal, which I saw at Mr. Macleane's, of Drumnan in Morven. I do not mean, however, to tax any of Ossian's Highland partizans with direct falsehood; they have all heard that the stories of Mr. Macpherson relate to Fingal and his heroes; they themselves have also often heard songs relating to the same people, and ascribed to Ossian. On this loose basis, I fear, their testimonies often rest.

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* In the year 1782. Dr. Stokes is now settled at Kidderminster in Worcestershire.

The first song relating to the Feinne, which I procured in the Highlands, was obtained from a native of Argyleshire, who was gardener to the Duke of Athol at Dunkeld. Its subject is humourous, and even ridiculous; for Fingal is not always treated with respect in the Highlands, any more than our King Arthur in the old ballads of this country. A taylor happening to come to Fingal's habitation, found the heroes in such need of his art, that they began quarrelling about precedence, every hero wanting his own clothes made first; Dermid, particularly, proceeded even to blows in support of his claim. By this means the whole host of the Feinne, or Fingalians, was thrown into confusion; till at length, an old hero restored peace, by persuading them to turn out the taylor: which expedient was adopted, and Fingal's heroes determined to wear their old clothes a little longer.

Mr. Stuart, minister of Blair, whom I also visited in company with Mr. Stokes, was the only person I met with in the Highlands who expressed any doubts respecting Mr. Macpherson's Ossian. Mr. Stuart told us, that there were indeed many songs preserved in Argyleshire, and the Western Highlands, under the name of Ossian, relating to Fingal and his heroes: "but," says he, "we have our doubts with regard to Mr. Macpherson's poems, because he has not published the originals."

Mr. Stuart favoured us with the story of a song, relating to Dermid, one of the Feinne, who had raised Fingal's jealousy by too great an intimacy with his wife. Fingal in revenge, having determined to destroy Dermid, took the opportunity of putting his purpose in execution, by means of a boar which had been slain in one of their huntings. It was a notion in those times, Mr. Stuart added, that walking along the back of a boar, in a direction contrary to the bristles, was certain death. Fingal commanded Dermid to do this, and by that means put an end to his life. I afterwards obtained a copy of this song in the original Erse; Mr. Smith also, the editor of a late collection of Ossian's poems,* has inserted a copy of it; they both differ in many circumstances from the foregoing account; Mr. Smith's likewise is much longer and more correct.

By the assistance of Mr. Stuart, I was afterwards directed to one James Maclauchlan, a very old man, much celebrated for his knowledge of ancient songs. Maclauchlan was a taylor; those artists being of all men the most famous for this qualification.† I found him in an old woman's cottage, near Blair, entirely willing to gratify my curiosity, and indeed highly flattered that I paid so much attention to his songs : but as he could not talk English, I was obliged to supply myself with another cottager, to translate whilst he sung. The following poem I wrote down from the mouth of our interpreter ; a circumstance which naturally accounts for the ruggedness of the language : the good old woman, who sat by spinning, assured me, that, if I had understood the original, it would have drawn tears from my eyes. The poem is an elegy on a gentleman of the clan of MacGregor, who died in the prime of life : the author mourns over his deceased patron himself, and describes the sorrow of the rest of his friends : I have some reasons to believe it was published in the original Erse, by Mr. MacDonald, in a collection of Erse poems printed at Edinburgh about eight or ten years ago.

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* *Galic Antiquities* published that very year, 1780, at Edinburgh.

† Taylors, in Scotland and the North of England, work in the houses of their employers; and their songs serve for the entertainment, both of themselves and their hosts, during their labour.

> "The sighs of my heart vex me sore ; the sight of my eyes is not good ; it has raised my sorrows, and doubled my tears ; the man of Doonan is not alive ; there are many gentlemen making his bed, and their sorrow is dropping on their shoes : his mistress is, as it were, crucified for his love.—It is no wonder she should be sorrowful, for she shall never get such another after him. When I would sit by myself (*and consider*) the like of him was not to be gotten with or without riches. His heart was raised up, his fiddle at your ear, and his pipes playing about your town. When he would sit down, he heard the sound of his cups ; and his servants serving him while he was at rest.—It is the meaning of my words ; how many worthy men, who have been great drinkers have died. Of them were Alexander Rowey, and Black John of strong Arms ; I think them far off from me without life.—You were the chief of the people, going far before them, and a good lord of your tenants at home. When you took your arms, they did not rust ; every hunting you made there was blood. You got honour going before them, and although you got more than they, you were worthy of it.* I will never walk West on the road to the (*peat*) stack any more, for I have lost my mirth and the laird of Reanach." †

As I had been informed, in my first excursion through the Highlands, that one Mac-Nab, a blacksmith at Dalmaly, had made it his business to collect and copy many of the songs attributed to Ossian : I determined upon revisiting Dalmaly, in order to obtain from him all the intelligence he was able to afford me. He lives in a cottage, not far from the inn and church at Dalmaly, where he boasts that his ancestors have been blacksmiths for near 400 years; and where also he preserves, with much respect, the coat-armour of the blacksmiths his forefathers. I found him by no means deficient in ingenuity. A blacksmith in the Highlands is a more respectable character than with us in England. He is referred to by Mr. Smith, above-mentioned, as one of his authorities, for the Erse poems he has published ; a circumstance which may perhaps diminish the validity of his testimony, with some of the zealous antagonists of Ossian ; ‡ but, as the poems he favoured me with have little agreement with those published by Macpherson and Smith, I think the force of prejudice alone can persuade us to refuse it.* I have reason to believe that Mac-Nab had never read the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson.

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* At this place, we suspected that our interpreter, weary of his employment, desired old Maclauchlan to omit a considerable part of the song, and repeat the concluding verse immediately.

† Reanach is, I believe, in Athol, not far from Glen Lion, where a branch of the Tay flows through a lake of that name.

‡ Galic Antiq. Edinbur. 1780, p. 128, note. Mac-Nab himself mentioned this to me, and seemed much pleased that his name was in print.

From this man I obtained many Songs, which are traditionally ascribed to Ossian. The following Poem of *Ossian agus an Clerich*, he gave me in Erse; for to him I pretended a knowledge in that language. I had it afterwards translated by Mr. Darrach, a gentleman who lived with Mr. Maclean, of Scallastel in Mull, as tutor to his children, and who was wholly unacquainted with Mac-Nab. I set down the translation in the rude form it received from immediate verbal composition. It differs in chronology from the Poems of Ossian already published; representing that bard as the contemporary of St. Patrick; agreeable to a tradition which I found very prevalent in Argyleshire; according to which St. Patrick was Ossian's son-in-law. The Poem is a dialogue between St. Patrick the *Clerich* or *Clerk*, and Ossian.

* * *

A WISH—LOCH BA IN MULL.

If I could wish to hate my kind,
And leave the bustling world behind,
As weary souls have done before,
I 'd flee to thy green-girdled shore,
And waters gently rippled o'er,
And falling torrent's sleepy roar,
Bonnie Loch Ba!

I 'd sit by thy green-girdled shore,
Lulled by the falling torrent's roar,
And while the fanning breeze did play
Round furrowed cheek and temples grey,
I 'd watch the light-winged shadows creep
O'er high Ben Tealladh's smooth green steep,
Bonnie Loch Ba!

I 'd plant me here, and bar the gate
On Whig and Tory, Church and State,
And let all brawls and babblings go
That vex the peace of high and low:
For here, beneath the clear blue sky,
I choose to slip away and die,
Bonnie Loch Ba!

John Stuart Blackie.

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* Mr. Mac-Arthur, minister in Mull, declared to me that he could remember having heard the following poem of *Ossian agus an Clerich*, as long as he could remember any thing.

ST. KILDA.

At a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland held on 9th April, 1877, the first paper read was a notice of the antiquities of St. Kilda, by Mr. J. Sands, Ormiston. He first described an underground house, which he had opened and examined, about forty yards to the north-east of the churchyard. It was first discovered thirty-two years ago, but was then covered up without full examination. When cleared out it was 25 feet long by 3 feet 8 inches wide, and 4 feet high, the walls of rude masonry built with large stones, and the roof made of flags stretching from wall to wall. On one side there was a *croopa*, or bed-place in the wall. The floor was covered with peat ashes and soot to the depth of a foot, and, mingled with this, there was a large quantity of limpet shells, bearing the marks of fire, bones of sheep and cattle and of sea-fowl, rudely fashioned implements of stone, and fragments of coarse pottery. The floor of the house was laid with flat stones, and underneath these there was a drain. The men told Mr. Sands that they had often found small vessels of clay in the earth, but none of them had ever seen pottery made or heard of its having been made in Hirta. Stone lamps, however, are still to be seen above ground, and some old men told Mr. Sands they had often used them when in Boreray and Soa. Subsequently Mr. Sands came upon the kitchen midden of the underground house, in which he found two stone implements. The natives recognised the implements found about this ancient dwelling as stone axes and knives, and Mr. Sands found other specimens afterwards in the ruins of old houses above ground. From all these facts he concluded that stone implements must have been used in St. Kilda to a comparatively recent date. Mr. Sands excavated another building on the face of the hill overlooking the east bay. It was built with smaller stones, and had no signs of permanent occupation. The Amazon's House described by Martin and Macaulay had been almost destroyed by taking the stones to build *cleitan* or storehouses for birds. The ancient building on the islet of Soa was still occupied annually by the young women who went there to catch puffins. There were other primitive houses on the island, and Mr. Sands also described an altar-like structure which stands near the summit of the island. In Boreray a building like the Amazon's House, but much larger, stood till a few years ago, and there are people in St. Kilda who have slept in it; but no vestige of it now remains. Mr. Sands failed to discover the Druidical circle mentioned by Macaulay, and the St. Kildians seem never to have heard of it. He was also disappointed in being unable to find the castle on the islet called the Dun, described by Macaulay, but he found and examined the wall described by Wilson, which is still in good preservation, and seems to have been intended to fortify the extremity of the isle. The remainder of the paper was occupied with a description of several of the existing customs of the St. Kildians. The paper was illustrated by some pen-and-ink sketches by Mr. Sands, and by a collection of stone implements, pottery, and other objects from the island. Mr. T. S. Muir also sent a traced copy of the plan of the village of St. Kilda by Mr. Sharban, made on the occasion of the visit of Captain F. W. L. Thomas, R.N., in 1860.

THE ST. KILDA MAID'S SONG.

I SEND you a translation of a curious old St Kilda song which may not perhaps be uninteresting to your readers, at a moment when the solitary sea-girt islet, placed far amid "the melancholy main," and its people and their habits are attracting so much kindly attention. The original Gaelic song is as old at least as the middle of the last century, much older perhaps, though it is impossible to fix the date of its composition with anything like exactness. I first heard it sung some five-and-twenty years ago by one of the sailors of the Revenue cruiser Harriet, Captain MacAlister, as I was being rowed across Oban bay on a beautiful moonlight night after dining on board the cutter, which was anchored off Ardintraive, in Kerrera. The man who sung it was not a St. Kilda man himself, but a native either of Lewis or Harris. The air as I recollect it was one of the wildest and *eeriest* I ever listened to afloat or ashore, the burden or refrain particularly being manifestly an imitation, and a very successful imitation too, consciously or unconsciously, of the loud discordant clamour of a flock of sea-fowl over a shoal of fish on which they are in haste to gorge themselves to repletion, as is their habit. My translation is tolerably literal, and will give your non-Celtic readers a good idea of the kind of ditties in which the native Outer Hebridean delights.—I am, &c,

ALEX. STEWART.

OVER the rocks, steadily, steadily ;
Down to the clefts with a shout and a shove, O !
Warily tend the rope, shifting it readily,
Eagerly, actively, watch from above, O !
Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a maiden's love ;
(*And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high above !*)

Sweet 'tis to sleep on a well-feathered pillow ;
Sweet from the embers, the fulmar's red egg, O !
Bounteous our store from the rock and the billow ;
Fish and birds in good store, we need never to beg, O !
Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a maiden's love ;
(*And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high above !*)

Hark to the fulmar and guillemot screaming,
Hark to the kittiwake, puffin, and gull, O !
See the white wings of the Solan goose gleaming ;
Steadily, men, on the rope gently pull, O !
Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a maiden's love ;
(*And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high above !*)

Deftly my love can hook torsc, ling, and conger,
The grey fish and hake, with the net and the creel, O !
Far from our island be plague and be hunger ;
And sweet our last sleep in the quiet of the kiel, O !
Brave, O brave, my lover true, he's worth a maiden's love ;
(*And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high above !*)

Pull on the rope, men ! pull it up steadily ;
There's a storm on the deep—see the skart claps his wings, O !
Cunningly guide the rope, shifting it readily ;
Welcome my true love, and all that he brings, O !
Now God be praised, my lover's safe, he's worth a maiden's love ;
(*And the sea below is still as deep as the sky is high above !*)

A. S.

—*Scotsman.*

———o———

BURSARIES FOR GAELIC-SPEAKING YOUNG MEN.

A MEETING of those favourable to the scheme for grammar school bursaries for Gaelic-speaking young men, with which the name of the

Rev. J. C. Macphail, Pilrig Church, Edinburgh, is associated, was held in the Religious Institution Rooms, Glasgow, on 9th inst. — Mr. Stevenson presided. Mr. Macphail, in the course of his statement, explained that the object of the bursaries was to bring from the schools throughout the country the best young men in these schools, and to enable them to attend grammar schools in any town they chose, so that they might afterwards enter the University upon a level with the more favoured youth of the south. The bursaries were all strictly competitive, and the competitions were held at different centres throughout the country. The amount of the bursaries was £18 each, and they carried to every cottage door in the Highlands the first step in the ladder that was to enable young men to rise. But while the bursaries were strictly competitive, it was not intended that the funds should be entirely derived from the south, but that a third should be provided by the Presbyteries and Synods within whose bounds the competitions should take place, so that there was a desire fostered on the part of the young men and their friends to help themselves. As to the success of the scheme, there had been some 50 or 60 young men who had had the benefit of the scheme, and by the last report he found that in 1871 the young men who had then entered the University had gained University bursaries to the extent of £140; in 1872 bursaries were taken to the extent of £316, in 1873 to the extent of £468, in 1874 to the extent of £516, in 1875 to the extent of £560, and in 1876 to the extent of £766. Last session, of ten young men who entered the Aberdeen University school from the grammar school nine appeared on the bursary list from among 231 competitors. Two of these students headed the list, and they each obtained a bursary of £35 a-year. Such results, they would easily imagine, far surpassed the expectations of the gentlemen who launched the scheme. As to the general effects of the scheme, Mr. Macphail read extracts from the reports and letters of eminent educationists throughout Scotland testifying as to the good it was calculated to accomplish; and no better thing could be said in its favour than that a similar scheme had been instituted by the Established Church, that the Association for Secondary Education in Scotland was contemplating doing so, and the country associations had been so interested in the movement as to devote some of their funds to preparing young men for the University. The Chairman, in the course of some remarks, said the matter was exceedingly interesting at the present time. For example, in the Shetland and Orkney Islands they might say that the Board School system of education had not been established, and in other parts the system had been so carried on that there had been a lowering of the standard. It seemed to him that a good case had been made out for following the example of our Highland friends, by instituting such bursaries in the Lowlands and throughout the country generally. On the motion of the Rev. Dr. Adam, seconded by Professor Candlish, a vote of thanks was awarded Mr. Macphail for his interesting statement, and it was agreed to express their high admiration of the scheme which had been advocated. Dr. Adam and Professor Candlish, as also did the rev. father who afterwards spoke, said that the scheme was a most admirable one, and capable of having a very extensive and beneficial development. It was also pleaded that Glasgow, from its connection with the Highlands, stood in a very special relation to the scheme, and it should therefore contribute liberally to its support.—*Daily Review*, 10th April, 1877.

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MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE

(EDITOR OF THE "BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY," ETC.)

A FEW admirers of John Mackenzie's indefatigable and patriotic labours for Celtic literature, have decided to erect a monument, with a Gaelic and English inscription, to mark his grave, on the wall of the inner chapel in which he is buried, in the churchyard of Gairloch, his native parish. Among the gentlemen who have already patronised the movement, are Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, of Gairloch, Bart.; Cluny Macpherson, of Cluny; Charles Fraser Mackenzie, Esq., M.P.; C. H. Mackenzie, Esq. of Inverewe; John Mackenzie, Esq.; Donald Macgregor, Esq.; Professor Blackie, and several other patriotic Celts. The style and general character of the monument will necessarily depend on the amount of subscriptions, which will be received by MACLACHLAN & STEWART, Edinburgh; and ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, *Celtic Magazine* Office, Inverness, *Hon. Secretary.*

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IRISH GRAMMAR RULES.*

THE author of this clever little tractate tells us in his preface that the "learned Irish scholar will find nothing novel but the method;" or, as he elegantly puts it on his title-page, "Non nova, sed nove." Even the method is not altogether unknown to us on this side of the Irish Sea; but, so far as we are aware, it has not been attempted in Gaelic or Irish grammar until now. It is an attempt, and a very successful attempt, to arrest the attention and aid the memory by giving the rules of grammar in amusing verses. The little pamphlet is only thirty-two pages, and unfortunately the preface takes up four of these. Within this small compass the author gives, as he says, "for the benefit of young Irishmen particularly who speak the language of the stranger, but are anxious to learn their own," the correct pronunciation of the single letters, of the diphthongs and triphthongs; explains and exemplifies *Aspiration* and *Eclipsis;* discusses the *Numerals*, and concludes with two short Irish poems, of both of which he gives translations—one on "The Language of my Land," from the *Irish American* of 13th January of this year; the other, entitled "Praises of the Blessed Sacrament," said to have been composed by Donogh Mòr O'Daly, Abbot of Boyle, in the twelfth century.

The clever author is evidently an Irishman of the most pronounced pattern. Not only is the paper cover of the booklet of appropriate green, and an Irish harp upon the title-page, but on the outside of the cover at the end flourishes an acrostic upon the words "John Nolan, O.D.C." While he cleverly tells us that *Eclipsis* bears "resemblance in grammar to eclipse affecting the light," we cannot but think that he, unconsciously perhaps, in exemplifying *Eclipsis*, touches upon failings and virtues which we on this side of the channel are accustomed to regard as peculiarly Irish. If only Mr. Nolan would excuse us for using the Roman letters—

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* Irish Grammar Rules, in Prose and Verse. By the Rev. JOHN NOLAN, O.D.C. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper Sackville Street. 1877.

> "In our Irish grammatical system, if the eclipsable consonants you'd see,
> Behold them, not in alphabet order, taking a B(a)D C(u)P (o)F T(ea)."

Again—

> "B takes M(e)
> And C gets G(ay)
> And D desires but (A) N (ne),
> While hunchback P
> Will have but C,
> T takes the head of D(an)," &c.

Passing over the bad cup of tea, and the chance of a row between G(ay) and P(at) for possession of C(athleen), the conduct of T(erence) is so truly national that it cannot be mistaken.

A very clever and amusing book, and one which we would recommend to all who read or intend to read Irish.

AN T-ORANAICHE.*

The second part of this excellent collection of Gaelic songs is published. We are exceedingly glad to learn that the sale of the first part has been such as to encourage the enterprising editor and publisher to undertake with confidence the publication of the remaining parts. This part extends to the same number of pages as the first. The songs selected are, on an average, a little longer, there being ten or a dozen fewer pieces in this part than in the former. We are glad to find that the same careful editing and the typographical correctness which we commended when noticing the first part, are preserved in this. Only those who have attempted the task can have an idea of the enormous difficulty of getting Gaelic accurately printed.

We are also glad to be able to state that, in our judgment, the average merit of the songs selected for this part fully equals those published in the first part. Of genuine favourites with Gaelic—especially with West Highland—singers the former part probably contained a greater number. But it also contained, as we observed at the time, not a few which could not in any sense of the term be called popular songs. In this part we have a large number of songs which have obtained general approval; and not a few composed by living authors which will henceforth form part of the common stock of popular Gaelic songs. One of the most excellent features of the first part was the large selection it contained of the late Dr. MacLachlan's songs. We find four pieces by the same author in this part. We hope the editor will be able in the remaining parts to give all that can now be recovered of this lamented author's songs—than whom a sweeter singer never composed in Gaelic.

If the editor will be able to maintain the same excellence and correctness in the remaining parts, he will produce a volume unequalled of its kind in Gaelic, and one which can favourably compare with the best collections of popular songs in Scotch and English.

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* An t-oranaiche. Comh-chruinneachadh de Orain Ghaidhealach. Le Gilleasbuig Mac-na-Ceardadh. Glasgow: Archibald Sinclair, 62 Argyle Street; R. M'Gregor & Co., 45 Bridge Street. 1877.

AN
GAIDHEAL.

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"Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."—Oisean.

VI. Leabh.] CEUD MHIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1877. [65 Air.

LITREACHAS NAN GAIDHEAL.

VIII. NA H-AOIREAN.

'S e *Aoir*, tha mi meas, an aon fhocal Gaidhlig, de na tha cumanta 'n ar measg an traths', is dluithe ann am brìgh do'n fhocal Bheurla *Satire*. Ann an litreachas nan Gall, tha am focal *Satire* air uisneachadh ann an seadh na's farsuinge na tha *Aoir* ann an litreachas nan Gaidheal. Ach tha mi de'n bharail gu'm faighear am feart a tha 'm focal Beurla a' ciallachadh 'n ar measg-ne ged nach abrar Aoir an comhnuidh ris. Is e am feart no a' bhuaidh so a bu mhiann leam a bhi feuchainn ri shoillearachadh air an àm. Na'm biodh focal a bu fhreagarraiche na Aoir agam dlù air laimh ghabhainn e mar shuaicheantas no mar cheann-teagaisg, a chionn tha fios agam gu bheil droch fhaileadh de'n fhocal. Ach cha'n aithne dhomh aon is freagarraiche, agus feumar a bhi deanamh na cuid is fearr de'n chuid is measa.

'S e crioch Bardachd a bhi beathachadh na h-inntinn, an spioraid, a' chridhe. Tha iarrtuis ann an nadur an duine a ni Bardachd a shasuchadh mar nach dean ni eile. Tha 'n t-anam neo-bhasmhor a' faireachduin gu bheil e lag, truaillidh; nach eil a chobhair ann fein; agus as eugmhais maitheanais 'us cuideachaidh bho Chruith-fhear gu'n teid e gu brath a dhìth. O'n fhaireachduin so tha na *Laoidhean* ag eirigh :

"Air t-uile throcair, O mo Dhia,
Tra dhearcas mi gu dlù,
A' mosgladh suas tha m'anam blà,
Le h-ioghnadh, gradh, 'us cliù."

Tha ar cairdean, luchd ar gaoil, air an gearradh air falbh o ar taobh. Tha an cridhe a tha an impis cur thairis le gaol agus le bròn a faotainn ni-eigin de fhaochadh le bhi taomadh a mach cuid de fhaireachduin ann am *Marbhrann*.

A' bheil iarrtus no faireachduin ann an inntinn an duine a tha an Aoir a' sasuchadh, agus ma tha co iad? Feudar a bhi cinnteach gu bheil; mur bitheadh, cha bhiodh an Aoir ann. Tha mi a' deanamh dheth gu bheil e nadurra do'n duine a bhi cronuchadh cionta agus a bhi fanoid air faoineis. Ma ghabhas am Bard os laimh so a dheanamh, 's e *Aoir* a heir sinn r'a shaothair. Ach cot husa no mise a tha gabhail oirnnt fein a bhi toirt breith air ar coimhearsnaich, agus a bhi 'g innseadh ar barail do'n t-saoghal? Co thug ughdarras dhuinne a bhi siubhal sios agus suas, a null agus a nall, air feadh an t-saoghail agus am measg ar luchd-eolais, a bhi cumail suil 'us cluas fhosgailte airson gach ni a chi no chluinneas sinn, agus a bhi ruith leis gach ni nach cord ruinn ann an giulan no ann an caithe-beatha ar coimhearnaich gu leabhar no paipeir-naigheachd? Ciod e do ghnothuch-sa ris an doigh air an gluais mise mi fein, cho fada agus nach 'eil mi a' deanamh coire ortsa? Co a chuir thusa ann ad bhreitheamh thairis orm-sa? Nach 'eil do rathad fein agad-sa, agus mo rathad fein agam-sa? Nach 'eil Eaglaisean againn agus luchd-dreuchd air an orduchadh annta le ughdarras a chum a bhi cronuchadh peacaidh agus pheacach? Nach 'eil luchd-riaghlaidh againn "a chuireadh a chum dioghaltais air luchd-deanamh an uilc, ach a chum cliu dhoibh-san a ni maith?" Nach 'eil breitheamhnan againn air am mionnachadh gu ceartas a dheanamh eadar duine agus duine, agus nach 'eil cumhachd na rioghachd air an cùl a chum peanas dligheach a dheanamh air luchd-brisidh an lagha? Nach 'eil maighstirean-sgoile againn a chum an ni a tha ceart agus ceutach a theagasg do'n oigridh? Nach 'eil mar so o'd' bhreith gu d'bhàs daoine agad a tha air an iunnsachadh 'n an dreuchd, agus a tha air an cur air leth agus air am paigheadh air son a' ghnothuich, a dh'ionnsuidh am feud thu dol a dh'fhoghlum do dhleasdanais do d'cho-chreutair agus do d' Chruithfhear, agus a dh'ionnsuidh am feud thu do choimhearsnach a thoirt airson peanais ma tha cuis-dhitidh agad 'n a aghaidh? Ma tha cuis agad a'm' aghaidh-sa, nach toir thu air beulthaobh breitheamh mi, far am bi comas agam air do choinneachadh, agus far an teid dà thaobh na sgeoil innseadh? Agus mur 'eil cuis agad a sheasas, feoraicheam a rìs ciod e do ghnothuch no co thug ughdarras dhuit dol a thoirt breith orm-sa agus dol a chur do bhreith fa chomhair an t-saoghail a chum agus gun luidh corruich no tamailt an t-saoghail orm-sa?

Tha e farasda gu leoir ceist a chur; ach cha 'n 'eil e mar is trice cho farasda a fuasgladh. Thuirt duine cho ainmeil agus a tha beò an diugh 'n ar rioghachd, *Mr. Gladstone*, o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan gu'm b'e aon de chomharran ar latha-ne gu bheil sinn na's fearr air ceistean a chur na tha sinn air am fuasgladh. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh agam nach 'eil so fior; agus tha mi meas nam faigheadh na ceistean a chuir mi fuasgladh dligheach, gu'm biodh beachd car soilleir againn air c'uin a bu choir agus c'uin nach bu choir dhuinn, cha 'n e breith a thoirt air gluasad ar luchd-eolais, cha'n urrainn dhuinn gun so a dheanamh, ach ar breith a sgaoileadh air feadh an t-saoghail ann an rann no ann an sgeul. Tha mi de'n bheachd gur e cron ar latha-ne, ann an tomhas mor, gu bheil sinn ro dheas gu bhi 'cur ar barail mu ghluasad agus mu dhoighean agus mu bharailean a cheile fa chomhair an t-saoghail. Creididh mi nach urrainn an neach is farsuinge inntinn am feum a rinn paipeirean-naigheachd do'n t-saoghal a mheas mar bu choir. Cha tig sinn as an eugmhais gu brath tuilleadh; agus tha e iongantach leinn ciamar a thainig daoine beo as an eugmhais cho fada. Ach cha 'n 'eil eadhon na paipeirean-naigheachd saor o mhearachd. Gheibhear annta-san mar anns an t-seillein "an taice cheile 'mhil 's an gath." Gheibhear annta a' mhil ann an tomhas moran na's pailte na 'm puinnsean. Ach cha n' 'eil mi ro chinnteach nach ann an lughad a tha mhil a' dol agus nach ann am meud a tha 'm puinnsean a' dol. A dh'aon ni tha mi meas gu'm faighear anns a' phaipeir-naigheachd 'n ar latha-ne na's lugha de naigheachdan agus na's mo de bharailean na bhiodh freagarrach. Tha am paipeir-naigheachd a nis a' gabhail os laimh teagasg cho maith ri foghlum a thoirt seachad. Tha e stri ri d'thoil a lubadh cho maith ri d'cheann a lionadh. Cha 'n fhoghainn leis an Deasaiche naigheachdan a thoirt dhuit, ach a bharail fein air na naigheachdan. Tha so buil ùr, ann an tomhas mòr, gus a' bheil am paipeir-naigheachd air a chur. 'S e am paipeir-naigheachd mar so is fear-teagaisg do'n mhor chuid dheth 'n t-sluagh. Tha moran de na daoine is foghluimte agus is gleusta anns an rioghachd a nis a' sgriobhadh anns na paipeirean-naigheachd; ach, ged tha, cha 'n 'eil na paipeirean ro fhreagarrach airson teagaisg. Tha na naigheachdan a dhìth oirnn fhaotainn cho luath agus a chluinnear iad; ach cha bhi a' bharail a theid a thoirt seachad clis an comhnuidh fallain. A rìs tha gach paipeir-naigheachd a tha againn a' seasamh air taobh buidheann no beachd no aidmheil shonruichte, agus cha 'n fhaigh teagasg nach 'eil ann an co-chordadh ri beachd no aidmheil a' phaipeir moran aite ann. Tha moran d'ar sluagh nach urrainn ach aon phaipeir-naigheachd a cheannach no fhaicinn. 'S e so a cheart chuid de'n t-sluagh is mo a tha ann am feum air teagasg fallain; ach ann an aon phaipeir-naigheachd cha'n fhaic iad ach aon taobh de na ceistean cudthromach a tha gluasad inntinnean dhaoine 'n ar latha-ne, agus mar so cha'n 'eil e cho comasach dhoibh barail chothromach a bhi aca mu thimchioll nan cuisean sin.

Ach cha'n ann a mhain ann a bhi toirt seachad teagaisg aon-taobhach no mi-fhallain a tha mi saoilsinn a tha ar paipeirean-naigheachd a' dol clì. Gheibhear annta gu minic naigheachdan nach bu choir a bhi annta. Tha, 'n ar latha-ne co-dhiu, sonas agus comh-fhurtachd gach duine ann an tomhas mòr an crochadh ri gluasad 'us giulan dhaoine eile. Cha 'n 'eil duine a tha 'g iarraidh no gabhail os laimh a bhi seasamh an aite buidheann de'n t-sluagh a chum an coir a dhion no am beachdan a chur an ceill nach feum cunntas a thoirt air a stiubhardachd. Cha 'n 'eil neach a ghabhas os laimh dol a theagasg a cho-chreutairean le theangaidh no le pheann nach feum fulang d'a cho-chreutairean a bhi toirt breith air a theagasg. Cha 'n 'eil neach ann an cumhachd no ann an ughdarras 'n ar measg nach 'eil cunntasach do'n t-sluagh, a reir creidimh ar latha-ne, airson a' bhuil gus a' bheil e 'cur a' chumhachd no 'n ughdarrais a bhuineas dh'a. Aig an neach is diblidh 'n ar measg tha dleasdanais araid r'an coimhlionadh d'a choimhearsnaich, agus tha e freagarrach air gach doigh gu'm biodh cuid-eigin ann a chuireas a dhleasdanais 'n a chuimhne ma 's e agus gu'm bi e 'g an dearmad. Feudar a radh gu bheil beatha gach neach againn dà fhillte. Buinidh an dara dual d'ar co-chreutairean, agus an dual eile dhuinn fein. Airson ar giulain air an dara laimh tha cunntas againn ri thoirt seachad do'n t-saoghal. Airson ar giulain air an laimh eile tha cunntas againn ri thoirt seachad, anns an t-saoghal so, d'ar coguis fein a mhain. Feudaidh e bhi gu'm biodh e freagarrach gu'm biodh an earann d'ar giulan a bhuineas do'n t-saoghal na bu mhò, agus an earann a bhuineas duinn fein na bu lugha na tha cleachdta 'n ar measg an traths, ged tha mi fein de atharrach barail. Ach tha agus bithidh e ceart agus freagarrach air gach cor gu'm bi moran do d' ghiulan agus do d'ghluasad agus gu sonruichte a' chuid is airde agus is soluimte de d'bheatha foluichte o shuilean an t-saoghail agus cunntasach do d'choguis fein a mhain. Is ann le stri chruaidh, bhuan, agus fhuilteach a bhuannaichd ar n-aithrichean an t-saorsa a dh'fhag iad mar dhileab againne. Cha 'n urrainn dhuinn a bhi taingeil gu leoir d'ar sinnsearachd airson na saorsa a tha sinn a mealtuinn, agus cha 'n urrainn sinn a bhi eudmhor gu leoir airson an t-sochair mhor so a ghleidheadh 'na h-uile lanachd d'ar cloinn. Agus feumaidh sinn an aire thoirt an uair a thilgeas sinn ain-tighearnas 'us foirneart de aon seorsa nach fuiling sinn do ghnè fhoirneart sam bith eile an t-aite falamh a lionadh. Is tric a dh'fhas an gille 'n a mhaighstir; agus is tric a rinn deagh sheirbhiseach droch mhaighstir. Dh'iarr agus fhuair na seana Bhreatunnaich cobhair o na Sasunnaich airson iad fein a dhion o thulgaidhean garbha nan seann Albannach; ach cha luaithe a fhuair na Sasunnaich an cas air Sasunn na dhearbh iad nach tilleadh iad mar a thainig iad. Ann an uine ghoirid bha chuid a b'fhearr de'n fhearann 'n an lamhan. Is e bosd uaibhreach a' Bhreatunnaich gur e 'thigh a chaisteal; agus nach faigh an Righ fein a stigh gun chead fir an tighe. Ach nach 'eil ni-eigin de chunnart 'n ar latha-n'e ged tha an toil agus an comas againn an Righ a dhruideadh a mach as ar tigh, gu bheil sinn tuillidh 'us toileach agus gu bheil sinn gach latha a' fas na's eu-comasaiche air an "t-saoghal" a chumail a mach? Is feairrde gach aon againn gu'm biodh barail an t-sluaigh a bha agus a tha agus a bhitheas, ann an tomhas, 'na "lòchran d'ar cois agus 'na sholus d'ar ceum." Ach cha 'n ionann so agus a' chleachduin a tha fas gach latha na's cumanta 'nar measg, a bhi toirt cead 'us còir do gach aon a shaoileas gu'n do rugadh esan airson an t-saoghail a chur ceart, a bhi 'g innseadh ann am paipeir-naigheachd do na ceudan nach cuala riamh iomradh air t-ainm-sa no air m-ainm-sa a bharail air a ghnè dhaoine tha annainne, an doigh air am maith leinne ar croit a ghiullachd, ar teaghlach oileanachadh, no eadhon ar cuirp a chomhdach. Nach searbh an gnothuch e ma chaidh againn air cumhachd a' chrùin a lughdachadh air chor agus nach urrainn an Righ dragh a chur oirnn ach le ughdarras lagha ris an do chuir sinn fein ar n-aonta cho maith ris-san, ma chaidh againn air cuing nan uachdaran a bhriseadh air chor agus nach faod iad buntainn ruinn fein no r'ar cuid ach air bonn a' chordaidh a rinn sinn ri cheile, gur eigin duinn fulang do gharrach 's am bith d'an urrainn litir a sgriobhadh sinn fein agus ar doighean agus ar cleachduinean a chur am beul an t-sluaigh? Tha e farasda gu leoir dhuit a bhi ann ad earalas air a' Mhaor. Thig e gu follaiseach; innsidh e 'ghnothuch; agus tha bharantas 'n a laimh. Ach cha 'n 'eil dol as air fear a' phaipeir-naigheachd. Ma theid thu mu chùl do ghnothuich agus gu'm fag thu do dhorus fosgailte; bithidh cunntas air gach ni a tha fo chromadh do thighe ann am paipeir-naigheachd mu'n tig ceann dà latha, gu sonruichte gach ni a shaoileas an sgriobhaiche a chuireas campar ort-sa agus a shasuicheas blas fiar a luchd-leughaidh. Ma ghlaiseas tu do dhorus tha 'chluas ri toll na h-iuchrach, tha 'shron leudaichte ris an uinneig. Theid gach ni a chi no chluinneas e agus dà ni nach faic agus nach cluinn gus a' phaipeir-naigheachd. Ma theid thu le fear-turuis ceum de'n rathad no ma bheir thu le caoimhneas cuid na h-oidhche dh'a agus an t-aiseag an la'r-na-mhaireach, is e is docha gu'm bi na ceudan a' gaireachdaich mhagaidh ort, air t-ainm agus air do shloinneadh, mu'n tig ceann seachduin. Ma's duine thu leis an toil a bhi tighinn beò, ann am measg sluaigh a tha ruith an deigh gach ni ùr 'us fasanta, mar bha t-athair agus do sheanair romhad, leis an teine air meadhon an urlair agus an crodh ann an ceann eile an tighe, cuiridh peasan air chor-eigin a dh'iunnsaich beagan de dhroch Bheurla, do dhealbh fein, dealbh do mhnatha, do chloinne, agus do thighe gus a' phaipeir-naigheachd, agus bithidh luchd-turuis 'n am ficheadan agad a' tighinn a'd' fhaicinn mar chuis iongantais air an ath shamhradh. Ma's e am "feile beag is docha leat," rach air cuairt leis roimh 'n duthaich agus bithidh tu cho ainmeil agus ged b'e Turcach no Coileach-frangach a bhiodh annad. Ni an dara paipeir-naigheachd fior Ghaidheal dhiot; ni am fear eile burraidh faoin dhiot a tha deanamh uaill as a luirgnean a bhi ris na feannagan.

"Ge mòr an duibhcas beusan
Th 'eadar eucoir agus còir,
Cha 'n eol domh aite-seasaimh,
Gun a chos air aon de'n dhà,"

arsa Rob Donn gu fior agus gu geur. Tha eucoir agus còir cho dealaichte o cheile ri oidhche agus ri latha, ach mar a tha oidhche agus latha gheibhear iad an taice a cheile; agus moch 'us anmoch tha àm anns a' bheil e duilich a radh co-dhiu is oidhche no latha e. Tha cuid d'ar giulan a tha e freagarrach gu'm biodh e soilleir do'n t-saoghal mar an latha; tha cuid eile a bu choir a chomhdach le brat na h-oidhche o gach neach ach ar coguis fein a mhain. 'S e cron ar latha-ne, thi mi meas, gu bheil sinn ro-dheas am brat so a tharruing a thaobh agus leigeadh le suilean an t-saoghail sealltainn 'n ar tighean agus 'n ar cridheachan na's trice na bu chòir.

Gus o chionn beagan uine b' iad na Baird paipeirean-naigheachd na Gaidhealtachd. Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach robh o shean, mar tha fathasd agus mar bhitheas cho fada agus a bhitheas daoine ann, cuid a' gabhail barrachd gnothuich ri nithean nach buineadh dhoibh na bha còir aca air; ach cha rachadh seanachas de'n t-seorsa so ro fhada agus cha ghleidhteadh ach goirid air chuimhne e. Is e na Baird a mhain a bha comasach air cliù no mi-chliu duine a sgaoileadh air feadh na tìre agus a ghiulan a nuas air meodhair an t-sluaigh. Thug ar sluagh *Aoir* mar ainm air na h-orain a rinn na Baird a chronuchadh no chaineadh dhaoine 'us chleachduinean a bha iadsan a' meas toillteanach air achmhasan no air tamailt. A reir mo bharail ghabh na Baird gnothuch ri daoine ris nach robh gnothuch aca na bu trice na tha na paipeirean-naigheachd a' gabhail; agus anns a' Ghaidhealtachd co-dhiu chain iad gu ro-thric air dhoigh a bha narach, maslach, daoine gu mor a b'fhearr na iad fein. B'e còir nam Bard mar luchd-teagaisg a bhi toirt breith air giulan dhaoine a bha gabhail orra a bhi 'riaghladh, a' stiuradh, no 'teagasg sluaigh; b'e an còir a bhi cronuchadh gach cleachduin 'us beachd faoin no suarach no cronail no peacach a bhiodh a' faotainn aite am measg dhaoine. Na's faide na so cha 'n aidich mi gu bheil còir aig Bard no aig fear-teagaisg no aig paipeir-naigheachd gnothuch a ghabhail ri deanadas a cho-chreutairean. Agus eadhon an fhad so, bhiodh e ceart gu'n cuimhnicheadh am Bard gur e fear nan lamhan glan a mhain d'an tigeadh e dol a chronuchadh uilc.

Tha mi 'g aideachadh, ma ta, gu bheil an *AOIR* 'n a modh-teagaisg a tha dligheach 'n a h-aite fein, agus a tha, gun amharus, an uair a tha i air a h-uisneachadh mar is còir dh'i, fior chumhachdach. O'n a tha cunntas air Litreachas agus air Bardachd againn bha an Aoir air a cleachdadh airson teagaisg sluaigh. Ach is ann o na seann Romanaich a fhuair na pobuill a tha nis a lathair na beachdan a tha aca mu thimchioll na gnè Bhardachd so. Bha dà Bhard Romanach gu sonruichte a ghnathaich an Aoir airson teagaisg, agus a ghnathaich i air atharrach doigh. Bho 'n latha-san tha dà sheorsa Aoir cumanta 'n ar measg. Tha an dara aon a' sgiursadh uilc; tha an aon eile a' smadadh faoineis. Ach is e an aon chrioch a tha aca. Firinn ann an cainnt, gloine ann an smuain, ceartas ann an gniomh, agus maise ann an giulan, is e so crioch gach teagaisg, agus crioch gach Aoir is airidh air an ainm mar mhodh-teagaisg. Tha an dara seorsa ag amharc air cionta, air foirneart, agus air ain-tighearnas, gu sonruichte ann an ionadaibh arda an t-saoghail; tha am Bard a' lasadh an aghaidh an uilc, tha e cleachdadh a bhuaidhean uile a chum corruich 'us fearg an t-sluaigh a dhusgadh an aghaidh an uilc agus luchd-deanaimh an uilc, cia b'e co iad. 'S e a run an t-olc agus, ma's eigin e, na ciontaich a sgrios bharr aghaidh na talmhainn. Tha an t-aon eile ag amharc air beachdan, cleachduinean, 'us fasain a tha cumanta 'na latha fein, nach urrainnear a radh gu bheil iad olc, no gu bheil iadsan a tha 'g an leantuinn ciontach no peacach, ach faoin, suarach, mi-cheutach. Chi am Bard nach e fearg no corruich no fuil a chuireas as d'an leithidean so; ach spìd, tamailt, fanoid. Ach cha 'n 'eil an so ach dà dhoigh a chuairteachadh an aon rùin; dà chungaidh a leigheas dà ghnè tinneis. Feumaidh an lighiche air uairean ball de'n chorp a ghearradh air falbh a chum beatha an duine a shabhaladh. Air uairean eile ni ceirean suarach an gnothuch. Ach leis an dara doigh cho maith ris an doigh eile is e a run slainte aiseag do'n neach a tha euslan. Air a cheart doigh ma chi am Bard a tha gabhail air a bhi leigheas corp an t-sluaigh gu bheil galar basmhor air an siubhal, is e a dhleasdanas cungaidh laidir a chleachdadh; ma's e a bheachd nach 'eil ann ach fòtus faoin a fhuair greim am barr a chraicionn, cha 'n 'eil e dligheach dh'a ach cungaidh lag uisneachadh. Tha e cho fior mu chaithe-beatha an t-sluaigh agus a tha e mu chorp an duine gur ann le cungaidhean cunnartach a leigheisear galair chunnartach.

Cha ruigear leas an Aoir a chur ann an rann, ged is ann a mhain an uair a tha i 'n a rann no 'n a h-oran a their sinn Aoir rithe anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Na'm biodh feum a dhearbhadh gu bheil e ceart do neach air uair 's am bith dol a mhagadh no smàdadh neach eile no dol a thoirt masladh no tamailt do shluagh a chum am pilleadh gu slighe na còrach, bhiodh e farasda gu leoir eisempleirean fhaotainn anns an Sgriobtur air a' chuis. Cha 'n aithne dhomh aite anns am faighear fearg 'us corruich, tamailt 'us masladh air a thaomadh a mach air uachdarain agus air sluaigh a chum am pilleadh gu slighe na còrach agus an dleasdanais na's trice agus na's cumhachdaiche na anns na "Faidhean." Agus cha'n eil mi ro chinnteach gu'm faighear eisempleir air magadh no air fochaid ann an Litreachas fo'n ghrein na's fearr na gheibhear anns a' Bhiobull. Tha cuimhne agad an fhreagairt a thug Iob truagh, ann an searbhadas anma, air a thriuir chairdean a bha feuchainn, mar shaoil iadsan, ri ni-eigin de chomhfhurtachd a thoirt dh'a: "Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach sibhse an sluagh, agus maille ribhse basaichidh gliocas." Ach tha dà sgeul bheag gu sonruichte a bhitheas ann an cuimhne gach neach, anns a' bheil fochaid air uisneachadh anns a' Bhiobull. An uair a ghabh Eliah os laimh a dhearbhadh do shluagh ana-creideach gu'm b'e an Tighearna Dia, ged bha e 'n a aonar an aghaidh ceithir-cheud-gu-leth de fhaidhean Bhaail, agus a dh'aontaich iad le cheile, e fein agus faidhean Bhaail, an Dia a fhreagradh le teine, gu'm bitheadh esan 'n a Dhia, tha sinn a' leughadh, an uair nach robh Baal a' toirt freagradh d'a fhaidhean fein: "Agus an uair a bha e mu mheadhon-là, rinn Eliah fanoid orra, agus thubhairt e, Eighibh le guth àrd, oir is dia e; an dara cuid tha e beachd-smuaineachadh, no tha e air tòir, no tha e air thurus, no theagamh gu'm bheil e 'na chodal, agus gu'm feumar a dhusgadh." A ris tha sinn a' leughadh mu'n fhaidhe Elisa: "Agus chaidh e suas as a sin gu Betel: agus an uair a bha e a' dol suas air an t-slighe, thainig clann bheag a mach as a' bhaile, agus rinn iad fanoid air, agus thubhairt iad ris, Gabh suas, fhir mhaoil, gabh suas, fhir mhaoil." Tha againn anns an dà sgeul so cha 'n e mhain eisempleir air fanoid, ach eisempleir air àm 'us àite anns an coir agus àm 'us àite anns nach coir fanoid a bhi air a chleachdadh. Tha e air a radh, ach fagaidh mi aig na ministeirean mineachadh na roinne, gu bheil "clann bheag" anns an earrainn so a' ciallachadh gillean òga. Cha 'n 'eil mi a' di-chuimhneachadh gu'm bu duine naomh Elisa. Ach is e an dealachadh gu sonruichte a bu mhiann leam a thoirt fanear gu'm b'e rùn Eliah a bhi pilleadh sluaigh gu firinn, agus gur ann air beachdan a bha air an dearbhadh feallsa a bha e deanamh fanoid. Bha e laghail, ma ta, an t-arm so a chleachdadh a chum inntinn an t-sluaigh a thoirt fo smachd. Ach b'e rùn na "cloinne bige" tamailt a dheanamh air seann duine airson gu'n robh a cheann maol, ni nach b'urrainn d'a leasachadh. Ma 's e agus gu'm bu ghillean oga iad a bha airson tamailt a thoirt do'n fhaidh 'n a dhreuchd mar theachdaire o Dhia, bha an cionta gu mor air an-tromachadh; agus an uair a dh'amhairceas sinn air a' pheanas throm a rinneadh orra cha 'n eil e eu-coltach nach ann mar so a bha 'chuis. Ach a dh'aon chuid dheth, bha iad a' cleachdadh fanoid air dhoigh mhi-laghail, a bha toillteanach air peanas.

Saoilidh mi bho eisempleir an Sgriobtuir gu'm faodar a radh gu bheil e ceart an Aoir uisneachadh mar mhodh-teagaisg an aghaidh uilc agus luchd-deanamh uilc, an aghaidh bharailean meallta, agus air taobh ceartais 'us firinn; ach 'nach 'eil e ceadaichte dol a dhusgadh fearg no tair sluaigh an aghaidh duine airson failinn no gaoid no uireasbhuidh, 'n a chorp no 'n a inntinn, nach urrainn e fein a leasachadh. D. M'K.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Na bi os ceann do cheaird na do dhreuchd fein, ciod air bith a' cheaird no'n dreuchd a dh' fheudas a bhi ann. Dean dichioll gu bhi 'g eiridh suas 'na d' ghairm fein. Tha esan a thogas a shron ri obair fein, gun teagamh mar amadan a' connsachadh ris an aran agus ris an im aige fein. Is bochd an gobhainn esan a throideas ris na sradaibh a dh' eireas o'n innean aige fein. Cha'n 'eil naire no masladh ceangailte ri gairm onoirich sam bith. Na biodh eagal ort do lamhan a shalchadh, oir tha'n t-uisge chum an glanadh gu pailt, saor r'a fhaotuinn. Tha gach ceaird maith do'n ti a chleachdas i gu dichiollach agus dligheach. Ach deanadh na h-uile faicill an aghaidh aon ni, agus is e sin an leisg! Tha ni's leoir r'a fhaotuinn 'san t-saoghal air son gach paidhir lamh a gheibhear ann; agus feumaidh na h-uile obair a dheanamh chum gu'm bi an saoghal ni's beartaiche, air duinn a bhi 'gabhail comhnuidh ann. Cha d' rinneadh an duine gu bhi diomhain; ach ma tha e suidhichte air a bhi diomhain, an aghaidh comhairle an Ti a's Airde, na itheadh e biadh!

Is glic agus ceart a runaich bantighearn araidh roimh so mu theagasg a cuid nighean fein. Thubhairt i, "Feuch gu'm faigh gach caileag, biodh i uasal no iosal, deagh eolas air ceaird, no obair air choreigin. Seadh, ionnsaicheadh i le curam an ni sin d'am mo am bheil do speis aice, ge b'e ciod e. Cuireadh i a lamh ris gach gniomh feumail air feadh an tighe air a shuarraichead, agus cha d' thig an la anns an gabh i aithreachas."

A’ CHUAIRT SHAMHRAIDH.

Fonn—“’S i sid an deoch mhilis.”

Hug óro, mo leannan,
Thig mar-rium air chuairt
Do dh-ùr-choill’ a’ bharraich
’S an tathaich a’ chuach ;
Hug óro mo leannan,
Thig mar-rium air chuairt.

Tha gruaman a’ Gheamhraidh
Air fàgail nam beannta,
’S e ’sruth anns gach alldan
Na ’dheann-ruith a nuas.
Hug, &c.

Tha aodunn nan sléibhtean
A’ dèarrsadh gu céutach ;
’S na lusanan péucach
Ag éirigh le buaidh
Hug, &c.

Tha Samhradh an òr-chuil
A’ riaghladh le mòrchuis,
’S an saoghal ri sòlas
Gu’n d’ fhògair e ’m fuachd.
Hug, &c.

Na h-eoin ’s iad ri coireal
Feadh ghrianan na coille,
’S na sobhraiohean soilleir
’Cur loinn’ air gach bruaich.
Hug, &c.

Tha ’ghrian feadh nan glacagan
Gormanach, fasgach,
’S gu’m b’ aobhainn ’bhi leatsa
A’ dearc air an snuagh.
Hug, &c.

’S do shnuagh fhéin cho greannor
Ri gàire an t-Samhraidh
Feadh fhlùran a’ dannsadh
’S na gleannta mu’n cuairt.
Hug, &c.

O, tiugainn, a leannain,
Do choille nam meangan,
’S gu’n ùraich sinn gealladh
’Bhi tairis gu buan.
Hug, &c.

—*Am Filidh.*

——o——

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

Coin. “Chunnaic mi a’ tighinn thu, Fhir mo chridhe, leth-mhile air falbh, oir dh’ aithnich mi ceum aigeannach a’ ghearrain duinn, mu’n d’ rinn mi a mach co an caraid a bha air a dhruim. Ciamar a tha thu, agus ciamar a dh’ fhag thu an teaghlach gu leir aig a’ bhaile?”

Mur. “Tha sinn uile gu’n deireas, a’ Choinnich choir, agus ciod is cor do Sheonaid, agus do’n oigridh air fad ’sa Ghoirtean-Fraoich?”

C. “Cha’n ’eil aobhar talachaidh againn, oir tha sinn uile ’nar slainte, eadar bheag agus mhor. Gabhaidh Seumas beag an gearran uait, agus thig a steach.”

M. “Nach taitneach an la earraich sin, a’ Choinnich, agus nach freagarrach e chum a bhi ’cur an t-sil? Ciod an staid anns am bheil thu leis a’ chuireachd ’sa Ghoirtean Fraoich?”

C. “Ma ta, a’ Mhurachaidh, tha sinn direach deas dheth. Chuir sinn sios an raoir a’ chuid mu dheireadh dhe’n choirce, dhe’n eorna, agus dhe’n bhuntata, agus tha sinn a nis gu dol a dheasachadh an fhearainn chum na neapan a chur sios. Ann an uine ghoirid, ma dh’ fhanas e tioram, toisichidh sinn ris a’ mhònadh a bhuaineadh. Cha’n ’eil tamh ann do’n tuathanach bhochda. Am bheil obair an earraich gu bhi ullamh agad fein, a Ghoistidh?”

M. “Cha’n ’eil a’ Phairc-dhuth air a cur fathast. Bha mi togarrach air atharrachadh sil fhaotuinn air a son, agus thainig mi re na slighe so dh’ fheuchainn am faighinn bolla no dha ri cheannachadh dhe ’n choirce-bhuidhe aig greidhear Shir Sheumais. Ciod i do bharail am faigh mi e?”

C. “Cha’n ’eil teagamh sam bith nach fhaigh, oir thubhairt e rium an de gu’n reiceadh e deich no dusan bolla air son sil, agus a thfios agam gur ciatach an coirce. Is ainneamh a’ leithid.”

M. “Is maith leam sin a chluinntinn, oir bithidh an greidhear agam diomhain gus am faighear an siol.”

C. “Is fior e, a’ Mhurachaidh,

chual mi gu'n d' fhuair thu greidhear ura. Cia as a thainig e, no ciod is duthaich dha?"

M. "Is Griogaireach e, agus rugadh a's dh' araicheadh e ann an sgireachd Bhochuidir, talamh nan Griogaireach. Tha e 'na dhuine sgairteil, calma, agus anabarrach cinneadail. Tha e an comhnuidh a' labhairt mu'n Cheann-Cinnidh aige an Ridir Calum MacGriogair, agus mu 'athair Sir Ian Athoil MacGriogair, agus mu 'Shean-athair Sir Eobhan MacGriogair, agus mu Sheann-sean-athair Sir Ian Morradh MacGriogair. Tha naigheachdan aige mu gach aon diubh faleth, ach gu sonraichte mu Shir Eobhan a rinn gaisge gu'n choimeas ann an cogadh nan Innsean, o cheann corr is tri fichead bliadhna air ais. Air la araidh dhruideadh na geataichean air a' ghaisgeach threun so ann an Dun-Tailneir, daingneach laidir, far an robh e ach beag leis fein, agus far an do chuir e a chul ri balladh a bha'n sin, ag iomairt gu h-ealanta an claidheimh a bha 'na dhorn, leis an robh e 'smaladh gu bas gach Arabach allta a thigeadh 'na char. Rinn e gaisge do-chur-an-ceill anns na h-amannaibh fuilteach sin. Bha a cheile uasal nighean Diuchd Athoil maille ris anns na h-Innsibh, agus dh' fhuirich i gu'n dealachadh ris, gus an do phill iad le cheile dhachaidh. Rinn Ministear araidh moladh do Shir Eobhan ann am bardachd nach 'eil cli, agus sgriobh mi sios e o' bheul a' ghreidheir."

C. "Cluinneamaid e, a' Ghoistidh, oir bha riamh tlachd agam do na Griogairich, do bhrigh gu'n robh iad air an geur-leanmhuinn gu searbh, agus gu neo-airidh anns na h-amannaibh a dh' fhalbh."

M. "Is olc agus ain-iochdmhor an seol air an do bhuineadh ris a chinnidh ghaisgeil sin, agus bu chomadh leam ged a bheirinn duit eachdraidh la eigin air an diol a rinneadh air an treubh chliuiteach sin."

C. "Feuch, ma ta, nach dichuimhnich thu sin a dheanamh, a' Mhurachaidh choir, ach 'san am a ta lathair cluinneamaid Moladh Shir Eobhain, agus aithris gu pongail, socrach e, oir cha mhaith leam aon lide dheth a chall."

M. "Ma ta, a' Choinnich, tha aon dheagh bhuaidh ort, agus is e sin gu'm bheil deagh Ghaelig agad. Cha'n eagal uime sin, nach tuig, thu gach focal a chluinneas thu, ach eisd rium le curam, agus an ni nach tuig thu, minichear dhuit e, an uair a bhios mi ullamh."

"Moladh do Eobhan MacGriogair, Ridir Lanric, air son a ghaisge ann an Dun-Talneir ann an Innsibh na h-Aird-an-ear."

1.

'S toileach dhealbhar an dan so,
Do Mhac Ridire Lanric,
Eobhan, Triath Ghlinnecearnaig,
Do'm bheil neart agus danachd;
Do'm bheil tapachd is caileachd,
Os ceann iomadh deas armunn;
C' ait am bheil e de'n al so,
Ann an gaisg' a bheir barr air an t-seod!
Ann an gaisg', &c.

2.

Tha e ealanta, àghach,
Anns gach deuchainn is gabhadh;
Reir a thoillteanais thar e
Suas gu h-ealamh 'na Cheannard,
Air Cath-bhuidheann gu'n mheang annt',
Marcaich eatrom nan srann-each;
Ach a nis rinneadh' arduch',
'Na Cheann-feadhna feachd ainmeil an treoir.

3.

Mac Ceann-cinnidh Chloinn Ailpein,
'S Chloinne Ghriogair nan glas-lann,
Agus fos iomadh-aitim
Feadh na riogh'chd air an sgapadh,
'S lionmhor mil' gheibhteadh asda,
Tha nan curaidhibh gasda,
Is a rachadh gu tart'rach,
Sios do'n chomhraig le aiteas fo shrol.

4.

Tha e aige mar dhualchas,
A bhi foghainteach, truacant',

Oir cha d' fheuch am Flath luachmhor
O'n do ghineadh an Cruaidh-fhear
Riamh a chul do namh uaibhreach,
No do charaid d'a thruaighid;
O! cha'n ioghn' ged a bhuadhaich
An Sar-Mhac is e 'gluasad na lorg!

5.

Chaidh e stigh do na blaraibh,
Le mor-shunnt agus lan-toil',
'Nait bhi meath-chridheach, sgathach,
'S ann bha 'mhisneach sir fhas da;
'S ged bu tric e 's an ar-fhaich',
Thug a thuigse 'sa thabhachd
Dha a mach a' bhuaidh-larach;
'S cha bu mhiosa a lamh air an toir.

6.

Air da sochairean iobradh,
Bha dha dligheach do rireadh,
Sgath a Righ is a thire,
Sheol e sios do na h-Innsibh,
Far, 'na mhoralachd inntinn
Leis na saighdeiribh dileas,
Na fior-Albannaich Rioghail,
An d'rinn e teuchd tha do-innseadh air choir.

7.

Chaidh e, lasadh le solas,
Do Dhun Talneir do'n chomhstrith,
Gun aon neach aig 'ga chomhnadh,
Ach na Ceannarda crodha,
'S na Taobh-chuideachdan dobhaidh,
Na Fir-Eatrom is Mhora;
Ach bha bhuidheann ud deonach,
Is air feabhas 'nan connlanaibh corr!

8.

Air dol suas doibh do'n Dun ud,
Rinn na naimhdean a dhunadh,
'S thain' iad airsan gu lubach,
Is gu fealltach o 'chulaobh;
Ach ghrad-thionndaidh am biuidh
Gu ro sgairteil a ghnuis riu,
Agus bhuail e gu h-uir iad,
Le a chlaidheamh geur, ruisgte 'na dhorn!

9.

'Stric a rinneadh a chreuchdadh
Ann am buaireas na teugmhail,
'S ged is tric cha do gheill e
Do a naimhdibh eu-ceillidh;
Oir 'na airceas 'sna eigin,
'Nam an dealais 's na deuchainn,
'S ann a bhuail e na beuman,
'Chuir 'nan luidh gu'n eiridh fir bhorb!

10.

'S ann an sud a bha ghriobhag,
Le luaidh ghrad, lannaibh biorach,
'S claidhibh sgaiteach 'gan iomairt,
Le dream chalma gu'n tioma;
Chaidh Siol Alba gu'n ghiorag,
Anns an t-searbh-chath air mhireadh,
Reubadh chorp is 'gan liodairt,
Is 'gam fagail 'san ionad gu'n deo!

11.

Chluinnteadh fada as farum
Agus tailmrich a' chath' ud,
Bha MacGriogair co h-ealamh,
Ri grad-bhoisge an dealain,
Air gach laimh a' toirt barrachd,
Ann am meadhon nan aineol,
Bu bhas naimh teachd an car da,
Oir bu mhillteach a lasan 'sa cholg!

12.

Shaoil na h-Arabaich chealgach,
Nach robh dhoibh ach a mharbhadh;
Bha iad iomadach, dalma
Ann an conas nan garbh-bheum;
Bha iad coirbte is feargach,
As an neart bha iad earbsach,
Gidheadh, dh' ionnlaid e 'shearbh-lann
'Nam fuil bhlath, 'n uair dhearbhadh e leo

13.

Chiteadh Esan a' tathaich
Far 'm bu teotha an t-sabaid,
Far 'm bu deine a' chabhag,
'S far 'm bu deist'nich' a' charraid;
Dh' éirich ciocras is pathadh
Air a chruaidh air son fala,
Leis an robh i gu dealaidh,
'Deothal chuislean dhaoin' allaidh is gno!

14.

Bha a threunas 'sa chruadal,
A' co-chur anns an uair ud,
Ri sar-ghniomh nam fear tuarail,
A bha leis anns an tuasaid;
Mar so, bhuail e le h-uamhunn
Is le h-ar a luchd-fuatha;
B'iomadh ceatharnach ruaimneach
A bha 'tuiteam mu'n cuairt da 'nan torr!

15.

'Na mhor aigeantachd rianail,
Da cha b' urrainn bhi diomhain;
O! bu tairis is dian e,
Ann am boile na h-iarghuill;
Fhuair e'n cliu sin a' b' fhiach e,
Cliu nach dealaich gu sior ris;
Oir bha 'theomachd 'na miorbhuil
Do na suinn bha gu'n fhiar bheum 'ga chomhn'!

16.

Bha'n Cath-mhilidh deas, flathail,
A' dol rompa gu'n atha,

Is a' nochdadh gu rathail
Gach gniomh euchdach is allail,
Bu neo-bhaigheil an sgathadh
Rinn na seoid ann am platha,
'Nam bhi 'greasadh a' chatha,
Mar a ghreasas gaoth cathadh no ceo !

17.

Ghiulain iadsan gu fraochail
Teas na streupaid 'nan aonar ;
Gu'n an caomhaich gu h-aobhach
Anns an am ud ri'n taobh ac' ;
Ach 's luath dhearbh iad nach b' fhaoin iad ;
Rinn a dhleas'nas gach aon dìubh,
Oir cha b' aithne do'n laochruidh,
Ciod e geilleadh no aomadh ri'm beo !

18.

Bhris chuid eile d'a chairdibh
Suas mu dheireadh an Daingneach,
Agus bhruchd iad gu'n mhairneal
'N sin a stigh air na naimhdibh ;
Bha frith, farran, is campar,
Air na gaisgeachaibh spairneil,
Gus an d' fhuair iad a dh' ionnsuidh
'N fhir, nach striochdadh air cheann da bhi leont' !

19.

Rinn mor-ioghna an lionadh
Air doibh fhaicinn mar dhionadh
Leis a bheatha, 's an dian-strith,
'N aghaidh fheachdan ro lionmhor,
'S mar a mharbh e fir iargalt',
A' toirt dulain do'n iarmad ;
'N sin, mar Fhionn leis na Fianntaibh,
Choisinn Esan le 'chliaraibh an lo !

20.

Slan gu'm pill am Fear-buadhach,
Is a Cheile Ard-uasal,
Nios a ris thar na cuantaibh
Do shean Albainn a' Chluarain.
Beatha shona is bhuan doibh ;
Slaint' a bhos agus shuas doibh,
Sliochd an sliochd, 's gach sliochd uath'san,
Feadh gach linn gu robh sluaghar is mor !

C. "Mo bheannachd agad, a' Mhurachaidh, tha am Moladh ciatach, agus is ciatach a dh' aithris thu e, ach co a thubhairt thu chuir a'n altaibh a' cheile e ?"

M. "Rinn an t-Urramach Roibeart MacGriogair, a bha iomadh bliadna 'na Mhinistear ann an Cillemhuire 'san Eilean Sgiathanach. B' esan a b' athair do d' charaid an 'Sgiathanach,' mu'n dubhairt thu gu minic gu'n robh seillein 'na cheann, a thaobh na Reuladaireachd, nan sithichean, agus nithe gu'n aogas eile mu'n robh e a' labhairt."

C. "Sgiathanach ann no as, leigidh sinn 'san am a leis. Bheir sinn guth maith agus cead a choise dha. Ach, a' charaid, na dichuimhnich gu'm faigh mi gu'n dail, lan-chunntas air eachdraidh Chloinn Ghriogair."

M. "Fag sin agamsa, a' Ghraidh nam fear, agus cha dearmadar e. Feumaidh mi, gidheadh, an toiseach a' chuireachd a thoirt gu crich. Ach is fior e, tiugainn maille rium, dh' fheuchainn am faigh mi an siol-coirce. Tiugainn, cha bhi sinn fad gu'n tilleadh. Cha'n ionndrain Seonaid choir air falbh sinn."

ALASDAIR RUADH.

DUBH-FHACAL AN FHIR CHUIR.

MATT. xiii. 3-9.

1. *'S a' Ghàidhlig Albannaich*—(*a*) *Prot.*; (*b*) *Cait.* 2. (*a*) *An Gàidhlig Chonacht*; (*b*) *Cait.*, 1877; (*c*) *An Gàidhlig Mhumhain.* 3. *An Gàidhlig Mhanainn.* 4. *An Gàidhlig Chuimridh.* 5. (*a*) *Gàidhlig Armorica;* (*b*) *Dial. Trecor.*

1. 'S A' GHÀIDHLIG ALBANNAICH.

(*a*) PROT., 1826.

Feuch, chaidh sìoladair a mach a chur sìl.

Agus ag cur an t-sìl da, thuit cuid dheth ri taobh an rathaid ; agus thàinig na h-eunlaith agus dh'ith iad e.

Thuit cuid air ionadaibh creagach, far nach robh mòran talmhainn aige ; agus air ball dh'fhas e suas, do bhrìgh nach robh doimhneachd talmhainn aige.

Ach air éirigh do'n ghréin dhoth-

adh e; agus, do bhrìgh nach robh freumh aige, shearg e as.

Agus thuit cuid am measg droighinn: agus dh'fhàs an droighionn suas, agus mhùch se e.

Ach thuit cuid eile am fearann maith, agus thug e toradh a mach, cuid a cheud uiread, cuid a thri fichead, cuid a dheich thar fhichead uiread 'sa chuireadh.

Ge b'e neach aig am bheil cluasa chum éisdeachd, éisdeadh e.

(*b*) Cait., 1875.

Seall, chaidh fear-cuir a mach a chur.

'S nuair a bha e cur, thuit cuid ri oir an rathaid; us thainig ianlaith an athair, agus dh' ith iad e.

Us thuit cuid air talamh creagach, far nach robh moran ùire aige; agus ghrad-dh' fhas e suas, bhrigh nach robh doimhneachd thalmhuinn aige:

'S air eirigh do 'n ghrein loisg e, 's bho nach robh friamh aige, shearg e as.

Agus thuit cuid eile am measg dhrisean; us dh' fhas na drisean, agus thachd iad e.

Agus thuit cuid eile air talamh math, us thug e mach toradh, cuid ciad fillte, cuid tri fichead, agus cuid deich thar fhichead.

Am fear aig a bheil cluasan gu cluinntinn, cluinneadh e.

2. An Gàidhlig Chonacht.

(*a*) Prot.

Féuch, do chuáidh síoladóir a mach do chur síl;

Agus ag cur an tsíl dó, do thuit cuid dhe chois na sligheadh, agus tangadar na héanlaith, agus a dúadar é:

Agus do thuit cuid eile dhe a bhfearan chlochach, mar nach raibh móran úire aige: agus do fhás sé go lúath, do bhrígh nach bhfúair sé doimhneachd na talmhan:

Agus ar néirghe don ghréin, do dóidheadh é; agus ar son nach raibh fréumh aige, do shearg sé.

Agus do thuit cuid eile dhe eidir mhuineach; agus do éirghe an muineach súas, agus do mhuch sé é:

Agus do thuit cuid eile dhe a dtalamh mhaith, agus tug sé toradh, cuid céuduiread, cuid trí fichid uiread, cuid a deich fichead uiread.

Gidh bé agá bhfuillid clúasa chum éisdeachda, éisdeagh sé.

(*b*) Cait., 1877.*

Feuch, do chuaidh fear cratha síl amach le síol a chrathadh.

Agus 'nuair a bhi se aig crathadh an t-sil, do thuit cuid dé, le h-ais na slighe, agus do thainicadar eunlaidh an aeir, agus do shluigadar she.

Acht do thuit roinn eile a bhfhearann clochach, an áit nar raibh mórán úire aige; agus d' fhás se de léim, de bhrigh nach raibh aige doimhneacht talmhan.

'Nuair d' eirigh an ghrian thainic meirbheachan air an geobhar; agus mar gheall nach raibh freumh aige, seargadh suas she.

Do thuit cuid eile a lár druiseacha: d' fhasadar na driseacha agus do mhuchadar she.

Do thuit roinn eile air talamh sheirbh, agus do thug se toradh,—cuid dé, toradh ceudach, cuid eile tri ficheadadh, cuid eile deichmhadh air fichid oiread.

An te aig a bh-fuil cluasa le clos,—eisteadh se.

(*c*) An Gàidhlig Mhumhain.

Feuch, do chuaidh sìoladóir amach ag cur síl.

Agus ag cur an tsíl do, do thuit cuid de cois na slíghe, agus tháinigh na héanlacha agus d' itheadar suas é:

Do thuit cuid eile dhe air thalamh bhí lán do chlocha, áit ná raibh mórán cré aige; agus dfhás sé suas d' urchar, mar ná raibh doimhníos na talmhan aige :

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* I am indebted to the Very Rev. Canon Bourke, St. Jarlath's, Tuam, for this modern version.—G.

Agus air éiríghe don ghréin do dóghag é; agus mar ná raibh aon phreumh aige, do chríon se :

Agus do thuit cuid eile dhe a measg deilgnídhe; agus dfhás na deilgnídhe suas, agus do mhúchadar é :

Ach do thuit cuid eile dhe air thalamh mhaith, agus thug toradh uaig, cuid de a chéad uiriod féin, cuid a thrí fichid uiriod, agus cuid a dheich-air-fhichiod uiriod.

Pé duine go bhfuil cluasa chum éisdeachta aige, éisdígheach sé.

3. An Gàidhlig Mhanainn.

Cur-jee my-ner, hie correyder magh dy chuirr.

As myr v'eh cuirr, huitt paart jeh'n rass rish oirr y raad, as haink ny eeanlee, as d'ee ad seose eh.

Huitt paart er thalloo cloaie, raad nagh row mooarane ooir : as daase eh er-y-chooyl, er-yn-oyr nagh row diunid hallooin echey :

As tra ghow yn ghrian niart, ve fiojit; as er-yn-oyr nagh row eh er n'ghoaill fraue, ren eh shymley er-sooyl.

As huitt paart mastey drineyn : as daase ny drineyn seose as phloogh ad eh.

Agh huitt cooid elley jeh ayns thalloo mie, as dymmyrk eh mess, paart keeadfilley, paart three-feedfilley, as paart jeih fillaghyn as feed.

Eshyn ta cleayshyn echey dy chlashtyn, lhig da clashtyn.

4. An Gàidhlig Chuimridh.

Wele, yr hauwr a aeth allan i hau.

Ac fel yr oedd efe yn hau, peth a syrthiodd ar fin y ffordd; a'r adar a ddaethant, ac a'i difasant.

Peth arall a syrthiodd ar greigleoedd, lle ni chawsant fawr ddaear : ac yn y man yr eginasant, gan nad oedd iddynt ddyfnder daear :

Ac wedi codi 'r haul, y poethasant; ac am nad oedd ganddynt wreiddyn, hwy a wywasant.

A pheth arall a syrthiodd ym mhlith y drain; a'r drain a godasant, ac a'u tagasant hwy.

Peth arall hefyd a syrthiodd mewn tir da, ac a ddygasant ffrwyth, peth ar ei ganfed, arall ar ei dri-ugeinfed, arall ar ei ddegfed ar hugain.

Y neb sydd ganddo glustiau i wrando, gwrandawed.

5. (*a*) An Gàidhlig Armorica.

Chétu ann hader a zô éad er-méaz da hada.

Hag é-pâd ma hadé, lôd eûz ann hâd a gouézaz a-héd ann heñt, ha laboused ann eñv a zeûaz hag hé zebraz.

Lôd all a gouézaz enn eul léac'h meinek, é péléac'h né oa két kalz a zouar: hag é savaz kerkeñt, dré né oa kéd a zounder douar.

Hôgen pa zavaz ann héol é oé losket: hag ô véza n'en doa kéd a c'hrisien, é sec'haz.

Lôd all a gouézaz é-touez ann drein : hag ann drein a greskaz, hag a vougaz anézhañ.

Lôd all a gouézaz é douar mâd hag é roûz frouez, lôd kañt kémeñd all, lôd trîugeñt, lôd trégoñt.

Ra zélaouô néb en deûz diskouarn da glevout.

(*b*) Dial. Trecor.

An hini a had, a sortias evit hadan greûn.

Hac evel ma voe o vond da hadan, lod deus he c'hreûn a goueas hed an hend hac ar lapouzed deus an nenv a zeuas hac en dêbas.

Lod al a gouëas en andrejo meïnec, elec'h na voe quet calz a zouar, hac e savas querquent, abalamour na voe quet a zonder douar.

Mes querquent ha ma voe savet

an heol, ar glazur a voe losquet, hac, evel n'o defoe quet a c'hrio, a sec'hchont;

Lod al a gouëas en touez ar spern, pere o vean deud da grisquin he mougas;

Lod al a gouëas en douar mad, hac a zougas freuz, darn o rapporti cant evit unan, darn triuguent, ha darn al tregont.

Piou-benac en eus diouscouarn da chelaou clêvet.

GUNURRAINN.

* * *

DONULL BAN A' BHÒCAIN.

THA mu cheithir fichead bliadhna 's a deich bho'n a dh' éug an duine foghainteach so—Donull Bàn a' Bhòcain, no mar bu trice a theirteadh ris—Dònull Bàn mac Aonghuis. Is ann de mhuinntir Bhràighe Lochabar, agus de Thigh-na-Ceapaich a bha e. B'e am fear mu dheireadh a bh' ann de Shealgairean Mhic-'ic-Raonuill. Bha e fuireach am Muin-Easaidh. agus cuideachd an Ionarlàire. Is Bana-Ghriogarach á Raineach a bha pòsta aige; agus tha iar-oghaichean agus fionn-oghaichean da fhathast air bhuil.

Is ann 's a' mhonadh a thachair an "Bòcan" an toiseach air Dònull Bàn. Thug e fada na 'dheaghaidh, gus mu dheireadh 'n a theabas a chreach leis—cha'n fhàgadh e biadh no annlann gun salchad, 's gun mhilleadh-air an teaghlach, agus dh' oilltich e romh "Nic-Griogair." Ged a bha Dònull tric a' faighinn bruidhne dheth, cha'n fhac e riabh 'an riochd sa bith e. Cha robh fois latha no oidhche aige le "clachan 's le caoban. Bha chléir 's mithith us maithibh na dùthcha fianaiseach air cuid de 'ioraltan—agus sin an lom an latha ghil sholuis.

Tha iomа sgial air chuimhne mu 'n Bhòcan, agus cuid diubh ait gu leòir. An oidhche a dhealaich e ri Dònull chaidh e air mullach an fhàrlais agus ghlaodh e, "Am beil thu 'd chadal a Dhònuill Bhàin?" "Cha'n 'eil a nise fhein," osa Donull. "Cuir a mach an teadhair fhada, ghlas, Nic-Griogair," os esan. "Cha'n 'eil mi 'm barail gu'n cuir a nochd," os Dònull. "A mach thu fhéin, ma ta, agus fàg do bhoineid." Shaoil leis a' mhnaoi chòir gu'n robh e taobh-mach an tighe, agus cuirear cagar an cluais Dhònuill 's e 'g éirigh, "nach fharraid thu dheth cuine thig am Prionnsa." Mu'n gann a bha am facal as a bial fhreagair sid i, "Nach d' fhuair thu do leòir roimhe dheth, a theadhair ghlas?"—dh'éirich Dònull mar bu dligheach le Tèarlach.

A réir a h-uile innsidh-sgeòil bha Dònull na dhuine fìrinneach, onorach agus dh' éug e 'an coltas fìor chrìostaidh. Ciod sa bith a bh' air aire a' Bhòcain, cha d' innis Dònull riabh e. Tha 'n uaigh aige fhathast ri 'faicinn 'us leac-monaidh oirre 'an Cille-Chaorraill.

Is ann bho m' charaide aig an Tigh-Mhaol a fhuair mi an laoidh.

D. C. M.

LAOIDH DHÒNUILL BHÀIN A' BHÒCAIN.

A Dhia, a chruthaich mi gun chàileachd,
Daingnich mo chreideamh 'us dian làidir,
Thoir air aingeal tigh'nn á Pàras,
Us còmhnaidh 'ghabhail ann am fhàrdaich,
Gu m' theasraiginn bho gach buaireadh,
Tha droch shluagh ag cur 'am charaibh;
'Iosa 'dh' fhuilig do chéusadh,
Caisg am beusan 's bi fhéin mar rium.

'S beag ioghnadh dhomh 'bhi ri smaoineach'—
'N àm dhomh dol daonnan do m' leabaidh,
Eiridh na clachan 's na caoban—
Ciamar 'gheabhadh Naomh ann cadal.
Bidh mi gun fhois 'us gun tàmh,
Gun chlos, 'us gun phràmh gu madainn.
'Fhir 'tha 'n cathair nan gràsan,
Faic mo chàradh 's bi 'd gheàrd agam.

'S beag ioghnadh dhomh bhi fo imcheist,
Liuthad seanchus 'th' orm 's gach dùthaich
Their roinn diubh a bhios ri éucoir:
'S ann na 'dheaghaidh fhéin tha 'chùis ud.

Na toir a' bhreith ach mar is léir dhut,
Geda robh Mac Dhé ga d' dhùsgadh ;
Cha 'n 'eil 'fhios am mó a thaill mi,
Na fear saoibhir 'tha gun chùram.

Ged tha trioblaid orm 's an àm so,
Nàile, gheabh mi pàidheadh dùbailt,
An uair thig gairm orm bho m' Shlànair,
Gheabh mi iochd 'us gràsan ùra.
Cha 'n eagal domhsa tuille bruaidlein,
'N uair 'théid mi suas mar ri d' naoimh-sa ;
Fhir a tha 'd shuidhe 's a' chathair,
Cuidich mo labhairt 's gabh ri m' ùrnaigh.

A Dhia, dian mise cuimhneach,
A latha 's a dh-oidhche, air 'bhi 'g ùrnaigh
Ag iarraidh mathanais gu saoibhir,
Anns na rinn mi, air mo ghlùinean,
Càirich le Spiorad na Fìrinn,
Aithreachas glé chinnt am ghrùnnd-sa
'N uair a chuireas tu 'm bàs ga m' iarraidh
Gu'n gabh Crìosta dhiam cùram.

——o——

RIDIRE NA SGIATHA DEIRGE.

(*Air a leantuinn.*)

An caraibh a chéile ghabh ad, 's bha ad a' cruaidh leadairt a chéile gus an robh am beul ath-dhath 'san anmoich ann. Smaointich Gaisgeach na Sgiatha deirge gun robh e fad' o a chairdean 's fagus d'a naimhdean, 's thug e'n togail bheag, shoilleir ud air, 's bhuail e ris an talamh e. Thug ordag a choise sanus do bhun a chluaise, agus sgath e dheth an ceann.

"Gad is mi 'rinn seo cha mhi 'gheall e," ors' esan. Thug e'n làmh o'n ghuallainn deth, 's thug e'n cridhe as a chom, 's thug e'n ceann bhar a mhuineil. Chuir e 'làmh am pòc' a' ghaisgich mhairbh, 's fhuair e tri fiaclan seann eich ann, 's, leis an deifir, ghabh e'n àite fiaclan an righ ad, 's thug e leis ad. Chaidh e gu tom coille, 's bhuain e gad, 's cheangh-ail e air an làmh, 's an cridhe, 's an ceann.

"Co'ca 's fhèarr leatsa fantail an seo, air an eilean seo leat fhéin, na falbh leansa," ors' e ris an Ionmhuinn.

"'S fhèarr leamsa folbh leat fhéin, na le fir na h-ùir thalmhanta gu léir," ors' an Ionmhuinn.

Thog e leis i air fras-mhullach a ghuailne 's air uallach a dhroma 's ghabh e gus an teine. Leum e thairis 'san Ionmhuinn air a mhuin. Faicidh e Ridire 'Chùirn 's Ridire 'Chlaidh-imh a' tighinn 'na chomhdhail, 's boil a's buaireas 'nan 'sùilean.

"Dé 'n gaisgeach mòr," ars' àdsan, "a bha as do dheaghainn an siod, 's a thill nur a chunnaic e ar leithidnean do dha ghaisgeach a' tighinn."

"Seo duibhse," ors' esan, "an Ionmhuinn mhnatha seo, agus tri fiaclan bhur n-athar, agus ceann, agus làmh, agus cridhe an fhir a bhuail an dorn air. Deanaibh fuir-each beag, 's tillidh mise, 's cha 'n fhàg mi fuigheall sgeoil anns an eilean."

Ghabh e air falbh air ais, 's an ceann treis, thug e sùil as a dhéigh, 's faicear àdsan agus a' Bhreacach a' deanadh falach cuain air.

"Marb-phaisg oirbh féin," ors' esan ; "sian fala ma'r sùilean ; man-adh 'ur crochaidh oirbh ! m' fhagail an eilean leam fhéin, gun duine 'shìol Adhaimh ann, 's gun fhios'am a nochd dé 'ni mi."

Ghabh e air aghaidh feadh an eilean, 's cha robh e 'faicinn taigh na tùrais an àite 'sam bith, iseal na ard. Ma dheireadh chunnaic e seana chaisteal an ìochar an eilean, 's ghabh e a 'ionnsuidh. Chunnaic e tri òganaich a' tighinn gu trom, airtnealach, sgìth thun a' chaisteil. Labhair e dhaibh ann am briathra fisneacha, foisneacha, fiorghlic fior-eolais. Labhair àdsan an comain nam briathra ciadhna. Thainig ad ann am briathra seanachais air a chéile ; 's co 'bha 'seo ach a thriuir dhearbh chomhdhaltan. Ghabh ad a staigh an deagh thoil-inntinn air a' mhòr-bhaile.

Thog ad ceòl 's leag ad bròn
Bha deochanna mìne, meisgeach,
'S deochanna garga, gachannach,
Beathanna saora, socharach,
Eadar e fhéin 's a chomhdhaltan ;
Ceòl eadar fhidhlean leis an caidleadh fir ghointe 's mna than siubhla ;
Searganaich a' sìor ghabhail le farum a chiuil sean,
A bha shìorrachd gu sìor-bhinn an oidhche sean.

Caidh ad a laidhe. Anns a' mhaidinn an la'r na mhàireach dh' éiridh e ann an deagh thoil-inntinn 's ghabh e 'bhiadh. Dé 'chu al e ach gliogarsaich arm 's daoine 'dol 'nan eideadh. Co 'bha 'so ach a chomhdhaltan.

"Ca' bheil sibh a' dol ?" ars' esan riu.

"Tha sinn o cheann la a's bliadhna 'san eilean seo," ors' àdsan, "a' cumail cogaidh ri Mac Dorcha, Mac Doilleir, 's ciad sluaigh aige, 's a' h-uile h-aon mharbh as sinn an diugh bidh e beo am màireach. Tha 'gheasan oirnn nach fhaod sinn seo fhàgail gu bràch gus am marbh sinn ad."

"Théid mise leibh an diugh ; 's fhèairde sibh mi," ors' esan.

"Tha 'gheasan oirnn," ors' adsan, "nach fhaod duin' a dhol leinn, mar an d' théid e ann leis fhéin."

"Fanadh sibhse staigh an diugh, 's théid mis' ann leam fhéin," ors' esan.

Thog e air falbh 's dh' amais e air sluagh Mhic Dorcha Mhic Doilleir, 's cha d' fhàg e ceann air colainn aca. Dh' amais e air Mac Dorcha Mac Doilleir fhéin, 's thuirt Mac Dorcha Mac Doilleir ris, "An tu 'seoa Ghaisgich na Sgiatha deirge."

"'S mi," orsa Gaisgeach na Sgiatha deirge.

"Mata," orsa Mac Dorcha Mac Doilleir, "cha 'n fhada sheasas thu dhomhsa."

An caraibh a chéile ghabh ad, 's bha ad a' cruaidh leadairt a chéile gus an robh beul an ath-dhath 's an anmoich ann. Mu dheireadh thug Ridire na Sgiatha deirge an togail bheag, shunndach, shoilleir ud air Mac Dorcha Mac Doilleir, 's chuir e foidhe e, 's thilg e dheth an ceann. Bha 'n seo Mac Dorcha Mac Doilleir marbh, 's a thri mic dheug, 's comhrag ceud air làimh gach fir dhiu. Bha eisean, an seo, air a mhilleadh 's air a reubadh cho mòr 's nach b' urrainn e 'n àrach fhàgail, 's cha d' rinn e ach e fhéin a leigeil 'na laidhe 'measg nam marbh fad an latha. Bha tràigh mhòr fodha gu h-ìseal ; 's dé 'chual e ach an fhairge 'tighinn 'na caora teine teinteach—'na nathair bheumannach—'na tarbh truid. Dh' amhairc e uaidhe 's de chunnaic e 'tighinn air tìr air meadhon na tràgha ach cailleach mhòr fhiaclach nach facas riabh a leithid. Bha 'n fhiacaill a b' fhaide 'na bata 'na dorn, 's an té bu ghiorra 'na dealg 'n h-uchd.

Ghabh i nìos gus an àraich, 's bha dithisd eadar i agus esan. Chuir i 'meur 'nam beul 's thug i beo ad, 's dh' éiridh ad suas slàn mur a b' fhèarr a bha ad riabh. Rainig i eisean, 's chuir i 'meur 'na bheul, agus sgath e dhith o'n alt i. Bhuail i buille de bhàrr a cois' air agus thilg i thar seachd iomairean e. "A bheadagain," ors' ise, "'s tu fear ma dheireadh a dh' ath-bheothaicheas mi 'san àraich."

Chrom a' chailleach air fear eile 's bha eisean an taobh shuas dith. Cha robh fhios aige dé mur a chuireadh e as do 'n chaillich. Smaointich e air an t-sleagh ghèarr a bh' aig a mac a thilgeil urra 's na 'n tuiteadh an ceann dith gum bu mhath. Thilg e'n t-sleagh 's chuir e'n ceann de 'n chaillich. Bha e'n seo 'na shìneadh air an àraich ; fuil, a's féithean, a's feoil air an dochann, ach gun robh cnàmhan slàn aige. Dé 'mhothaich e ach cruitire ciuil feadh na h-àrach.

"Dé 'tha thu 'g iarraidh ?" ors' e ris a' chruitire.

"Tha mi cinnteach gu 'bheil u sgìth," ors' an cruitire.

"Thig a nìos 's cuir do cheann air an tulmsaig seo, 's dean cadal."

Chaidh e suas 's laidh e. Tharruinn e sreann a' leigeil air gu'n robh e na chadal. Air a bhonn a bha e gu brisg, ealamh, èasgaidh.

"Tha thu bruadar," ors' an cruitear ris.

"Tha," ors' eisean.

"Dé 'chunnaic thu?" ors' an cruitear.

"Cruitire ciuil," ors' eisean, "a' tarruinn seana chlaidheamh meirgeach an los an ceann a thoirt diom."

Rug e'n seo air a' chruitire chiuil, 's chuir e'n ionachainn 'na cùibeanan teine trìd chùl a chinn. Bha e'n seo fo gheasan nach marbhadh e cruitire ciuil gu brathach ach le a chruit fhéin.

Chuail e, 'n seo caoineadh feadh na h-àraich.

"Co siod?" ors' eisean.

"Tha 'n seo do thriuir dhearbhchomhdhaltan ga t' iarraidh o àite gu h-àite an diugh," ors' àdsan.

"Tha mise am shìneadh an seo," ors' eisean, "'s fuil, a's féithean, a's cnàmhan air an dochann."

"Na'm biodh againn an stòpan ìoc-shlaint a th' aig a chaillich mhòir, màthhair Mhic Dorcha Mhic Doilleir cha b' fhada 'bhitheamaid gad' leigheas," ors' àdsan.

"Tha i fhéin marbh shuas an sean," ors' eisean, "'s cha 'n 'eil ni aice nach fhaod sibh fhaotainn."

"Tha sinne as a geasan gu bràthach," ors' àdsan.

Thug ad a nuas an stòpan ìoc-shlaint, 's nigh agus dh' fhailc ad e leis an rud a bh' anns' an stòp. Dh' eiridh e, 'n sean, suas cho slàn, fallan 's a bha e riabh. Chaidh e dachaidh leo, 's chuir ad an oidhche seachad ann an deagh thoil-inntinn.

Chaidh ad a mach an la'r na mhàireach ann an deogh thoil-inntinn a dh' iomain. Chaidh eisean ris an triuir, 's chuireadh e leath-bhàir, sìos, 's leath-bhair suas, a staigh orra. Mhothaich ad do Mhacabh mòr Mhacaibh an Domhain a' tighinn do'n bhaile. B'e seo an dearbhchomhdhalta cuideachd. Chaidh ad a mach far an robh e 's thuirt ad ris.

"Fhir mo ghaoil seachainn sinne 's am baile an diugh."

"Gu-dé 's coireach?" ors' eisean.

"Tha Gaisgeach na Sgiatha deirge staigh, agus 's tu a tha e 'g iarraidh," ors' adsan.

"Folbhadh sibhse dachaidh, 's abraibh ris falbh agus teicheadh, airneo gu'n d' thoir mis' an ceann deth," orsa Macabh mòr Mhacaibh an Domhain.

Gad a bha seo uaigneach mhothaich Gaisgeach na Sgiatha deirge dha, 's chaidh e mach air an taobh eile de 'n taigh, agus bhuail e beum-sgéithe, agus fàd comhraig. Ghabh an gaisgeach mòr a mach as a dhéigh. Thòisich ad air a chéile.

Cha robh cleas a dhèante le sgithich na le sgothaich,
Na le disnein ghillean-feall,
Na le organ nam manach,
Nach dèanadh na gaisgich;
Mur a bha cleas a' chleiteam, cleas an òigeam,
Ubhal a' chleasaiche 'ga thilgeil 's 'ga cheapail
An uchdannaibh a chéil.
Gu déisinneach, dàsunnach,
Fuilteach, cneadhach, creuchdanta.
Toil-inntinn! toil-eadraiginn!
Chuireadh ad tri ditheannan dearga teine d' an armaibh
A cailceadh, d' an sgiathan, fal' agus feòla
De 'n cneas agus de 'n caoimh-cholainn,
'S ad a' cruaidh leadairt a chéile.

"Nach amaideach thusa 'Ghaisgich na Sgiatha deirge, nur a tha thu 'cumail gleichd na cruaidh chomhraig riumsa," arsa Macabh Mhacaibh an Domhain.

"Dé mar seo?" orsa Gaisgeach na Sgiatha deirge.

"Tha nach 'eil gaisgeach anns an

domhan mhòr a mharbhas mise gus am buailear mi as cionn teach mo thriubhais," orsa Macabh mòr.

"A bhuaidh bheannachd sean duit 'ga innseadh domhsa! Na 'n innseadh tu sean domh o chionn fada, 's fhada o'n sgrìob mi 'n ceann diot," orsa Gaisgeach na Sgiatha deirge.

"Tha 'n sean barrachd 's is urrainn thu 'dheanadh."

"Tha tri fiaclan an righ ann a'm' phoca, 's feuch an tusa bheir as ad," orsa Macabh mòr.

Nur a chuala Gaisgeach na Sgiatha deirge ca' 'n robh bàs Mhacabh mhòir, bha da bhuille aige air a thoirt seachad ma 'n bhuille, da shàthadh ma 'n c-sàthadh, da fhriochdadh ma'n fhriochdadh, 's bha 'n treas aon anns an talamh, gus an do chlaghaich e toll. Leum e'n sean an coimhir a chùil. Leum an gaisgeach mòr a 'ionnsuidh, 's cha d' thug e'n aire do'n toll, 's chaidh e sìos ann gu teach an triubhais. Ràinig eisean air an seo, 's thilg e dheth an ceann. Chuir e 'làmh 'na phòca, 's fhuair e tri fiaclan an righ ann, 's thug e leis ad, agus ràinig e'n caisteal.

"Deanaibh saod domhs' air an eilean seo fhàgail," ors' e r'a chomhdhaltan, "cho luath 's is urrainn duibh."

"Cha 'n 'eil saod againn," ors' àdsan, "air am fàg thu e; ach fan leinn fhéin gu bràch, 's cha bhi dìth bithidh na dibhe ort."

"Cha bhi 'chùis mar sean; ach mar an dean sibh saod air mo leigeil air falbh, bheir mi na tri cinn as na h-amhaichean agaibh," ors' eisean.

"Tha curachan a bh' aig do mhuime 's aig t' oide an seo, 's cuiridh sinn leat i gus an d' théid thu air tìr an Eirinn. An taobh a chuireas tu h-aghaidh falbhaidh i leat, 's tillidh i air a h-ais a rithisd leatha fhé'. Tha 'n seo tri chalmain 's cumaidh ad airdeachd riut air an rathad," ars' a chomhdhaltan ris.

Chuir e'n curachan a mach, 's shuidh e innte, 's cha d' rinn e stad na fois gus an deachaidh e air tìr an Eirinn. Thionndaidh e 'h-aghaidh a mach, 's me bha i luath 'tighinn, bha i na bu luaithe tilleadh. Leig e air folbh na tri chalmain a' fagail na h-eilthire. Bha duilichinn air gun do leig e air falbh ad leis cho bòidheach 's a bha 'n ceòl a bh' aca.

Bha abhainn mhòr eadar e agus tigh an righ. Nur a ràinig e 'n abhainn chunnaic e duine liath 'tighinn, 'na dheann, 's e glaodhach, "A dhuin' uasail fanaibh thall, gus an d' thoir mise 'nall air mo mhuin sibh, ma'm fliuch sibh sibh péin."

"A dhuine bhochd, 's cosail gur h-ann a'd' phortair air an abhainn a tha thu," ors' eisean.

"'S ann," ors' an seann duine liath.

"Agus dé 'chuir ann thu?" ors' eisean.

"Innsidh mi sean duibh," ors' an seann duine liath.

"Bhuail gaisgeach mòr dorn air righ Eireann, 's chuir e tri fiaclan as, 's dh' fhalbh a dha mhac a thoirt a mach dioghlaidh. Dh' fholbh balachan òg, amaideach a bu mhac dhomhsa leo, 's nur a chaidh àdsan air thapadh chaidh eisean air mhiapadh. Bu shuarrach an dioghaltas leotha mise 'chur a'm' phortair air an abhainn air a shon."

"A dhuine bhochd," ors' eisean, "cha 'n athais sean. Ma'm fàg mis' am baile bidh thusa gu math."

Rug e air, 's thog e leis e, 's chuir e e 'na shuidhe anns a' chathair a bha ri gualainn an righ e.

"Cha 'n 'eil annad ach duine mìomh'ail a thàinig a'n bhaile. Chuir thu 'm bodach sin 'na shuidhe ri gualainn m' athhar, 's cha 'n fhaigh thu leat e," orsa Ridire Chùirn, 's e 'g éireachd 's a' breith air.

"Air mo làimhsa, 's air mo dha làimh a 'shaoradh, gum bu cho math dhuit breith air Cnoc Leothaid 's breith ormsa," orsa Gaisgeach na Sgiatha deirge ris 's e 'ga leagail ris an talamh.

Chuir e ceanghal nan tri chaoil air gu daor agus gu docair. Bhuail e buille de bhàrr a chois' air, 's thilg e thar nan seachd sparrannan a b' airde 'bha 's a' chùirt e, fo shileadh nan lòchran 's fo chasan nan con mòra. Rinn e 'leithid eil air Ridire Chlaidheimh 's rinn an Ionmhuinn gàire.

"Marbh-phaisg ort fhé," ors' an righ rithe, "tha thu o cheann bliadhna air chomh-biadh, air chomh-deoch rium, 's cha 'n fhaca mi gean na gàire agad ga dheanadh gus am bheil mo mhic air am maslachadh."

"O righ!" ors' ise, "tha fios mo riasain agam fhé."

"Gu dé, a righ, an sgreadail 's an sgreuchail a tha mi 'cluinntinn o 'n a thàinig mi 'n bhaile; cha d' fhuair mi fhaighneachd gus an seo," arsa Gaisgeach na Sgiatha deirge.

"Tha, tri fiaclan eich aig mo mhic 'gan sparrann a' m' cheann o cheann bliadhna le ord, gus am bheil mo cheann air dol roimhe chéile le brisdeadh cridhe, 's le cradh, 's le dòruinn," ars' an righ.

"Gu dé 'bheireadh thusa do dhuine 'chuireadh an a'd' cheann t' fhiaclan fhéin gun neamh gun dòruinn," ors' eisean.

"Leith mo staid fhad 's a bhithinn beo, 's mo staid air fad nur a dh' fholbhainn," ors' an righ. Dh' iarr e canu' uisge, 's chuir e na fiaclan anns an uisge.

"Ol deoch," ars' e ris an righ.

Dh' òl an righ deoch, 's chaidh fhiaclan fhéin 'na cheann, gu làidir daingheann, a chearta cho math 's a bha ad riabh, 's a' h-uile té 'na h-àite fhéin. "Aha," ars' an rìgh, "tha mis' aig socair. 'S tusa 'rinn an tapadh, 's cha b'e mo chuid macsa!"

"'S e," ors' an Ionmhuinn ris an rìgh, "a b' urrain an tapadh a dheanadh, 's cha b'e do chuid mac leibideach-sa, a bhiodh 'nan sìneadh an siùrra feamann nur a bhiodh eisean a' dol air ghaisge."

"Cha 'n ith mi biadh 's cha 'n òl mi deoch," ors' an righ, "gus am faic mi mo dha mhac 'gan losgadh am màireach. Cuiridh mi feadhainn a dh' iarraidh cuallan glas-daraich airson an losgadh."

Anns a' mhaidinn an la'r na mhàireach co 'bu mhoiche bh' air a ghlùn aig leabaidh an righ, ach gaisgeach na sgiatha deirge.

"Eirich as an sean a ghaisgich; de 'n aon ni 'bhiodh tu 'g iarraidh nach faigheadh tu?" ors' an righ.

"'Se 'n rud a tha mi 'g iarraidh do dha mhac a leigeil air folbh; cha 'n urrainn mi 'bhith an aon àite am faic mi 'gam milleadh ad," ors' eisean, "b' fhèarr bearradh eoin agus amadain a dheanadh orra 's an leigeil air folbh."

Thoilich an righ siod a dheanadh. Rinneadh bearradh eoin agus amadain orra. Chuireadh a mach as an àit' ad, 's coin a's geocaich baile-mhòir as an déigh. Phós agus chord an Ionmhuinn agus Gaisgeach na Sgiatha deirge. Rinneagh banais a mhair lath' agus bliadhna, 's bha 'n latha ma dheireadh dhi cho math ris a' chiad latha.

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GAELIC MUSIC IN ITS RELATION TO POETRY.

We hear much at present of high-class music, but I doubt very much if this is always an equivalent of the highest *function* in music. It certainly is not where the music is wholly instrumental; where the thought, and the words which give expression to the thought, are made subsidiary to the music; or where the thought or the words are unworthy of the music. In all such cases the effects reach only to the lowest parts of our nature, leaving the highest untouched. I believe it will be acknowledged that much of what is called high-class music is of one or other of these kinds. No one can appreciate more than I do in its own place the blending of music in rich harmonies, with due combinations of concords and discords, containing chords of mighty power to reach the profoundest depths of our æsthetic sensibilities. But, after all, suchlike reach not to our understandings and hearts, but only to our fantasies, and class not much above mere bodily exercise.

There are three elements in our being which usually exist in combination, but are clearly distinguishable—the intellectual, the emotional, and the æsthetic. The highest degree of natural perfection of character is reached where all the three are found in due proportion. The merely intellectual man is no doubt far-seeing and long-headed, but he is cold and unsympathetic; he may be respected, but not loved. The merely emotional man is full of sympathy, but has no fixity; his mouth is now filled with laughter, and anon his eyes filled with tears; he may be loved, but can scarcely be respected. The merely æsthetic man, again, is simply a voluptuary; his best phases are akin to selfishness; let all trying duties and harsh realities be shut out, and let him dream away, admiring beauty, reading novels, or listening to music, and his life-portion is complete. It is only when the æsthetical tempers the emotional with its own divine sense of beauty, and when the intellectual pervades both with its strength and solidity, that we make a real approach to natural perfection.

We have a corresponding outcome of these three phases in prose, poetry, and music; and just in the same way it is the due proportion and combination of these which touches, alike the highest and lowest elements in our being, and makes them thrill to the touch of power, feeling, and beauty.

If this be the fact, it follows that the highest function of music consists in its being the interpreter and intensifier of the highest poetic thought and feeling, combined with the aptest words for expressing that thought and feeling.

Now, this is exactly what I claim for the most inspired of our older Celtic bards. The bard was wonderfully equipped for delivering his glowing and sublime message. He had not only the gifts of poetry and song in their highest form, but he was also a patriot and a hero, and spoke and sung from the heavings of the grandest and noblest conceptions stirring within his own spirit. We can conceive the scene when "Fionn" having returned from battle to the "Hall by the waves," and partaken of the "bounteous feast with the flowing shell," thus addressed his bards—

> "Ye voices of Cona, of high swelling power,
> Ye bards who can sing of her olden times,
> On whose spirits arise the blue panoplied throng,
> Of her valiant hosts, who were mighty and strong,
> My bards raise the song."

And can we not see the bards rapt in ecstasy as the mighty deeds of their fathers swept in power through their spirits; and then in prophetic frenzy seizing their harps and pouring forth words and music that roused and stirred to the very depths of heroism and exalted daring the souls of the warriors.

Compare this with the singing in our modern churches, drawing-rooms, and concert-rooms, where the words are too often unintelligible; and where intelligible, accentless and expressionless. Nay, there is a lower depth still, where the thoughts and words are incapable although understood, of moving the soul of a very fly.

I will now refer to some characteristics of our Gaelic music and song.

First, that referred to above—viz., That the thoughts, words, and music fitted into each other. This, indeed, was inevitable when the bard was at once the poet, composer, and singer.

We have a notable instance in modern times of this kind of inspiration. Burns, we are told, when visiting the field of Bannockburn, was deeply moved by the recollection of the deeds of patriotism there accomplished. Through the force of association, he was humming the old air, "Hey, tutti taitie," when lo! the breath of power passed over his spirit, and to its associative melody running through his being, he composed the magnificent national anthem, "Scots wha hae." Passing from patriotism to love, we are told of the great effect produced in London drawing-rooms by Thomas Moore's singing of his own songs. We are also told of Burns, that so particular was he in having words and music in thorough correspondence, that in writing a new song, he continually altered until his wife, who was a most beautiful singer, pronounced the union of the two to be perfect. I remember of an old woman coming once or twice a-year to my mother's, and singing Buchanan and Grant's hymns to old Gaelic chants. She sung them most expressively, the effect being quaint and peculiar. I cannot sufficiently regret that they were not taken down; and, so far as I know, they are now lost.

I cannot help saying, in passing, that I believe the Bible poetry, like the Gaelic, was in rhythm, and sung accordingly. If we only had a translation conforming to the structure and power of the original, we might still have suitable music, and get rid of the pitiable gabbling and musical barbarities of prose chanting unhappily introduced into some of our Scotch churches.

Second, Our muse always leaned to the plaintive side, and our music to the minor modes. Every one who has attended divine service in our Gaelic churches must be aware of this. This is no new thing, as we find it as far back as the times of Ossian. Thus Fionn, in the passage of which part has already been quoted, says to his bards—

> "To me sounds the sweetest the joy hid in grief,
> Which as faint-falling dew in the mildness of spring
> Bends the twigs of the oak as it spreads in the Torr,
> The tender young leaflets bursting out from between."

And Ullin the aged, in strict compliance therewith, directs the bards as follows—

> "Chronan, thou son of sweet wailing song,
> Min-fonn, whose touch is light on the harp,
> Lift up the ode of Silric the brown-haired,
> To pleasure the King of green hills and brown heath."

Accordingly, Cronan, or plaintive warbler, and Min-fonn, or voice of soft sweetness, sung antiphonally the exceedingly tender and touching tale of the loves of Silric and Binn-bheul. There are other instances of the same kind to be found, such as Cuchullin's address to his bard Carruill, quoted by D. M'K. in the *Gael* of March.

Third, The music, however, was not by any means entirely confined to the minors, but when the subject demanded it, the majors were also employed. Nay, we find frequent modulation from the one to the other in the same ode. For instance, when Cronan and Min-fonn were singing the plaintive strains of mournful love, we find Fionn himself striking in evidently in a different mode—

> "Well do I remember the champion
> (Said the King of the hills and woods),
> And how with heroic frenzy,
> In battle he consumed the fight."
> (*Carric-Thura.*)

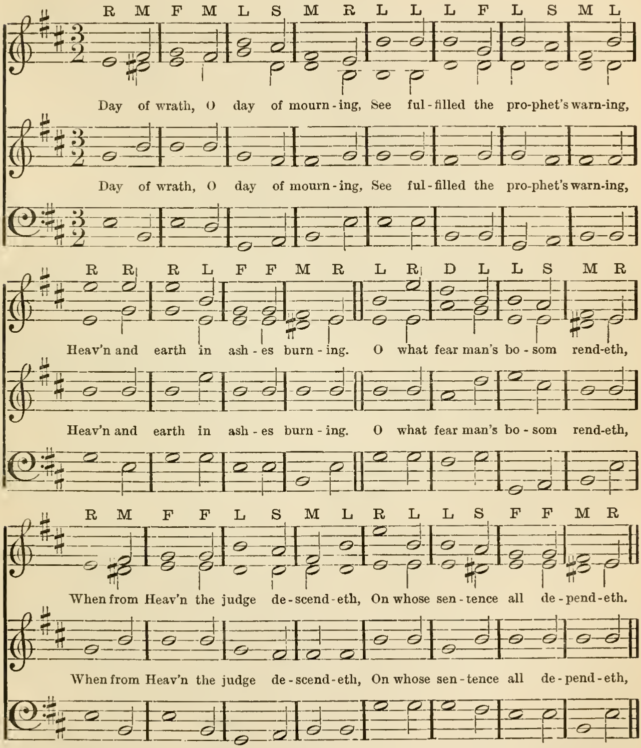
Fourth, The modern minor is not an equivalent of any of the minor modes of old Gaelic music. It has three such—viz., on the 2nd (Re), the 3rd (Mi), and the 6th (La). The mode on La differs from the modern minor in not having the 6th and 7th sharpened. It has also two major modes—viz., on the 1st (Do) and on the 5th (So). Except in dance music, the mode on the 4th (Fa) is not to be found, that I know of. And I am not aware of any Gaelic music on the imperfect or 7th (Ti), although we have it in Scotch—as, for instance, in "Duncan Gray."

It may be said that in the foregoing I have chiefly referred to solo singing, and the question asked, Is your Gaelic music fitted for being sung in parts and by many voices? I say, thoroughly fitted. Only we must have harmonists who understand the form, structure, and, above all, the genius of the music. I have lately witnessed the powerful effect produced on a Highland audience by the singing of Gaelic songs in full harmony, and cannot doubt that a great future is in store for such.

There has been one great drawback to what I may call Gaelic harmony, and that is the impossibility of bringing out satisfactorily the chords of its modes on our pianos and other tempered instruments. This, however, is being rapidly remedied, and one great stumbling-block about to be taken out of the way. Some of the ablest of our musical scientists, recognising the necessity of getting instruments with just intonation, have applied themselves to their invention. Of late, harmoniums for producing such have been brought forward by Helmholtz, Herr Appun of Hanover, Mr. Bosanquet, and Mr. Colin Brown, Euing Professor of Music, Andersonian College, Glasgow. The latter is the only one of the four I have seen, and it does bring out our Gaelic melodies and harmonies with thorough correctness and satisfaction, and in a way of which, on tempered instruments, we have had no conception or experience.*

Let me now ask, what many are asking, Why is it that the elucidation of our national music is not taken up in our national chair of music? As a mere matter of antiquarian research, it has intense interest. But I claim for it something much more than this, for surely that music which inspired Mendelssohn would, if properly brought before our students—who have both the national and hereditary power of it ingrained in them—inspire some amongst them; and so wipe off the reproach that we have no representative in the roll of great composers.

Key D. *Ray Mode.* M. 60. CELANO.


R M F M L S M R L L L F L S M L
Day of wrath, O day of mourn-ing, See ful-filled the pro-phet's warn-ing,
Day of wrath, O day of mourn-ing, See ful-filled the pro-phet's warn-ing,
R R| R L F F M R L R| D L L S M R
Heav'n and earth in ash-es burn-ing. O what fear man's bo-som rend-eth,
Heav'n and earth in ash-es burn-ing. O what fear man's bo-som rend-eth,
R M F F L S M L R L L S F F M R
When from Heav'n the judge de-scend-eth, On whose sen-tence all de-pend-eth.
When from Heav'n the judge de-scend-eth, On whose sen-tence all de-pend-eth,

The above is an attempt to set No.

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* I refer those wishing for more information as to these instruments to Dr. Stone's Lectures at South Kensington, 1876.

52 of the Scottish Hymnal to a hymn-tune founded on one of our Gaelic melodies. It may be said of it, that this is the day of small things. I answer, without doubt the day of very small things; but it is at least the day of some things. And if I can only stir up those who have more time and training than I have to utilise the rich mine of wealth lying at their feet in our old Gaelic melodies, my purpose will be served, however poor my own effort may be.

I cannot close without referring to the bagpipes, and the wonderful power which they exercise upon the spirit of the Gael, even upon those of them who are most highly cultured in other music. This is a fact utterly inexplicable to that genus which we not seldom find amongst our Highland hills, and which also, if the flunkeyism of our own capital be not belied, exists amongst ourselves, whose great satirical souls, such as they are, expend themselves in asking us if "our Omer isn't Jeams M'Phesson," and if "our bagpipes were not hinvented has han hinstrument of torture." It was one of this tribe who, on hearing a piper play the Stewart's Gathering, exclaimed, "Oh la! there is that 'orrid piper gone and borrowed our 'gefusalem.'" The effect upon the Gael is undoubted—so much so, that I sometimes think there must be some hidden sympathetic force in nature as yet undiscovered, but which in certain circumstances wields a potent influence. One cause may be, that the pipes are played on one of those natural minor modes which, as we have seen, touch those hidden plaintive idiosyncrasies for ages so characteristic of the Gael. And another is doubtless the fact, that pipe music, whether pibroch, gathering, charge, or lament, is associated in the mind with the circumstances of its composition and use, whether these be joyous, grievous, or heroic. It was indeed a descent when the pipes as an incentive to daring in the hour of battle had to be substituted for the bard; but still the descent is not so great as it looks when this law of association is taken into account. Lord Byron knew this well, and gives voice to it in his ode on Waterloo, where he says—

"And wild and high the "Camerons' Gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard; and heard, too, have her Saxon foes—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill. But, with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Donald's, Evan's fame rings in each clansman's ears."

C. S.

TIGHNDUIN, 30*th April*, 1877.

———o———

THE CELTIC CHAIR.

AT the statutory half-yearly meeting of the General Council of the University of Edinburgh, held on the 17th ult., Professor BLACKIE read the following, report, dated 16th April, by the Committee for the Endowment of a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh—

The Committee unanimously agreed to report to the General Council as follows:—The Committee have to report that since last meeting of Council the sum of £1182, 9s. has been subscribed to the fund for the endowment of a Celtic Chair, making the total amount subscribed at this date £10,159, 16s. Of this amount there has been paid £9112, 14s. 1d. In addition to this sum, a bill for £250, payable six months hence, has been received from Ceylon; and at Whitsunday next, £163, 14s. 7d. of interest falls to be added—making a total of £9526, 8s. 8d. In submitting this report, the Committee desire to represent to the Council that while they have no doubt the sum of £10,000 will be realised before next meeting, they unanimously agree to request the Council to authorise them to prosecute their labours with a view of raising a capital sum of at least £12,000 towards the endowment of the chair.

In presenting this report, Professor Blackie said—The Council will see from the report that the £10,000 laid down by the University as the minimum capital for their acceptance of any newly endowed chair, has been fully subscribed; and, though the sum actually paid up is less than that sum by £500, there can be no doubt that before the next meeting of Council the whole remaining subscriptions will have been paid up. Of course, there will be a certain deficiency arising from necessary expenses, and the possibility—or if you choose, probability—that some parties who have promised subscriptions may not pay ; but this deficiency will certainly be small, and will be amply compensated by the annual growth of the fund, by far the greater part of which is invested on landed security, and now bearing interest at 4 or 4¼ per cent. In one sense, therefore, the labours of your Committee and of their convener may now be considered as brought to a close ; but I am bound to add my emphatic assent to the opinion of the Committee, that the Council should not be willing to content themselves with having realised the minimum condition on which the erection of a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh is possible, especially after what has already been done in the parallel case of the Celtic Chair in Oxford, to which a salary of £600 a-year has been attached. It will, no doubt, be present to the mind of the Council that £400 a-year is a very poor salary to offer to a distinguished scholar, living in such a city as Edinburgh, and devoting himself to matters of historical, antiquarian, and philological research, which have no value in the money market; that the students attending his lectures will, as in the case of the Sanscrit Chair, necessarily not be numerous; that the additional income from fees will probably not be above £50, or at most £100; and further, that with an insufficient salary, University Chairs are liable to be given, not to the best man who ought to get them, but to the best man who can afford to take them. From these considerations, I have no doubt the Council will consider the Committee called upon to continue its exertions till the sum of £12,000 shall have been realised—an easy achievement, considering that the natural increase of the fund will soon amount to £400 a-year. I cannot promise, indeed, personally to devote so much of my time to the procuring of subscriptions as I have hitherto done; but I will not omit any opportunity that presents itself; and I am convinced that the whole body of Highlanders both at home and abroad will feel themselves called upon in honour to put the coping stone on this building in a manner worthy of their traditions and their character. The gentlemen of intelligence and culture, also, among the non-Celtic nobility and gentry who have so nobly come forward to claim a part in this great national work, will assuredly feel that as the thing is to be done it should be well done, and in a manner worthy of that just pride which Scotland has always cherished in connection with her academical institutions and her historical traditions. They will feel that this is not a matter of mere Celtic sentiment, much less—as some ignorantly suppose—an artificial machinery for injecting fresh blood into a dying language—though, of course, the subscribers to this Chair are not the persons likely to believe that the Highlands will be in any sense the better for the extinction of their mother-tongue; but the opening up of a new field of academical inquiry and research—the field of early British history, archæology, and philology, which has hitherto in such a shameful fashion been neglected, or altogether ignored, in our University equipment. All persons of education and intelligence in this country are now convinced that we have been for some generations back allowing our higher education to drift along with a current of the most vulgar utilitarianism, which, if consistently carried out, would drag down our institutions of highest culture to the level of mere polytechnic schools, or dispensaries and retail shops of the results of high learning and scientific research, acquired everywhere except in Scotland. Enough of evil has been done already to our Universities by the prevalence of this degraded ideal; and it will not be the least triumph of the Celtic Chair that, while on the one hand it asserts the importance of the national and historical element in University study, it at the same time stands up as a grand practical protest against the debasing notion that University teaching is only valuable in proportion as it helps people to make money by the subservience of intellectual culture to professional advancement; and that the worth of an Academical Chair in the social organism is to be estimated mainly, like the prosperity of a bazaar, by the number of customers whom it invites, and the number of shillings which it turns over. In presenting a report which for the first time makes the Celtic Chair a definite certainty in our academical organisation, it would be ungrateful not to return special thanks to John Mackay, Esq., engineer, Shrewsbury, and his brother, Donald Mackay, Esq., A. Ferguson, Esq., Mr. A. Carmichael, and Mr. Watson, in Ceylon, who have put forth such a wealth of energy and patriotic activity in this matter. Special thanks are due also to the Right Honourable the Earl of Crawford and Balcarras, who, without solicitation, came forward spontaneously with the handsome subscription of £100—a subscription doubly valuable as coming from a nobleman whose high character and many-sided culture lend to his patronage the stamp of an intellectual testimony of the first order. Special thanks are also due to Robert Salmond, Esq. of Rankieston, for his munificent subscription of £100. Nor would it be proper to omit the name of Mr. Howard, of the Theatre Royal, who, in the most generous and gentlemanly way—so characteristic of the noble profession which he practises—came forward spontaneously with the offer of a representation for the benefit of the Celtic Chair. (Applause.) Professor Blackie concluded by moving the adoption of the report.

Professor Turner seconded the motion, which was agreed to, and the Committee were accordingly reappointed.

◆

THE REPLY OF SCHOOL BOARDS TO THE CIRCULAR OF THE SCOTCH EDUCATION DEPARTMENT ON THE SUBJECT OF TEACHING GAELIC.

[We give below the Circular sent from the Scotch Education Department, in May, 1876, to School Boards in the Highlands, and the replies of the Boards, recently printed on the motion of Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P. for Inverness. It is to be observed that the inquiry of the Department was meant not to elicit facts regarding the extent to which Gaelic was spoken, but to ascertain the opinions of School Boards upon the desireableness of giving instruction in Gaelic. This explains the anomalous fact that some of the most purely Gaelic-speaking parishes in the Highlands are returned as against instruction being given in that language—*e.g.*, Coll, Glengarry, Glenshiel, Lochcarron, Sleat, Strath. Again, it is difficult to understand why the Circular was not sent to such parishes as Kilchoman (Islay), Craignish, and Kilmartin. On the other hand, thirteen Boards sent no reply. Among these are Durness, Eddrachillis, Gigha, and Lochbroom. Thirteen replied in favour of Gaelic instruction, but did not state the number of children requiring such instruction. If we place the purely Gaelic-speaking parishes that gave negative replies and those to which no Circular was sent against the English-speaking element in the two classes that gave no return, and that did not state the number of children requiring Gaelic instruction, we believe the former class will exceed the latter. But to take them as equal, we should have to add to the 16,331 children embraced in the Return the school-going children of twenty-six parishes, which contained in 1871 a population of 48,166. This would give about 8000 children, or in all 24,331 children in the Highlands that, to be intelligently educated, require instruction in Gaelic. The information probably surprised the Department. They had the figures at least six months before the Code of 1877 was issued, but no use was made of them.]

INSTRUCTION IN THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

The following Circular was addressed by the Education Department to School Boards in certain parts of Scotland.

Scotch Education Department,
Whitehall, London, S.W.,
17*th May*, 1876.

Sir,—A Deputation from the Gaelic School Society recently waited on the Lord President of the Council, to present a Memorial praying that special grants might be made by the Scotch Education Department to encourage the teaching of Gaelic in those districts in the Highlands where that language is commonly used by the inhabitants, and where such teaching is said to be required to promote the general efficiency of the instruction of the children attending School.

My Lords are informed by the Society that the district under the jurisdiction of your Board is one that would be interested in their decision on the application which has been made to them.

I am therefore directed to inquire—

1. Whether your Board (bearing in mind the terms of Article 19, c. 3, in the Scotch Code) are disposed to support the application of the Society;
2. Whether there is any difficulty in obtaining the services of teachers who are acquainted with Gaelic to the extent which the Board think to be required; and,

3. The names of those public schools, with the number of children provided for by each of them, in which the Board think it would be necessary for them to take advantage of any special provision that might be made for giving effect to the proposal of the Gaelic Society, if, on further consideration, Her Majesty's Government agree to accede to it.—I have, &c., F. R. SANDFORD.

The Clerk to the School Board of

RETURN of the Names of the SCHOOL BOARDS in certain parts of SCOTLAND to which the CIRCULAR of the EDUCATION DEPARTMENT regarding Instruction in the GAELIC LANGUAGE, dated the 17th day of May, 1876, was addressed; together with the Replies from the Boards.

NAME OF SCHOOL BOARD.	In Favour of Instruction in Gaelic.	Against such Instruction.	Whether Gaelic Teachers can be Obtained.		Public Schools which would take Advantage of Special Provisions in favour of Gaelic.	Number of Children.
			Affirmative.	Negative.		
ARGYLL, NORTH: (Mainland):						
Acharacle	Yes	...	...	*Yes	Not stated	...
Ardchattan and Muckairn	Yes	...	Yes	...	6	330
Ardnamurchan	Yes	...	Yes	...	5	Not stated
Glenorchy and Inishael	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Kilbrandon and Kilchattan	...	Yes	...	Yes	...	...
Kilchrenan and Delavich	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Kilmallie	Yes	...	Yes	...	7	540
Kilmore and Kilbride (exclusive of Burgh of Oban)	...	Yes	Yes	...	...	...
Lismore and Appin	Yes	...	Yes	...	5	460
Morvern	Yes	...	Yes	...	3	129
Strontian	Yes	...	Yes	...	1	140
(Insular):						
Coll	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Kilfinichen and Kilvickeon	Yes	...	Yes	...	5	Not stated
Kilniniau and Kilmore	Yes	...	Not stated		Not stated	...
Salen	Yes	...	Yes	...	2	100
Torosay	Yes	...	Yes	...	2	80
Tyree	Yes	...	Yes	...	4	425
ARGYLL, SOUTH: (Mainland):						
Kilcalmonell and Kilberry	Yes	...	Yes	...	Not stated	...
Killean and Kilchenzie	Yes	...	...	Yes	2	156
North Knapdale	No return	...	...	...	...	...
South Knapdale	...	Yes	Yes	...	...	...
(Insular):						
Colonsay and Oronsay	Yes	...	Yes	...	2	40
Gigha and Cara	No return	...	...	...	...	...
Jura	Yes	...	Yes	...	3	147
Kildalton	Yes	...	Yes	...	5	358
Kilarrow and Kilmeny	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
CAITHNESS:						
Latheron	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
INVERNESS: (Mainland):						
Abernethy and Kincardine	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Alvie	Yes	...	...	Yes	2	45
Boleskine and Abertarff	Yes	...	Yes	...	3	270
Croy and Dalcross	†Yes	...	Yes	...	...	...

Remarks.—*Anticipated. †Clerk thinks so.

NAME OF SCHOOL BOARD.	In Favour of Instruction in Gaelic.	Against such Instruction.	Whether Gaelic Teachers can be obtained.		Public Schools which would take Advantage of Special Provisions in favour of Gaelic.	Number of Children.
			Affirmative.	Negative.		
Daviot and Dunlichty	*Yes	...	...	Yes	3	220
Dores	Yes	...	Yes	...	4	60
Duthill and Rothiemurchus	...	†Yes	...	...	...	...
Glenelg	Yes	...	Yes	...	6	275
Glengarry	...	Yes	...	Yes	...	...
Insh	Yes	...	Yes	...	1	50
Kilmonivaig	Yes	...	Yes	...	3	200
Kilmorack	Yes	...	Yes	...	3½	440 } ‡
Kiltarlity	Yes	...	Yes	...	4½	500 }
Kingussie	Yes	...	...	Yes	3	380
Kirkhill	Yes	...	Yes	...	3	330
Laggan	Yes	...	Yes	...	4	140
Moy and Dalarossie	Yes	...	Yes	...	2	125
Urquhart and Glenmoriston	Yes	...	Yes	...	5	508
(Insular):						
Barra	Yes	...	Not stated		4	389
Bracadale	Yes	...	Yes	...	4	176
Duirinish	Yes	...	Yes	...	6	600
Harris	Yes	...	...	Yes	All; no; Not stated	Not stated
Kilmuir	Yes	...	Yes	...	2	195
North Uist	Yes	...	§Yes	...	8	640
Portree	Yes	...	Yes	...	5	322
Sleat	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Small Isles	Yes	...	‖Yes	...	2	Not stated
Snizort	Yes	...	Yes	...	4	358
South Uist	Yes	...	Yes	...	7	783
Stenscholl	Yes	...	Yes	...	2	190
Strath	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
PERTH:						
Amulree	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Balquhidder	Yes	...	Yes	...	1	46
Blair Athol	Yes	...	Yes	...	2	170
Dull	Yes	...	Yes	...	3	171
Fortingall	Yes	...	...	Yes	1	60
Kenmore	No return	...	...	...	...	...
Killin	Yes	...	Not stated	...	Not stated	...
Kinloch Rannoch	Yes	...	Yes	...	1	¶15
Logierait	Yes	...	...	Yes	**...	...
Weem	No return	...	...	...	...	...
ROSS AND CROMARTY: (Mainland):						
Applecross	Yes	...	Yes	...	6	268
Carnoch	No return	...	...	...	...	...
Contin	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Edderton	...	Yes	...	Yes	...	...
Fearn	Yes	...	Yes	...	1	70
Fodderty	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Gairloch	Yes	...	Yes	...	11	821
Glenshiel	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Killearnan	No return	...	...	...	...	...
Kincardine	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Kintail	Yes	...	...	††Yes	3	145

Remarks.—*Supposing properly qualified teachers to be obtainable. †Not interested. ‡Combined for one school. §Not anticipated. ‖Supply will increase if encouraged. ¶Number to whom Gaelic would be taught. **At present. ††Anticipated.

NAME OF SCHOOL BOARD.	In Favour of Instruction in Gaelic.	Against such Instruction.	Whether Gaelic Teachers can be Obtained.		Public Schools which would take Advantage of Special Provisions in favour of Gaelic.	Number of Children.
			Affirmative.	Negative.		
Knockbain	Yes	...	Yes	...	3	310
Lochalsh	*Yes	...	...	Yes	4	330
Lochbroom	No return	...	...	...	...	...
Lochcarron	...	Yes	...	Yes	...	...
Logie Easter	No return	...	...	...	...	...
Resolis	Yes	...	Not stated		Not stated	...
Rosskeen	No return	...	...	...	...	...
Tarbat	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Urquhart and Logie Wester	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Urray	Yes	...	Yes	...	2	300
(Insular):						
Barvas	Yes	...	Yes	...	5	955
Lochs	Yes	...	Yes	...	11	1,347
Stornoway (including Town)	Yes	...	Yes	...	7	1,175
Uig	Yes	...	Not stated		Not stated	...
SUTHERLAND:						
Assynt	Yes	...	Yes	...	All; no; Not stated	...
Clyne	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Creich	No return	...	...	...	...	...
Dornoch (including Burgh)	No return	...	...	...	...	...
Durness	No return	...	...	...	...	...
Eddrachillis	No return	...	...	...	...	...
Farr	...	Yes	Yes	...	...	...
Lairg	Yes	...	Yes	...	1	47
Rogart	...	Yes	...	...	...	...
Tongue	Yes	...	Yes	...	3	Not stated
Total	65	25	53	14	208	16,331

Number of Boards to which Circular was sent	103
Replies received	90

Remark.—*"It might be an advantage."

NAMES of SCHOOLS under each Board which would take advantage of any special Provisions.

NAME OF SCHOOL.	Number of Children.	NAME OF SCHOOL.	Number of Children.
ARGYLL, NORTH:			
(Mainland):		Kilmallie:	
Ardchattan and Muckairn:		Kinlocheil March	40
Barcaldine	45	Ardgar	60
Lochuell	70	Duisky or Garven	40
Ardchattan	40	Achafubil or Trislaig	40
Taynuilt	100	Fort William	200
Achaleran	50	Banavie	120
Glenetive	25	Onich	40
Ardnamurchan:		Lismore and Appin:	
Kilchoan	Not stated.	Ballachulish	150
Kilmory		Durer	60
Glenuig		Strath of Appin	110
Glenfinnan		Balligame	75
Arisaig		Balligrundle	65

NAME OF SCHOOL.	Number of Children.
Morvern:	
Claggan	42
Burnadullin	47
Kinloch	40
Strontian:	
Strontian	140
(Insular):	
Kilfinichen and Kilvickeon:	
Iona	Not stated.
Creich	
Bunessan	
Pennycross	
Ballyvullin or Gribun	
Salen:	
Salen	40
Salen Female Industrial	60
Torosay:	
Lochdonhead	50
Kenlochspelve	30
Tyree:	
Cornaymore	130
Hilipool	120
Ruaig	105
Icarnish	70
Argyll, South:	
(Mainland):	
Killean and Kilchenzie:	
Rhunahaorine	90
Kilchenzie	66
(Insular):	
Colonsay and Oronsay:	
Scalsaig	20
Kilchattan	20
Jura:	
Small Isles	61
Knockrome	56
Ardlussa	30
Kildalton:	
Kintour	19
Ardbeg	79
Port Ellen	180
Oa	44
Glenegidale	36
Inverness:	
(Mainland):	
Alvie:	
Alvie	30
Lagganlea	15
Boleskine and Abertarff:	
Boleskine	100
Fort Augustus	120
Whitebridge	50
Daviot and Dunlichty:	
Daviot	80
Farr	90
Dunmaglass	50
Dores:	(About)
Aldourie	15
Bunchinbin	15
Stralberrick	15
Bunachton	15
Glenelg:	
Glenelg	50
Inverie	40
Earar	30
Armisdale	50
Glasnacardach	60
Briacory	45
Insh:	
Insh	50
Kilmonivaig:	
Kilmonivaig Blarom	90
Roybridge	80
Torncharrick	30
Kilmorack:	
Beauly	250
Teanassie	80
Cannich	50
Struy (joint with the parish of Kiltarlity).	60
Kiltarlity:	
Tornnacross	150
Glencorwinth	80
Culburnie	70
Guisachan	120
Struy (Kiltarlity and Kilmorack combined).	80
Kingussie:	
Kingussie	220
Newtonmore	135
Dallohinnie	25
Kirkhill:	
Inchmore	160
Knockbain	110
Kirkton	60
Laggan:	
Gergask	60
Glentruinn	30
Garvamore	20
Lochlaggan End	30
Moy and Dalarossie:	
Raibeg	75
Dalarossie	50
Urquhart and Glenmoriston:	
Culanloan	233
Balnain	97
Bunloit	60
Invermoriston	55
Dalcreichard	63
(Insular):	
Barra:	
Buolratodach	114
Castletay	141
Craigeston	96
Mingulay	38
Bracadale:	
Carbost	70
Struan	60
Soay	26
Glenbrittle	20
Duirinish:	
Barrodale	170
Boresaig	50
Dunvegan	60
Vattin Bridge	140

NAME OF SCHOOL.	Number of Children.
Stein	90
Halin	90
Kilmuir:	
Killinaster	125
Kilmaluage	70
North Uist:	
Paible	180
Tigharry	90
Dumkellar	90
Carinish	80
Gruinisay	70
Balashare	50
Trumisgary	30
Lochmaddy	50
Portree:	
Portree	180
Tarran	60
Glens	30
Rona	30
Clachan	22
Small Isles:	
Eigg	Not stated.
Canna (in course of erection)	
Snizort:	
Bernisdale	125
Kensaleyre	60
Uig	140
Glenhinistle	33
South Uist:	
Eriskey	86
Ganmamaradh	140
Daliburgh	140
Honeybridge	85
Howmar	84
Jochdar	140
Balivanich	108
Stenscholl:	
Staffin	100
Valtos	90
PERTH:	
Balquhidder:	
Balquhidder	46
Blair Athol:	
Blair Athol	150
Glengarry	20
Dull:	
Dull	80
Grandtully	80
Foss	11
Fortingall:	
Fortingall	60
Kinloch Rannoch:	
Kinloch Rannoch	15
ROSS AND CROMARTY: (Mainland):	
Applecross:	
Dibaig	47
Aligin	63
Torridon	36
Armcruinachel	49
Callakille	30
Fearn: Hilton	70
Gairloch:	
Apinan	110
Achtercarn	85
Sand	66
Melvaig	83
Inverasdale	88
Poolewe	57
Bualnalnil	140
Laide	86
Mellon Udrigil	44
Kinlochewe	40
Diobaig (half of)	22
Kintail:	
Inverinate	50
Dornie	35
Killilan	60
Knockbain:	
Munlochy	140
Drumsmittal	120
Upper Knockbain	50
Lochalsh:	
Auchmore	50
Lochalsh	90
Erbusaig	70
Plocktown	120
Urray:	
Marybank	120
Farradale	180
(Insular):	
Barvas:	
Cross	185
Aridh-na-Tuin	170
Bragor	180
Lionel	265
Barvas	155
Lochs:	
Ballalan	190
Cromore	63
Kershader	75
Knock Ian Due	91
Planaskar	100
Graver	85
Achmore	30
Shalost	205
Lamreway	101
Lurehost	152
Carloway	255
Stornoway (including Town):	
Sandwickhill	160
Bayhle	210
Aird	180
Tong	75
Back	270
Tolsta	130
Laxdale	150
SUTHERLAND:	
Lairg:	
Lairg	47
Tongue:	
Tongue	Not stated.
Melness	

AN
GAIDHEAL.

> *"Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein*
> *Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."*—Oisean.

VI. Leabh.] DARA MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1877. [66 Air.

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

Coin. "A' Sheonaid, a' Ghraidh nam ban, tha buille aig an dorus ; faic co a th'ann, agus fosgail gu h-ealamh."

(Dh'fhosgaileadh an dorus, agus co a leum a steach, ach coigreach gu'n duil ris !)

Coin. "Ann an ainm an aigh ! Caraide mo ghraidh, Murachadh Ban !"

M. "Coinnichidh na cairdean, an uair nach coinnich na cnuic ! Far do lamh, a Sheonaid, is tha mi toillichte t-fhaicinn, agus thusa, a Choinnich, agus a phaisdean gu leir, ciamar a tha sibh air fad ? Ochan ! is solasach leam aon sealladh eile fhaotuinn de theaghlach a' Ghoirtein-Fraoich."

C. "Ubh ! Ubh ! a charaid ionmhuinn, is tu tha fliuch o bhonn gu barr, agus cha'n ioghnadh e, oir a leithid do la le gaoith is uisge, tairneanach agus dealanach, cha'n fhacas anns an tir so o cheann bhliadhnaichean air ais ! A' Sheonaid, grad chuir teine 's an t-seomar, gus an ruisg do Ghoistidh e fein dh'ionnsuid a' chraicinn, agus faigh badan tiorma dha le cabhaig. Ach an toiseach, o'n is luaithe deoch na sgeul, faigh lan na fiacail dhe'n stuth a's fearr a th'agad, a' chumail a chridhe ri do charaid ionmhuinn, oir is mor am feum th'aige air, greas ort, a' Sheonaid."

M. "Dean socair, a' Choinnich, dean socair, oir, mar a thubhairt an Sean-fhocal, dh'fhuirich do mhathair ri do bhreith, agus cha'n i bu lugha cabhaig. Uime sin, dean socair, glac foighidinn, agus na cuir ceann mo bhan-ghoistidh 'na bhoil, oir cha'n 'eil fuachd idir orm, ged tha mi gu'n teagamh co fliuch 'sa ni uisge mi, oir a' leithid a dh'oidhche cha'n fhaca mi riamh."

C. "An d'thug thu an gearran donn leat, a' Mhurachaidh, no'n do choisich thu ?"

M. "Bha'n gearran agam, ach cha b'urrainn mi dol air a' dhruim leis a' mharcachd-sine agus an doininn anradhaich. Chomhlaich mi an greidhear agad aig an stabull a' biadhadh nan each, ghabh e uam e, agus cha'n eagal da."

C. "Cha'n eagal idir, oir chith mi fein gach goireas aig a' ghearran bhochd, an uair a bhitheas a mhaighstir 'san t-seomar eile a' faotuinn o Sheonaid gach goireas dha fein."

M. "Cha'n eagal do'n ghearran na dhomhsa, a' Choinnich, air duinn le cheile a bhi fo fhasgadh fhiughantach a' Ghoirtean-Fraoich. Ach, na rach a mach, a' Choinnich, oir cha'n eagal do'n ghearran."

Chaidh e, gidheadh, a mach, agus thug Murachadh an seomar eile air, far an robh teine lasrach. Ruisg e dheth fein gach bad a bha air ; chuir e uime eudach le fear-an-tighe, agus bha e air a sgeudachadh as ur o mhullach a chinn gu bonn na coise.

C. "Tha mi'n dochas, a' Mhurachaidh, gu'm bheil thu rud eigin air doigh a nis. Suidh a steach ris a' ghealbhain, gus am feuch Seonaid ciod a ni i air son a Goistidh, 'n am da a bhi sgith, fuar, ocrach, agus paiteach."

M. "A' Choinnich, tha mi 'guidhe nach tilg thu an tigh bun os ceann mar so, air mo shon-sa, oir cha'n 'eil a' bheag a dhith orm tuilleadh."

C. "Ach cia as duit an diugh, a' Mhurachaidh, oir cha'n ann gu'n aobhar araidh a dh'fhag thu am baile air la co fiadhaich agus garbh?"

M. "Nach cual thu, a' Choinnich, gu'n d'rinn iad mi 'na m' bhall do Bhord na Sgoile, agus gu boil le m' amhaich, cho'-eignich iad mi chum an dreuchd sin a ghabhail, ged nach 'eil foghlum, no cumhachd, no cleachd, no buaidh agam chum a choimhlionadh gu freagarrach. Ach cha'n eisdeadh iad ri diultadh, agus sparr iad m'ainm sios, mar le aon ghuth; olc air mhaith leam fein e."

C. "Rinn iad gu ceart, oir ma tha urram 'san dreuchd, tha thusa airidh air; ma tha feabhas ann, is tusa a' mheudaicheas e; agus ma tha buannachd ann do dh'oigridh na sgireachd, co as fearr aig am bheil fios air an leas, na mo charaid dileas, tuigseach, Murachadh Ban? Tha aon ni cinnteach, agus is e sin, gu'n d'fhuair a' Ghaelig choir aon dhian-charaid, agus gu'm faicear a nis i air a teagasg anns gach Sgoil mu'n cuairt duinn."

M. "Cum do theangaidh, a' Choinnich, oir tha mise tuilleadh 's sean gu bhi air mo ghlacadh le brosgul agus miodal mar sin. Cha dean e'n gnothuch idir."

C. "Ach, an robh a'm Bord cruinn an diugh, agus ma bha, c'ait, agus c'uin?"

M. "Bha e cruinn aig uair thrath an diugh ann an Tigh-Osda Druim-a-chabair, far an d' rainig mise, agus a'chuid a's mo de Bhuill a' Bhuird an raoir, gu bhi deas gu toiseachadh air cuisean a chur air an aghaidh moch 'sa mhaduinn; agus Ochan! bha la buileach garbh againn, an da chuid a thaobh aimsir, agus a thaobh dian-dheasboireachd gu'n bhaigh."

C. "Ubh! Ubh! ciod mu'n robh sibh co dian ri sin, agus ciod a b'aobhar do'n aimhreit a bh'ann?"

M. "Bha sinn cruinn mu'n da thigh-sgoile, seadh, an da chaisteal sin a tha 'nis deas, chum an gabhail o lamhaibh an luchd-ceairde a thog iad, agus chum Maighstirean-Sgoile a roghnachadh air an son; 's iad sin Sgoil Druim-a'-Phobuill, agus Sgoil Loin-nam-ba."

C. "B'iad sin na sgoilean daora, agus cha bheag an uallach iad air an tuath bhochd, air am bheil tromchisean air an leagadh a ta 'cumail an ceann an comhnuidh fo'n uisge."

M. "Ro cheart, a Choinnich, tha gach sgoil dhiubh so a' teachd gu beagan thairis air ceithir cheud deug punnd Sassunnach, agus sin a thuilleadh air duais a' Mhaighstir-Sgoile, agus sgaoth de luchd-dreuchd eile. Tha na cuisean trom, trom gu'n teagamh."

C. "Dh'fhalbh Peairt! Cha'n urrainn na tuathanaich bhochda seasamh ri sin:—ach, a' Sheonaid, goil an coire dubh, oir is feairrd do Ghoistidh dileag bheag, bhlath, mu'n gabh sinn an Leabhar, agus mu'n d'theid sinn mu thamh. Seadh, a Mhurachaidh, chuir mi casg air do chainnt, ciod tuilleadh mu'n robh sibh a'm badaibh a' cheile?"

M. "Ciod tuilleadh! Ochan! bha sinn ann am fionnsgain a' cheile mu'n Ghaelig. Cha bu lugh na ceithir pearsa deug a chuir litrichean le teastanais, a stigh air son a bhi 'nam maighstiribh 'sna sgoiltibh ura sin; agus ghabh am Bord da uair an uaireadair chum an leughadh a mach ann an eisdeachd nan uile."

C. "Ach, ciod an gnothuch a bh'aig an obair sin ris a' Ghaelig, a' Mhurachaidh?"

M. "Ris a' Ghaelig! Anns a' cheud dol a mach, dh'eirich Fear-Choiremhuilteir, agus thubhairt e, Cha'n 'eil ach gann lide dhe'n Bheurla aig an oigridh leis an lionar na sgoilean sin, agus uime sin, tha e ceart agus reusonta gu'm biodh a' chlann air an teagasg, an da chuid ann an cainnt am mathar fein, agus anns a' chainnt eile, agus feumaidh na maighstirean sgoile a thaghar eolas a bhi aca air a' Ghaelig."

C. "Bha sin gu'n teagamh ro fhreagarrach, agus cha b'urrainn ach duine gu'n tuisge cur 'na aghaidh."

M. "Chum gu'n tuig thu an gnothuch, a Ghoistidh, cha robh a lathair ach cuignear dhe'n Bhord, oir cha b'urrainn seann Mhaighstir Domhnull coir, am Ministear, tighinn a mach. Bha Fear an Druim-Sheillich anns a Chaithir, agus cha robh air taobh na Gaelig ach Fear Choiremhuiltein agus mi fein. Air an taobh eile, bha Fear-Chiaraig, agus an t-Oganach sin Cormac, a thainig o cheann ghoirid gu bhi 'na Bhailidh aig an uachdaran. Cha dubhairt Fear-Chiaraig a bheag, ach cha'n aontaicheadh e leis an taobh againne. Chaidh na teisteanais a rannsachadh an dara uair, agus a'm measg na maighstirean-sgoile, bha cuignear aig an robh deagh chliu a thaobh an eolais air Gaelig, agus bha iad co ard ri cach, mar robh nis airde ann am fiosrachadh mu nithe eile. Dh'eirich mise, agus dh'ainmich mi Domhnull Mac Fhearchair, agus Lachlunn Mac Lachluinn, mar mhaighstirean freagarrach air son an da sgoile, agus dh'eirich air ball Fear-Choiremhuiltein gu aontachadh le sin. Ann sin ghrad-dh'eirich am ballach Gallda sin Cormac air bhonnaibh, agus shonraich e dithis eile dhiubhsan aig nach robh Gaelig. Le so bha dithis dhe'n Bhord air gach taobh, agus uime sin, thuit an crannchur-taghaidh air Fear an Druim-Sheillich, air da a bhi 'sa chaithir, ach cha toireadh e aonta fein air taobh seach taobh; agus air an aobhar sin, tha na sgoilean gun mhaighstirean, gus am bi am Bord cruinn a ris."

C. "Tha mi 'tuigsinn a' ghnothuich gu gasda, a' Mhurachaidh, ach an sin, nach robh gnothuch an latha thairis?"

M. "Bha, ach cha robh connsachadh, agus dian-dheasboireachd an latha thairis, oir dh'eirich am beadagan beag-naireach sin Cormac suas, agus chain e na Gaidheil agus a' Ghaelig ann am briathraibh a chuir fuil Mhurachaidh Bhain air ghoil 'na chuislibh, ach mo lamh-sa, a' Choinnich, gu'n d'fhuair e caineadh, nach dichuimhnich e an da la so."

C. "Cha'n fhaca mi riamh e; chual mi gu'n d'thainig e, ach comadh co dhiubh, ciod is coslas do'n truaghan gu'n diu?"

M. "Ciod is coslas da! an e thubhairt thu? Ochan! n'am faiceadh tu e, cha mhor a shaoileadh tu dheth; oir, cha'n 'eil ann ach ablach beag, bronnach, briathrach, biorach, buidh-bhan, le teangaidh dhubh-ghallda mar chlaban na muilne! Cha robh focal ni bu mhiosa na cheile nach do ghnathaich e a'n aghaidh nan Gaidheal. Chuir e an ceill gu'n robh iad leasg, lunndach, mairnealach, diomhanach, mi-churamach, gu'n seadh, gu'n suim, gu'n solar air son an droch latha; agus nach robh 'nan canain ach fiadh-bhriathran allta, mi-chaomha, borb—no mar theireadh e fein, "uncouth, wild, barbarous, senseless, gibberish." Thubhairt mise ris, a' crathadh an duirn ri 'shroin, gu'm bu mhaith dha an la agus an linn 'san d'rugabh e, oir n'an nochdadh e am mi-mhodh ceudna a'm measg nan Gaidheal roimh so, cha b'fhad gus an cuireadh iad a sheic air an sparr, no gad m'a shealbhain."

C. "Ubh! Ubh! a' Ghraidh nam fear, bha na cuisean garbh 'nar measg, ach ciod an ceanncriche a thainig orra?"

M. "Ma dheireadh, leum Fear Choiremhuiltein air a chosaibh, agus a' tionndadh ri Cormac, thubhairt e, Oganaich gu'n naire gu'n mhodh, gu'n ghliocas, gun tuigse, chomhairlichinn dhuit srian a chur an deigh so air do theangaidh nimhnich, oir cha cheudaichear tuilleadh a leithid de bhriathraibh a bhi air an gnathachadh ann an comunn uasal, ceanalta mar so. Tha thusa, led' dhanadas cainnte a' taisbeanadh t-aineolais fein, agus a toirt gach dearbhaidh nach duin'-uasal thu. A bhaoghlain gu'n diu, n'am biodh tuigse na circe agad, chitheadh tu an strith a ta 'ga dheanamh a'm fad 'sam farsuing chum na Gaidheil agus an canain dhruighteach athleasachadh agus a chumail suas. Chum na criche so tha Comunnan da rireadh daimheil, air an suidheachadh, ach beag, anns gach bailemor 'san rioghachd Bhreutainnich! Agus cha'n e sin a mhain, ach tha daoine urramach, measail, agus foghluimte anns gach aite chum leas nan Gaidheal agus na Gaelig a chur air aghaidh. Faic a' Bhanrighinn ghradhach a ta 'riaghladh thairis oirnne, agus tha a tlachd-san do na Gaidheil co mor 's nach 'eil i toilichte ach a'm feadh 'sa ta i 'nam measg. Faic ard-uaislean foghluimte na tire air fad, agus tha'n speis aca do'n Ghaelig mor. Faic an t-Olladh Blackie fein, agus nach dian, dichiollach e chum a' Ghaelig a shuidheachadh air sheol 's nach d'theig i as gu brath! Tilg do shuilean air sgaoth de dhaoinibh urramach eile, a ta air an deachdadh leis an spiorad cheudna. Faic ministeirean ainmeil dhe gach eaglais—Siorraman—ard-luchd-lagha—agus daoine foghluimte dhe gach dreuchd, agus tha iad uile air an aon ramh. Air an laimh eile, thoir fanear na nithe cudthromach a tha air an clodh-bhualadh gu riaghailteach chum na criche cheudna. Tha'n t-Ard-Albannach fein ann am baile Inbherneis a' dol gu dhulan anns an obair thaitneach so, agus nach eugsamhla, iomadh-gnetheach a chomhairlean gu leir, chum cliu agus ceanaltas nan Gaidheal a dheanamh aithnichte. Anns a' bhaile cheudna, baile-cinn na Gaidhealtachd, tha'm Mios-leabhar aluinn sin, ris an abrar 'sa 'Bheurla (Celtic Magazine) a' togail a chinn gach miosa, agus le teangaidh ealanta, deaschainntich, tha e a' leagadh ris gach feart agus buaidh, gach gaisg' agus treubhantas, gach cleachd agus reachd, air son am bheil sliochd urramach nam beann comharraichte. Cha ghabh uile-bhuaidhean a' Mhiosachain ghrinn so a luaidh 'san am. Cuireadh gach Gaidheal fios air fein, agus air an Ard-Albannach, agus chith iad le'n suilibh an oirdheirceas aca maraon. Tha deagh fhios againn uile, mar an ceudna, gu'm bheil "Gaidheal" eile ann am baile Dhunedin fo lan-eididh, a tha 'dol a mach gach mios air a thurasaibh chum chriochan iomallach na Gaidhealtachd, agus chum thirean an cein, luchdaichte leis gach fiosrachadh chum eolas dheth gach gne a sgapadh a'm measg a luchd-duthcha fein. So agaibh an Gaidheal d'a rireadh, a tha 'dol a'm boinn ri Mios-leabhar Inbherneis, agus ris an Ard-Albannach, chum Sliochd nam beann ardachadh anns an inbh sin a thoill iad

’s an Eilean Bhreatannach. Agus a thuilleadh orra so gu leir, tha oganach eile dhe’n fhior ghne ann an Glaschu, a tha gu dian a’ togail a’ chinn, agus a’ deanamh spairne chruaidh chum cos-cheumanna na cuideachd eile a leantuinn. Gu robh piseach air, agus deagh bhuaidh leis. Is esan d’a rireadh “Mac-talla” nam beann, nan gleann, ’snan creag —a tha ’deanamh a dhichill, chum gu’m bi gach cuis agus comhradh a co’-fhreagairt d’a cheile, gu slighe reidh a ghearradh a mach, air an triall gach eolas dh’ionnsuidh fardaichean nan Gaidheal. Anis, eisd ri so, a’ Chormaic shuaraich, ach dh’aindeoin na theirear, tha thusa, le ladarnas beag-narach, a’ seasamh suas aig a’ Bhord so, an aghaidh saoirbheis, agus sonais, agus leas mhuinntir na tire so, anns nach ’eil anam a ta ’g altachadh do bheatha ’nam measg. Uime sin, duin do bheul gu grad, agus na biodh a’ chridhe agad tuilleadh, do theangadh leomach a ghluasad an aghaidh canain no cleachd na cuideachd sin a bha riamh dileas d’an Righ, agus d’an tir, agus a bhios gu brath cliuthoilltinneach air son an gniomhara cruadalach, an dillseachd, agus an euchd.”

C. “Mo mhile beannachd air Fear-Choiremhuiltein! Och! nach treun a labhair e, agus nach buileach a smal e sios am Baillidh beag, biorach Cormac? Ach thoill e na fhuair e, agus ged a gheibheadh e tuilleadh, cha bhiodh dolaidh ann. Tha reusan a’ giulan, agus tha uile chairdean tuigseach nan Gaidheal a’ dearbhadh, gu’m bu choir a’ Ghaelig agus a’ Bheurla a bhi air an teagasg, anns na criochaibh so maraon, agus cuideachd do’n oigridh ’nar sgoilibh. Feumaidh so a bhith, chum gu’m biodh an aon chanain air a mineachadh leis a’ chanain eile. Mar so, teagaisgear eolas do’n oigridh air co’-dhealbhadh na Gaelig, agus eadhon dhoibhsan a ta air an sonrachadh gu bhi ’searmonachadh an t-Soisgeil. Anns an la an diugh tha moran de mhinisteiribh oga nach d’fhuair an cothrom so, air feadh na Gaidhealtachd, gu tur eu-comusach air labhairt ann am briathraibh taitneach, a thaobh an aineolais air a’ Ghaelig. Bha oganach tapaidh o cheann ghoirid a’searmonachadh ’san Eaglais againne, agus ged is nar domh a radh, is minic a thug e snodh-gaire orm leis na mearachdan a bha e ’deanamh, le bhi gu tric a’ cur na cartach air thoiseach air an each! Bha seann Seonaid Nic Dhughail ’san eisdeachd, agus ’n àm di eiridh gu falbh, thubhairt i, “Ochan! Ochan! ma’s e sud am ministear a tha gu bhi air a shuidheachadh anns a’ Chlachain Uaine, cha’n ’eil farmad agam riu-san a bhios ’ga eisdeachd, oir a ’leithid de thruailleadh Gaelig, agus de ghlucaireachd cainnte, cha chual mi riamh! Ochan! Cha b’e seann Mhaighstir Seumas againn fein, gu’m beannaichear e.” Mar so thug Nic Dhughail a barail fein gu’n cheilg, agus bha i ceart. Tha dochas agam, uime sin, a’ Mhurachaidh, an uair a bhios am Bord cruinn a ris, gu’n steidhich iad air maighstirean-sgoile ceart agus freagarrach, agus gu’n druid iad beul a’ Bhaillidh bhig, agus gu’m faigh uile chairdean na Gaelig a’ bhuaidhlarach ’san strith.”

M. “Sin thu, a’ Choinnich, is truagh nach robh thu fein air a’ Bhord; ach comadh co dhiubh, cha striochd sinne, gus an daingnich sinn maighstir co Gaidhealach ri Coinneach Ciobair, anns gach Sgireachd ris am bheil ar gnothuch.”

C. “Mile taing dhuit, a’ Ghraidh nam fear, tha Seonaid ag eigheach oirnn’—tiugainn, tiugainn, thugamaid ceann-shuas an tighe oirnn’, a’ dh’fhaicinn ciod an goireas a tha romhainn.” Alasdair Ruadh.

GUTH A' CHUAIN.

Fanaibh-s', a chlann, air a' chòmhnard,
A' buain neòinean feadh nan tom ;
No ma 's fhèarr a' chulaidh-chleas e,
Ruithibh greis am béul nan tonn.

Dìridh mise 'n àird' am bruthach,
Far am faic mi h-ugam 's bhuam ;
'S bho'n a thà mi gann de chuideachd,
Eisdidh mi ri guth a' chuain.

Tha'n cuan dhòmhsa mar fhear-eòlais,
'Tigh'n am chòdhail air an tràigh :
Fiamh a' ghàir air 'aodunn preasach,
'S a thuinn bheaga 'cur orm fàilt.

'S tric 's na làithean a chaidh seachad,
'Bheachdaich mi air cruth nan stuadh
'Tigh'n le teachdaireachd na mara,
Ga 'liubhairt air a' chladach chruaidh.

A bhi beachdachadh orr' daonnan,
Le'n ceòl caochlaideach am chluais,
Dh'fhàg air m' inntinn samhladh mòrachd
Nach dean briathran-beòil a luaidh.

'S ged bha'n teachdaireachd do léughadh,
Ghéuraich i, ar leam, mo smuain
Gu 'bhi rannsachadh na duibhre
Tha ga'r cuibhreachadh mu'n cuairt.

'Tha mar chùirteinibh na pàillinn
'Cùirneachadh na h-airc mu'n cuairt ;
'S am meall neòil a tha ga 'còmhdach,
Mar chirb glòire Righ nan sluagh.

Ann an tèampull mor a' chruinne,
Tha ar cuid againn 's a' chùirt ;
'S roinn-bhrat trìbilte air m' inntinn,
Ag cleith dìomhaireachd na cùis'.

Ciod ma ta is ciall do'n t-sealladh
'Chaidh a cheadachadh do'n t-sùil ?—
Nèamh 'us talamh mar aon fhaileas
Air nach d'fhuair sinn fhathast iùl.

Na spéuran sgaoilt os cionn ar cinn,
An talamh fìllte fo ar céum.
'Us freamh ar nàduir toinnte, dlùth,
Mu gach dùil 's a' chruinne-ché.

'S gach ni 'ghluaiseas sùil no cluas,
A' dùsgadh annainn smuain d'a réir ;
Còrda fìnealta ar nàduir,
Mar théud chlàr a ghnàth air ghléus.

Maoth ghaoth 'Chéit am measg nan géug
A' luasgadh téudan gleust' nan crann ;
Air sgiathaibh mìn ag giùlan sìos
Laoidhean binn nan ioma rann.

Bho chiùin borbhan braon air duille
Gu ard ghuth na gaillionn gharbh ;
'Chreag a' freagairt fuaim na tuinne,
'S gun aon ni's a' chruinne balbh.

Aom do chluas 'us éisd an luathghair,
'Tha 'dol suas bho mhuir 's bho thìr ;
'S ged nach tuig smuain na chluinneas cluas,
Creid nach 'eil an fhuaim gun bhrìgh.

Ciod ma tha gach bith 's an domhan
A' toirt molaidh 'réir a ghnè,
Alleluïa iomadh-ghuthach,
Do'n Tì chruthaich talamh 's nèamh.

Cuir do bhrògan bhàrr do chasan,
So da rìreadh tulach Dhé.
A naomh reachd sgrìobh air clàr gach clach,
'Us anns gach preas a làithreachd fhéin.

* * * * *

Tha mi 'cluinntinn guth na cloinne
'Glaodhaich, "'Athair thig a nuas,"
Glaodh cho sean ri tùs na cruitheachd :
Tha mi tighinn, "thig gu luath."

Am bàrd Luideagach.

ISEABAIL ODHAR AGUS MONAGAN.

Bha duine còir ann aon uair aig an robh gabhaltas beag fearainn faisge air aon de bhailtibh mòra na dùthcha. Bha e greis aoise mu 'n do phòs e, agus 's e aon phàisde nighinn a bh' aige. Nuair a bhàsaich a' bhean cha robh an nighean ach mu shé-bliadhn-deug a dh' aois. Bha i anabarrach glic a bhean a h-aoise. Bha i ro stòlda 'na h-inntinn, agus nuair a bhiodh i 'còmhradh ri neach, shaoilte gur seana bhean a bh' ìnnte leis mar a labhradh i cho poncail, 's cho réidh, 's cho socrach. Nuair a bhàsaich a mathair rinn a h-athair suas inntinn nach pòsadh e gu bràth, ach gu 'm fàgadh e chuid a 'n t-saoghal aig a nighinn. Bha fhios aige gu' n deanadh i deadh bhean-tighe, ach ged a bha, bha e soilleir gu leor dha, a thaobh nach robh i dreachmhor, nach faigheadh i pòsadh gu bràth mur faigheadh i e air son a stòrais. Thug so air a bhi ni bu dìchiollaiche 's ni bu chùramaiche na bha e riamh roimhe a chum na b' urrainn da chur cruinn a dh' airgiod, air dhòigh agus gu 'm fàgadh e aig latha 'bhàis na chumadh Iseabail suas fhad 's bu bhèo i, a chionn 's nach faigheadh i deadh phòsadh leis. An déigh bàis a màthar thug a h-athair dhi riaghladh gach ni bhuineadh do 'n tigh. Òg 's mar a bha i chum i gach ni an òrdugh, 's ghiùlain i gach gnothach air aghaidh cho maith ri aon bheantighe 's an dùthaich. 'S ann a bha ioghnadh nach bu bheag air na h-uile aig an robh dad a dh' eòlas oirre, ann a bhi faicinn mar a bha gach ni a bha i 'làimhseachadh a' soirbheachadh cho gasda. "Ni làmh an dìchiollaich beartas." Ged a bha beagan airgid aig a h-athair a' cur réidh dheth 's a' Bhanca cha 'n aithnicheadh neach sam bith air Iseabail co dhiu bha gus nach robh. Cha robh pròis, no meud-mhòr, no uaill, no sroineis, no ni dhe 'n t-seòrsa fuaighte rithe. Cha robh dad a choltas aice ris na guanagan sgaomach, leomach a tha 'n diugh air an t-saoghal. 'S e bh' innte caileag ghlic, chrìonnta leis nach bu nàr a làmh a chur ann an obair sam bith a thigeadh gu feum an tighe. Dh' éireadh i moch 's mhaduinn, 's bheireadh i lamhchuideachaidh do 'n bhanaraich an àm an eadraidh; bhiodh am biadhmaidne deas ann an àm, 's gach ni eile gu deas, òrdail, mar bu chòir dhoibh a bhi. Bhiodh i 'n còmhnuidh mu 'n cuairt air deanamh an ime 's a' chàise. Bhiodh ìm agus càise gu leòr aice, agus a bharrachd air a sin bhiodh na laoigh air leth maith air am beathachadh. Ged a bha i mar so deanadach, glic, gleusda, agus ro fhaicleach mu 'gnothach, bha i air leth truacanta agus caoimhneil ri daoinibh bochda. Gheibheadh an dìol-déirce biadh, 'us deoch, 'us fasgadh uaipe mar a gheibheadh iad o 'n mhàthair a rug i. Shaoileadh cuid a chionn gu 'n robh i cho maith airson gnothach an t-saoghail a chur air aghart nach ruigeadh na bochdan a leas a dhol a dh' iarraidh dad oirre. Ach cha b' ionnan sin 's mar a bha, cha robh té eile, ge mòr am focal e, an taobh a stigh de chrìochaibh na sgìreachd bu teò-chridhiche na i. Theireadh i iomadh uair, 's i nis na 'làn-bhoireannach, nach robh aig muinntir ach làimhseachadh de gach ni a bha iad a' sealbhachadh; gu 'm bu le Dia na h-uile nithean; nach robh daoine ach 'nan stiùbhardaibh fo a làimh; 's gu'm b'e 'n gnothach a bhi deanamh an dìchill an còmhnuidh a chum saoibhreas fhaotainn le onair, cha'n ann a mhain a chum iad fhein a bhi comh-fhurtail, ach mar an ceudna, chum cuideachadh a dheanamh leis a' mhuinntir bhochd agus aimbeartaich. B'e so am beachd a bh' aig a h-athair air gnothaichibh an t-saoghail, agus, mar an ceudna, aig a màthair fhad 's a bha i làthair.

Cha 'n 'eil teagamh nach saoil cuid gu 'n do mhol mi Iseabail tuilleadh 's a chòir, ach gabhadh iad mo lethsgeul 'nuair a their mi nach do mhol mi i dad n'a b' fhearr na b' airidh i air. A dh' innseadh na fìrinn, ged a bha i cho grànnda 's gur e Iseabail odhar a theirte gu cumanta rithe, cheannaicheadh i luchd luinge de na maighdeannan grinne, greannor, nach teid a mach air dorus air eagal gu 'm fliuchar an casan, no gu 'm faigh iad fuachd, ni s lugha na bhios an là cho grianach 's cho blàth 's gu 'm faodadh a' chuileagbhuidhe fhéin a dhol a mach. Maighdeannan an là 'n diugh! A mhic 's a ghoistidh! Cùl mo làimhe riutha; ged a bhithinn a' m' sheana-ghille ri m' bheò, agus fada, fada 'n déigh mo bhàis, cha ghabhainn a nasgaidh te dhiubh. Na'n gabhadh bhiodh an gnothach glé dhaor dhomh air a' cheann mu dheireadh, eadar na dheanadh iad a ghurramal, 's a thrògmhail, 's a chànran mur bitheadh na h-uile ni 'feitheamh dhoibh mar gu'm b'iad a b' uaisle fo 'n ghréin ghil. Ma 's e sin fhéin e, ged a bhiodh toil aig gille bochd, amaideach, teannadh ri deanamh suas ri te dhiubh 's docha nach 'eil maith dha a shuil a chaogadh riu.

Seallaidh 'na ghnùis le tàire,
'N sin ni iad faite-gàire,
'S togaidh iad an cinn an àirde;
Cha 'n 'eil stà bhi strì riu.

Cha 'n 'eil, cha 'n 'eil! Gu h-araid ma bhios coltas a' chosnaidh air fear —ma bhios fàileadh na tearra dheth; no ma bhios ribeag de chlòimh nan caorach a' leantuinn r' a aodach; ma bhios toll no tuthag air a chuid aodaich, no calg an eòrna ann; ma bhios fàileadh an todhair, no samh an éisg dheth; ma bhios poll, no criadh, no ni de 'n t-seorsa air a chais-bheart; a dh' aon fhocal, mur bi e cho glan, sgiolta 's ged a bhiodh e air a ghleidheadh ann am bocsa gloine cha 'n fhiach e bonn-a-h-ochd! Mar a chunnaic am fortan mòr ìomchuidh cha 'n 'eil an seorsa so a' faotainn pòsaidh ach gu maith ainneamh, 's gu cinnteach, ceart, cha b' fhearr gu 'm biodh. "Cha ghabh iad na coisichean, 's cha 'n fhaigh iad na marcaichean;" agus mar sin, tha na ficheadan diubh gach bliadhna a' dol thun an fharaidh cuide ris na cearcan guir. Gu ma h-e dhoibh! Bliadhna mhaith nan déigh! Ach cha toir iad isean a nuas gus an toir an cinn snag, no fada, fada na dhéigh sin.

Ubh! ubh! chaidh thar mo shiubhail! Sin agad na boirionnaich. Ach cha mhi cheud fhear a chuir iad a cheann na bhoil, agus is cinnteach nach mi am fear mu dheireadh. Cha 'n fheud mi Iseabail odhar a leigeil air dichuimhn' gus an innis mi mar a dh' éirich dhi.

Ciod e th' agam air ach gu robh na bliadhnaichean a' dol seachad cho luath 's a b' urrainn doibh; an saoghal a' cur nan car dheth cho luath ri gille-mirein; (agus, a dh' innseadh na firinn, is iomadh là bha ioghnadh orm nach deachaidh a cheann 'na bhoil o chionn fada!) Bha athair Iseabail a' cur airgid 's a' Bhanca, agus an t-airgiod a bha 's a' Bhanca a' cur réidh dheth mar a b' fhearr a dh' fhaodadh e. Rud a bha nàdurra gu leòr bha daoine a' fàs sean mar bu trice, ach bha té 's té thall 's a bhos nach robh a' fàs sean idir. Cho luath 's a sguireadh iad a dh' fhàs mòr sguireadh iad a dh' fhas sean; agus, ged nach freagair e dhuinn a bhi ag ràdh bheag mu 'n chùis mu 'n gabh iad gu h-olc e, tha daoine glice 'cumail a mach 'nuair a sguireas na boirionnaich a dh' fhàs sean gu 'n sguir iad a dh' fhàs glic mar an ceudna. Coma co dhiu, biodh so fior no na biodh, bha Iseabail a' fàs sean na h-uile bliadhna mar a bha gach creutair eile. Agus ged a bha cha robh leannan riamh aice; agus ma 's fhìor an sgeula cha 'n ann aice, an creutair, a bha choire, ach aig na fleasgaich chòire nach do theann ri deanamh suas rithe, agus fios gle mhaith aca gu 'n robh tigh, 'us fearann, us crodh, 'us caoraich, us airgiod gu leòr, a' feitheamh air a cheud fhear a thigeadh g' a h-iarraidh. Ach, rud a b' fhearr na sin, ge b' e gheibheadh i gheibheadh e 'n aon bhean-tighe a b' fhearr 's bu ghràinnde a bh' anns an dùthaich gu léir. Ciod e maith a bh' air na fleasgaich nach do ghabh an cothrom maith so air faighinn air aghaidh 's an t-saoghal? Bha Eachann mòr ag ràdh rium an là roimhe 's mi 'g innseadh na naigheachd so dha nach tugadh e fhéin am brochan gun salann a dh' fhear nach gabhadh a leithid a chothrom. "Phòsainn i, ars' Eachann," na'm faighinn tigh, 'us fearann, us airgiod gu leòr leatha ged a bhiodh i cheart cho odhar ri craicionn na guite, 's ged nach biodh cas oirre a chuireadh i foidhpe, no làmh leis an cuireadh i greim thun a beoil; dìreach ged nach biodh beul fhéin oirre; agus cha n' 'eil fhios agam an ann gun bheul fhéin dad bu mhiosa i. A dh' aon fhocal, phòsainn i ged nach biodh ann di ach an dà shùil." "Gu dearbh, Eachainn," arsa mi fhéin, "tha fìor ìoghnadh orm am beachd dhe 'm bheil thu, cha phòsainn fhéin té ghrànnda ged a b' i a' Bhan-rìgh air a' chrùn. Fheudail, fheudail, 's mise nach deanadh e. Na'm biodh deadh nàdur innte b' i mo roghainn i ged nach biodh sgilinn ruadh an t-saoghal aice." "Saoilidh tu sin," ars' Eachann. "An cuala thu 'n sean-fhocal so Eachainn," arsa mi fhéin:—"Phòs mi 'n luid airson na cuid, dh' fhalbh a' chuid 's dh' fhan an luid." Agus mar a tha 'm port ag ràdh—

"Bean an droch nàduir 's coma leam fhein dhi,
Bean an droch nàduir neònaich,
Bean an droch nàduir 's coma leam fhein dhi
B' fhearr leam bhi falamh na 'pòsadh."

"Dìreach sin," ars Eachann, "ach stad ort, càite am bheil bean an deadh nàduir? Ma 's ann a' feitheamh gus am faigh thu bean an deagh nàduir a tha thusa bithidh tu greis air an leagadh sin. An cuala thu riamh an sean-fhocal so:—"'Na h-uile nighean 'n a deagh nighinn, ach co as a tha na droch mhnathan a tighinn." "Fhalbh, fhalbh, Eachainn," arsa mise, "tha iomadh deadh bhean 'us deadh nigheann 's an t-saoghal, 's tha feum aig an t-saoghal air sin. Feasgar maith dhuit." Ach chaidh mi thar mo sgeoil a rithist cho luath 's a theann mi ri bruidhinn air pòsadh. Cha 'n 'eil cothrom air.

Mar a thuirt mi roimhe bha Iseabail gun leannan aig aois a cuig bliadhna deug thar fhichead! Co chuala riamh a leithid! Ach, mo thruaighe, thàinig gnothaichean mu 'n cuairt a thug air falbh gach dòchas a bh' aice. Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam, ged a thuirt mi sid nach 'eil mi fada cearr, oir chuala mi gu robh cailleach Eachainn mhòir ag ràdh nach tugadh na mnathan duil thairis de phòsadh fhad 's a bheireadh an clobha-teine fuil as an luirgnean! A dh' aon chuid chaill Iseabail bhochd a cùl-taic, agus so mar a bha.

Thachair gu 'n do bhàsaich—am Fear-ionaid a bh' ann an Àrd-chomhairle na Rioghachd airson na Siorramachd d' am buineadh am fearann a bh' aig a h-athair. 'S e Mr Dìleas a b' ainm dha. Bha e 'na dhuine ro ghlic, tuigseach, agus gheibhte an còmhnuidh e na àite 's an Àrd-chomhairle a' deanamh gach ni 'na chomas airson maith na Siorramachd 's toil an luchd-taghaidh a chur air aghaidh. Nis bha e fad iomadh bliadhna 's a'n Àrd-chomhairle, agus bha bheachdan fhéin 's beachdan an luchd-taghaidh gu léir, faodaidh mi ràdh, a' co-chòrdadh. An déigh a bhàis thàinig dithis air aghaidh g' an tairgse fhéin do 'n luchd-taghaidh. Bha na fir so a dh' atharrachadh beachd a thaobh ealainn-riaghlaidh. An rud a bha ceart a réir beachd an dara fir, bha e tur cearr a réir beachd an fhir eile. Na'n canadh an dara fear fitheach dubh, chanadh am fear eile fitheach geal. Ach bha aon ni ann anns an robh iad ro choltach ri chéile, 's b' e mar a ghealladh iad gu 'n deanadh iad rud sam bith a chuireadh an luchd-taghaidh m' an coinneamh a dheanamh. Cha robh mùthadh sam bith leo co dhiu a ghabhadh a' chùis deanamh gus nach gabhadh; oir bha fhios gu maith aca na'm faigheadh iad aon uair a steach a dh' Àrd-chomhairle na rìoghachd gu 'm faodadh iad a ni thoilicheadh iad a dheanamh. Air do 'n chùis a bhi mar so, ghealladh na fir ged a dh' iarrte orra cat air am biodh naoidh earbuill! Rinn fear dhiu òraid ro shnasmhor anns an do leig e fhaicinn gu 'n robh eòlas ro fharsuinn agus ro mhion aige air gach dòigh anns am bu chòir laghannan de gach seòrsa bhi air an deanamh. Na'm b' e 's gu 'n cuireadh iad a dh' urram airsan na thaghadh e gu bhi na fhear-ionaid air an son 's a' Phàrlamaid, bha rùn air iomadh lagh agus riaghailt a thoirt fa chomhair na Parlamaid. Agus is a cheud achd a bha mhiann air a thoirt fa chomhair na h-Ard-chomhairle, gu 'm feumadh na h-uile fear a bhiodh a dol a phòsadh a làmh a chur ri paipeir am fianuis a' phears-eaglais agus dithis fhianuisean, gu 'n robh cnaimh 'n a chois, 'us clach 'n a shùil, 'us meall eadar a dha chluais nach bu lugha na cheann, agus gu 'n robh e falbh crom crotach fo na neoil! Bha e cumail a mach gu 'n deanadh an t-achd so feum mòr do 'n dùthaich gu léir, a thaobh gu 'n cumadh e suas na prìsean, agus mar sin, gu 'm feumadh na Frangaich fuireach aca fhéin olc air mhaith leo. So, mata, na tha air chuimhne de 'n òraid fhileanta 'thug Mr Goileam seachad; agus, o 'n a b' e uachdaran an àite, bha e 'n dùil gu 'n tugadh gach ìochdaran am focal-taghaidh dha, agus, mar sin, bha na h-uile dòchas aige gu 'm faigheadh e do 'n Phàrlamaid.

Ach an rud a bhios 's an dàn tachraidh e; agus o nach robh e 's an dàn do Mhr Goileam a dhol do'n Phàrlamaid cha do thachair e. Thug a chuid mhòr de na tuathanaich air an oighreachd aige am focal-taghaidh do 'n fhear eile; ach ma thug, cha robh sin an nasgaidh dhoibh air a' cheann mu dheireadh. Bhóidich an t-uachdaran còir, aon uair 's gu'n ruitheadh an aonta a bh'aca air an cuid fearainn a mach, nach faigheadh iad ploc tuilleadh air an oighreachd; agus mar sin gu'm bu cho maith dhoibh a bhi deanamh' nan sùgan. Am measg na muinntir a choisinn, mar so, diomb an uachdarain bha athair Iseabail; agus cha robh gun ruith a mach de 'n aonta aige ach da bhliadhna. Bha dòchas aige gu'n rachadh an aonta ùrachadh dhasan co dhiu, a chionn gu'n robh e nis iomadh bliadhna 'paigheadh màil gu riaghailteach air an stall air an robh 'athair agus a sheanair; ach, gu h-àraidh, o'n bha e air fàs trom agus mall le aois 'us allaban, bha dòchas aige nach cuirte gluasad air fhad 's bu bheò e. Coma co dhiu, 'nuair a ruith an aonta a mach cha robh aige ach gach ni 'reic, 's triall do 'n bhaile-mhòr; oir cha 'n fhaigheadh e uiread agus làrach tighe, ge bu bheag e, air an oighreachd, 's cha mho bha chridhe fasgadh na h-oidhche a thoirt da. B' éiginn triall do 'n bhaile-mhòr; agus gu cinnteach, ceart, b' olc a chòrdadh dòighean a' bhaile-mhòir ri fear a chleachd a bhi air a thoil fhéin am measg nam beann 's nan gleann, air a chuairteachadh mòr thimchioll le maise agus glòir nàduir. Chaill an duine bochd a chàil, 's a shunnd, 's a shlàinte, cearta-cruinne-còmhladh, agus mu 'n d' thainig ceann na bliadhna bhàsaich e leis a bhriste'-chridhe. Dh' fhag e sia ceud punnd Sasunnach aig Iseabail a bharrachd air mòran innsridh. Rud nach b'ìoghnadh, bha i ro bhrònach 's ro thùirseach an déigh a h-athar; ach air a shon sin cha do chaill i a misneach. Shuidhich i dha no tri de na seomraichibh air luchd-fuirich, agus mar so bha i gach bliadhna a' cosnadh màl an tighe, agus corr 's na chumadh i fhéin an ordugh. Bha'n corr so 'ga chur an dràsta 's a rithist do'n Bhanca comhladh ris na bh' ann roimhe, agus o bhliadhna gu bliadhna bha 'n t-suim a' dol a meud.

Air là àraid 's aon de 'n luchd-fuirich an déigh an tigh aice fhàgail, co thigeadh mu'n cuairt a dh'fhaighneachd mu mhàl an t-seomair ach sgaomaire lachdunn, a rugadh 's a thogadh am Manainn, d'am b'ainm Monagan. Chòrd e fhéin agus Iseabail mu mhàl an t-seomair, agus an ceann là no dha thàinig e dh'fhuireach leatha. Bha bùth beag aig Monagan, agus bha e reiceadh bathair de gach seòrsa, mar a tha spiosraidh, bathar-tioram, obair-iaruinn, agus na h-uiread de threallaich eile ro lionar r'an àireamh. Na h-uile cothrom a gheibheadh e bheireadh e greis air seanachas ri Iseabail. Cha robh so a mi-chòrdadh rithe idir. Ach bha Monagan còir a' gabhail misnich agus a' fàs dàna na h-uile latha, gus mu dheireadh, 'n uair a thuig e gu soilleir gu'm bu ro thoil le Iseabail an dol a mach a bh' aige, an do thòisich e ri bruidhinn air cho fìor chomhfhurtail 's a bha e riamh o'n là 'thàinig e dh' fhuireach leatha, agus gu'm b'e ceann fortanach fear sam bith a gheibheadh a leithid a dheadh bhean-tighe gu bhi toirt an aire air a ghnothach. Cha dubhairt Iseabail 's e no cha n-e mu'n chùis, oir chuir cainnt Mhonagain fìor ìoghnadh oirre. Bha i a' dol a steach gu maith 's an dà fhichead bliadhna 's a dhà, agus cha do labhair duine riamh rithe, bha i 'smuaineachadh, mar a labhair Monagan. Cha b'urrainn i a bhriathran a leigeil air di-chuimhne. Bhiodh iad a' seirm na cluasaibh na h-uile taobh a rachadh i. Mhothaich i ni-éiginn na shùilibh nach do mhothaich i ann an sùilibh aon mhic mna air an do phrib i 'rosg riamh. Bha i 'ga faireachadh fhéin mar nach d' fhairich i i-fhéin riamh roimhe. Bhiodh i'n dràsta 's a rithist a' dol fo a smaointean feuch an tuigeadh i ciod e bha cur oirre, agus cha b' urrainn i ràdh gu'n robh i tinn, no idir gu'n robh i slàn. Ged a bha i 'ga faireachadh fhéin car neonach ann an iomadh dòigh, bha aon ni mu a timchioll a bha 'cur anabhar ìoghnaidh oirre, agus b' e sin, an toil a bh' aice a bhi 'ga h-amharc fhéin 's an sgàthan, 's a bhi 'toirt sgrìob de 'n chìr, an dràsta 's a rithist, air a logaidh.

Cha ruigear a leas a bhi 'toirt soilleireachaidh sam bith mu ghalar Iseabail do fhleasgaich 's do mhaighdeannan an là'n-diugh. Tuigidh iad gu maith nach robh a dh' euslain an t-saoghail air Iseabail ach mar a thuit i ann an trom ghaol air Monagan, agus o nach robh i 'na leithid a shuidheachadh riamh roimhe cha robh i 'tuigsinn ciod e bha 'cur oirre.

Coma co dhiu, an t-ath shealladh a chunnaic Monagan a dh' Iseabail thuig e gu'n d' rinn na briathran a labhair e rithe feum. Ma chuir ise umhail air a shùilibh-san chuir esan a cheart cho maith umhail air a sùilibh-se. Dh' amhairc iad air a chéile mar nach d'amhairc iad riamh roimhe. An uine 's e thàinig as a chùis gu'n do phòs iad. Aig a cheann aimsreach a b' fhaisge dhoibh dh' fhàg iad an tigh 's chaidh iad a dh' fhuireach do thigh bu lugha, faisg air a bhùth. PEANNUSDUBH.

(*Ri leantuinn.*)

TURUS SHEÒRAIS DO GHLASCHU.

BHO'N bha móran dhe m' chàirdean
'Gabhail tàimh anns a' bhaile ;
'N uair 'bha crioch air an àiteach,
'S a bha'm bàrr anns an talamh,
Thug mi *guinea* no dhà leam,
'Bh'aig mo mhàthair am falach,
Ghabh mi Bàta na smùide
'Mach gu dùthaich nan Gallach—
Cha b'ann gu m' rath.

'N uair a ràinig sinn Glaschu--
B'e sin baile na h-ùprait,
Tha de dhaoine 's de dh'eich ann,
Tha de bhreislich 's de smùid ann—
Thug mi sùil air mo tharsuinn,
Fhuair mi sgailc anns an tionndadh,
A chuir teas 'n a mo phòran,
'S bàrr mo shròin' air a lùbadh
Aig garrach glas.

Ach air oidhche Di-h-aoine—
Mar 'bha'n fhaoineis a'n dàn dhomh—
Thachair clann Iain mhic Eachuinn,
Agus mac Aonghais bhàin rium ;
Us mu'n deachaidh ar sgaradh,
Rinn sinn searrag a thràghadh,
'G innse sheanchasan spòrsail,
Agus òran math Gàidhlig
Aig fear ma seach.

Sios an t-sràid a' dol dachaidh,
Bha mi 'faireachadh neònach,
Mi, mar bhó air a h-an-iul,
Ann am baile nach b'eòl dhomh,
Ach a null chun na h-uinneig,
Thàinig cruinneag 'n a m' chòmhdhail :
Thuirt i 'm Beurla chiùin, shuairce,
" 'S fad 'o 'n uair sin a Sheòrais,
Nach dean thu stad."

Thug mi sùil oirr' gu duineil.
Sios bho 'mullach gu 'brògan ;
Bheirinn m' fhacal dhuibh uile
Nach robh uireasbhuidh neòil oirr' ;
Bha 'sùil gorm mar an dearcag,
Fodh 'mìn mhala chaoin, chòmhnaird ;
Us bha 'bilean 's a gruaidhean
Cho glan snuadh ris na ròsan
Air bhàrr nan slat.

Thuirt i rium gu'm b'e 'chòir dhuinn
Dol do sheòmar nan uinneag,
Gu'n robh cluich' agus ceòl ann,
Gu'n robh òl ann us iomairt,
Gu'n robh maighdeannan òg' ann
Dheth gach seòrs' agus cinneadh,
Agus taghadh nan òigfhear—
" Bidh tu 'Sheòrais air mhire
Mu'n tig thu ás."

'N uair a ràinig mi 'n cala,
Cha b'e talla nan uaislean ;
Bha aon chóig no sè 'bhallaich,
Agus caile thiugh ruadh ann ;
Iad ri mionnan us bòileich,
Agus còmhradh gun tuaiream—
Bheirinn fàsgadh air sgòrnan
Na te neònaich 'thug suas mi,
Na'm biodh i mach.

Dh'iarr mi stòp no dhà drama,
Dh'fheuch' am fanadh iad sàmhach,
Bho'n bha toil agam m' anam
Fhaotainn glan as an làmhan ;

Thug mi làmh air mo sporan,
Gus an dollaidh a phàidheadh—
'M fear ud ! sporan no airgiod
Nach do dh'fhalbh leis na meàirleich
A rinn mo shlad.

Thug mi leum 'n a mo sheasamh,
Agus breab air an ùrlar ;
'S thuirt mi riutha, gun cheasad,
Gur e peasan dhiubh 'spùinn mi ;
Iad a chàradh 'n a m' dhòrn-sa
Na bha'm phòca de chùineadh,
No gu'm pronnainn fodh m' mheòirean
Eadar fheòil agus rùsg iad,
Le fear ma seach.

Dh'éirich leóbaire lachdunn,
Agus ghlac e mo sgòrnan ;
Thuirt e rium mi 'dhol dachaidh,
No gu 'n tachdadh e beò mi—
Cha do dh'éisd mi'n t-ath fhacal,
Thug mi racaid mu'n t-sròin da,
Thuit e 'null mu na poitean
A bha'n oisinn an t-seòmair,
Us rinn e glag.

Chaidh an talla gu tuasaid,
Us gu gruagan a tharruing ;
Cha robh claigionn gun spuaic air,
'S cha robh gruaidh gun a prannadh ;
Mis' a' slachdadh mu'n cuairt dhomh,
Le mo chuaille math daraich,
'G an cruaidh-iomain 's na cùiltean,
Us an driùchd air am mala
'S cha robh i glan.

Ann am meadhon na h-ùprait,
Thàinig diùlnach no dhà oirnn,
Iad 'n an ruith gu ar n-ionnsuidh,
Le'n cuid chrùisgean a' deàrsadh ;
Thug iad stràchd dhomh de bhata,
Urad slachdain buntàta ;
'S 'n uair a thàinig mo thùr dhomh,
Bha mo dhùirn aig na gàrlaoich
Gu teann fodh ghlais.

Chuir mi'n oidhche sin tharam
Ann an talla nam meàirleach ;
Thug iad suas mi 's a' mhaduinn,
'Chum 's gu'm faicinn am Bàilidh ;
'N uair a chual' e mo cheannairc,
Cha b'ann geanail a bha e—
" Bheir sinn mìos dhut de'n phrìosan,
No thig trì puinnd de chàin uat,
Mo ghille math."

'N uair a theann iad ri falbh leam,
Aig an t-Sealbh tha fios c' àite,
Thàinig Murchadh mac Fhearghuis,
Agus Tormod mo bhràthair ;
'N uair phàidh iadsan an t-airgiod,
Chaidh mo theancadh bho'n ghràisg ud ;

Chuir mi tein' ás an ùrlar,
Agus smùid bho mo shàiltean,
A' tàrsainn ás.

Chuirinn impidh, gun sòradh,
Air gach òigear 's a' bhaile,
Gun e 'lùbadh le gòraig
A bhiodh bòidheach 'na shealladh;
Ged is milis an còmhradh,
Tha ceud fòtus fodh 'n earradh;
'S math 'tha fios aig mo phòca,
'S far'n do sgròb iad mo mhala,
Gu'm bheil sin ceart.

N. MacLeoid.

DLEASDANAS CLOINNE A THAOBH AM PARANTAN.

Tha iomadh uair òigridh deas gu bhi di-chuimhneachadh nam fiachan trom fo am bheil iad gu caoimhneas agus blàthas-cridhe a nochdadh d' am parantan. 'N uair a thòiseachas duine òg air dol a mach ann an cuideachd agus fàs eòlach air gnàthas an t-saoghail, tha e tachairt iomadh uair gu 'm bheil e' tòiseachadh air di-meas a dheanadh air a pharantan, a' saoilsinn gu 'm bheil e féin mòran ni 's glice na tha iadsan, a's gu 'm feud e air an aobhar sin tàir a dheanadh orra a's eas-ùmhlachd a thoirt doibh. Tha e smaointeachadh gu 'm bheil e na ni fearail a thoil féin a dheanadh agus eas-ùmhlachd a thoirt dhoibhsan, ma tha an àithntean-san a' dol an aghaidh iarrtusan. Tha dùil aige gu 'n dean so duine mòr dheth a dh' aon bhuile, a's gu 'm bheil e 'n a dhearbhadh gu 'm bheil tapadh air leth aige. A's tha na companaich fhaoin leis am bheil e a' deanadh fearais-chuideachd ullamh gu leòir gu a mhisneachadh anns an droch bharail so, gus am bheil esan a bu chòir a bhi na 'bheannachadh anns an teaghlach le a chaoimhneas agus a shuairceas, a' fàs cho beadaidh neo-chaoimhneil, 's nach 'eil e furasda air chor air bith cur suas leis. Cha 'n ann mar so, a dhaoine òga, a bu chòir do 'n chùis a bhi. Cha 'n 'eil dleasdanas eile a bu chòir do dh' òganach a bhi cho cùramach mu dheibhinn ris a so; a's cha 'n 'eil òigear tuigseach air bith nach dean a dhichioll gu sòlas a thoirt do chridhe a pharantan, le a dheadh bheus agus le a bhlàthas-cridhe. Cha bu mhaith leam an t-òganach ud àireamh am measg mo chàirdean no mo dhlùth-chompanaich, a bheireadh eas-urram d'a athair no bhiodh neo-chaoimhneil r'a mhàthair. Cha mhotha bhitheadh mòr mheas agam air fearalas an neach, air am biodh nàire as a' chàraid aosda, a rinn an dichioll air esan a thogail gu onorach ceart ged a dh' fhaodadh iad a bhi ann an suidheachadh bochd gu leòir a thaobh inbhe saoghalta. Tha iomadh aobhar ann air son am bu chòir meas a's urram a bhi air a thoirt do phàrantan. Ged nach biodh ann ach a' chomain fo an do chuir iad sinn trid an cùraim dhinn an uair nach robh sinn comasach air ni air bith a dheanadh air ar son féin, bu leòir e gu toirt oirnn gach caoimhneas a b'urrainn sinn a nochdadh dhoibh agus gach meas a tha 'n ar comas a chur orra. Smaoinich, a dhuin' òig, co a rinn faire tharais air do leanabaidheachd, a dhion thu o gach ni a dh' fhaodadh do bheatha a chur as mar lasair laig, a ghiùlain gu foighidinneach le do dhroch nàdur, a sholair air do shon na nithe a bha feumail dhuit, a dh' eiridinn thu ann an uair an tinneas, a dhion thu ann an àm a' chunnairt, agus a bha a dh-oidhche agus a latha le cùram gun choimeas a' freasdal dhuit. Co a dh' éisd cho foighidinneach ri gach gearan a bha agad ri dheanadh? Co a stiùir thu mar a bha thu ann an iomacheist, a's a thug sòlas dhuit 'n uair a bha thu fo bhròn? Co ach do pharantan. A's mar 'eil thusa tur gun mhothachadh, agus gun bhlàthas nadurra bheir thu gach oidhirp air na fiacha trom so fo am bheil thu dhoibh a dhiol, le do choimhneas dhoibhsan a nis ann am feasgar an làithean. Ach cha 'n e mhàin gu 'm bheil taingealachd mar so ga 'r cur fo chomain d' ar pàrantan, ach tha focal Dé a' sparradh oirnn ro bhitheanta an dleasdanais so, agus a' bagradh gu trom an aghaidh na muinntir a tha 'dearmad a bhi umhal agus dleasdanach. Nach tric a tha briathran na cóigeamh àithne air an seirm le fàidhaibh agus abstolaibh, "Thoir urram do d' athair agus do d' mhàthair." A's nach 'eil bagraidhean de 'n t-seòrsa so bitheanta gu leòir ann am facal Dhé. "An t-sùil a ni magadh air athair agus a ni tarcuis air ùmhlachd do mhàthair, spionaidh fithich a' ghlinne a mach i agus ithidh na h-iolairean òga suas i."

Tha, mar so, tuigse-nadurra agus Focal Dé a' cordadh ri cheile ann a bhi g' ar brosnachadh gus an dleasdanas so a choimhead. Feuch nach bi sibh ma ta dearmadach air. Thugaibh gach urram a tha dligheach dhoibh. Deanaibh an cridhe subhach le bhur deadh ghiùlan, oir cha 'n 'eil ni ann a bheir urad sòlais d' an cridhe na bhi g' ar faicinn ag imeachd ann an rathaidibh na stuamachd. Ma tha sibhse a' tuineachadh aig an àm 's a' bhaile so, agus iadsan aig an tigh 's a' Ghaidhealtachd deanaibh 'ur dichioll gu sgriobhadh do 'n ionnsuidh gu riaghailteach gach seachdain, oir 's e an sgeul is taitniche a thig gu 'n ionnsuidh 'ur deadh naigheachd. A's na dearmadaibh a bhi a' cur roinn d' ar cosnadh dhachuidh, ma tha iad ann an suidheachadh a chuireas feum air 'ur còmhnadh. A's eadhon ged a robh iad gun mhòr fheum air cuideachadh uaibh, cuiribh an drasd 's a rithisd, tiodhlac eigin gu'n ionnsuidh. Cha 'n 'eil seud is luachmhoire is urrainn a bhi aig màthair na tiodhlac a tha 'labhairt rithe mu ghràdh a mic a tha air falbh am measg choigreach. Cha 'n 'eil ach tearc do nithean a chumas 'ur cridhe féin ùrar glan cosmhal ri cuimhneachan air an dachaidh shiochail ud, anns a' ghleann bhòidheach anns an deachaidh 'ur n-àrach, us air an aobhar sin tha e buanachdar dhuibh féin a bhi mar so a 'deanadh. A's a bhàrr air a h-uile nithe, iarraibh gu 'm bi sibh air 'ur treòrachadh gu gràdh agus ùmhlachd a thoirt do 'ur n-Athair a tha air Nèamh, oir mar is motha a bheir sibh ùmhlachd Dhasan 's ann is fearr a ni sibh 'ur dleasdanas a thaobh 'ur parantan talmhaidh. Is e so an t-aon ni a thogas maise na h-òige gu maise na naomhachd, 's a bheir làn thoilinntinn do chridhe gach athar agus màthar criosduidh, oir is dearbh leam a thaobh so, gu 'm bheil aidmheil gach màthar a tha eòlas aice féin air an fhìrinn a' co-chòrdadh ri aidmheil an Abstoil Eòin, "Cha 'n eil gàirdeachas agam is motha na bhi cluinntinn gu 'm bheil mo chlann ag imeachd 's an fhìrinn."—*Home Words.*

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CALLDACHADH NA MNATHA CEANNLAIDIR.

Bha tuathanach, uair a bha sud, ann an Craignis ann am baile d' an ainm Barrabaothan, agus cha robh aige ach aon nighean. Bha an nighean so na 'searbhanta air leth math, ach bha i air a milleadh le a màthair, agus air di a bhi mallaichte, ceannlaidir, na 'nàdur, bha cead aice gach nì a dheanamh a thogradh i. Bha, a rìs, fear-an-tighe fo smàig aice fhein 's aig a màthair ionnus nach fhaodadh e ni air bith a dheanamh ach mar a dh' òrdaicheadh iad dha. Dh' fhéumadh e tòiseachadh air obair anns a' mhadainn an uair a dh' iarradh iad air, agus cha'n fhaodadh e sgur gus am faigheadh e an cead.

Ann an Ascnis, baile fa 'n comhair, bha gille òg ag cumail na h-oibre air a h-aghaidh mar a b' fhearr a b' urrainn da, agus gun aige de chùl-taice ach a mhàthair. An àm Earraich 'us Fogharaidh bhiodh iad ga 'n sàrachadh gu goirt leis nach robh aca ach iad fhein. Bha fhios aig an tuathanach òg gur h-e lìonmhorachd nan làmh a ni aotrom an obair, agus smaoinich e nach b' urrainn da ni a bu fhreagarraiche 'dheanamh na bean fhaotainn. An deaghaidh so a bhi greis a' ruith na 'mhailthean thuirt e, là 'bha sin ri 'mhàthair, agus iad aig am biadh, gu'n robh e am beachd pòsadh. "Ma tà, a mhic," ars ise, "tha sinn gun teagamh air ar cur h-uige glé mhór 's gun againn ach sinn fhein, agus ma gheobh thu té fhreagarrach, tha mise làn toileach; cha mheas thu e cearr dhomh 'fheòraich co a tha na d' bheachd." "Ma tà, thà dìreach nighean fear Bharrabhaothain." "Ni Math ga 'r dìon! A mhic gu dé thà thu 'ciallachadh? Nach 'eil 'fhios agad gu'm bheil i air droch ainm fhaotainn am fad 's am fagus?" "Thà gu math, 's ge do thà, cha'n 'eil aon 's an àite a theid air thoiseach oirre ann an searbhantachd." "Tha i sgairteil gu leòir," ars ise, "ach an uair a thig i faodaidh mis' an tigh fhàgail." "Cha 'n fhaod idir," os esan, "'s cha smaoinich sibh air; na bithibh fo iomaguin sa bith, bheir sinn deuchainn di co dhiùbh."

Chuir an gille, an sin, a ghnothuichean an òrdugh, agus an ùine ghoirid rinn e deas gu falbh g'a h-iarraidh. An uair a bha e fàgail an tighe thuirt e ri a mhàthair i chur gach ni ann an òrdugh cho math agus a dh' fhaodadh i, agus gun i ghabhail suim dheth-san ged a gheobhadh e coire dhi an uair a thilleadh e. Thuirt ise gu'n deanadh i sin, agus dh' fhalbh e.

An uair a ràinig e bha fear Bharrabhaothain a mach 's an dail a' treabhadh. An deaghaidh dhaibh fàilte a chur air a chéile agus beagan conaltraidh a bhi aca, dh' innis an t-òganach ciod a chuir an rathad e. "Ma tà, 'ille," thuirt an seannduine, "tha thu cur ioghnaidh orm—tha thu 'cur iongantais mhóir orm, tha mi cinnteach nach 'eil a nàdur an aineol ort, ach searbhanta a's fhearr cha do chuir dà làimh á gualainn. Ma tha thu fhein am beachd gu 'n dean thu leatha tha mise làn toileach a toirt dhut." "Fuasglaibh na h-eich, ma ta," thuirt an t-òganach, "agus theid sinn thun an tighe." Cha robh a shaod air an tuathanach na h-eich a leigeadh ma sgaoil agus an deigh tuilleadh ìmpidh, 's ann a fhreagair e, "'Ille, cha'n 'eil a chridhe agam am fuasgladh mu 'n àm so a latha; ma theid mi dhachaidh an ceart uair bheir iad an craicionn diom." "Fhalbh, fhalbh, gabhaidh mi fhein ur leisgeul car aon oidhche," thuirt an suirdheach; agus thug iad na h-eich as a' chrann, agus choisich iad le chéile thun an tighe. "Nis," thuirt an seannduine 's iad a' dlùthachadh ris an tigh, "ma their mise gu'm faigh thu i, faodaidh tu bhi cinnteach nach fhaigh thu i, ach ma their mi nach fhaigh, bi cinnteach gu'm faigh." "Bitheadh e mar sin fhein, ma ta," ars an suirdheach, agus chaidh iad a stigh le chéile.

Chaidh fàilte 's furan a chur air an tuathanach òg, agus biadh a chur a làthair, ach shuidh fear an tighe aig an dorus. "So, so," thuirt bean an tighe, "suidh a nìos, gu dé ni thu 'fuireach aig an dorus." Shuidh e suas agus an uair a bha iad uile cruinn, dh' innis an t-òganach aobhar a thuruis: gu'n robh e toileach dol fo cheangal pòsaidh leis an nighinn, na'm b' e 's gu'm biodh iad aonsgeulach gu léir mu'n chùis. "Ma tà, 'ille," thuirt a h-athair, "tha mor mheas agam ort, agus tha 'fhios agam gur h-airidh thu oirre, ach tha sinne nis air tarruing ann an aois, agus cha'n urrainn duinn feum a dheanamh as a h-aonais: tha mi duilich nach urrainn duinn a seachnadh." Cò thuirt nach b' urrainn duinn a seachnadh?" arsa màthair, "tha mise ag radh gur h-urrainn duinn a seachnadh, agus seachnaidh sinn ì; cha till an gille dhachaidh as a h-aonais ma tha i fhein toileach." "Thà," ars an nighean, "'s cha 'n eagal nach seachainn sibh mi." Mar is mò a dhiùltadh a h-athair, is ann is mò a rachadh a màthair an rathad eile: an dà bhoirionnach gu dearbh a' seasamh an aghaidh fhir-an-tighe "mar chlacha dubha an aghaidh sruth," gus mu dheireadh an do strìochd esan cuideachd. Cha b'fhada gus an deachaidh am pòsadh; agus an deaghaidh beagan làithean a chur seachad ann am Barrabaothan, dh' fhalbh iad dhachaidh. Cha robh iad fad aig an tigh an uair a thuirt an duin'-òg gu'n rachadh iad a dh-fhaicinn ciamar a bha gnothuichean ag amharc mu'n aitreabh. Thug e an toiseach am bàthaiche air—a' bhean-òg agus a mhàthair na chuideachd. "An dean sin feum, a mhic?" ars a mhàthair, ach thòisich esan air faotainn coire do gach nì—bha so cearr 's cha robh sud ceart; thug e breab do ghogan a thachair air agus thilg e gu taobh eile an tighe e. "Ma tà," ars a' bhean-òg, "ar leam fhein gur h-ann a tha do mhàthair ri 'moladh air son do ghnothuichean a bhi ann an òrdugh cho math." "Ni e feum an dràst," ars esan, "ach dh' fhaodadh e 'bhi na b' fhearr." An deaghaidh so chaidh iad do 'n stàbull, agus ma bha am bàthaiche dona, bha na seachd donais air an stàbull. "An dean sin feum, a mhic?" ars a mhàthair. "Cha dean, a bhean," ars esan, agus tòisichear air coire fhaotainn do 'n nì so 's do 'n nì ud eile. "Ma tà," thuirt a' bhean-òg 'us i 'toirt fiar-shùil' air a fear, "ar leam fhein gu 'm bheil gach ni ann an òrdugh ro-mhath." "Ni e feum an dràst, ach dh' fhaodadh e 'bhi na b' fhearr," ars esan.

Là no dhà an deigh so chaidh a' chàraid a mach a bhrodadh, agus mar a dh' oibricheadh esan, neotharthaing mur gleidheadh ise suas a taobh fhein de 'n imire. Air dhaibh a bhi 'dol ris gu math dian thuirt esan mu dheireadh, "Gabhaidh sinn anail a nis." "Cha'n 'eil mi sgìth idir fhathast," ars ise. "Cò dhiùbh a tha no nach 'eil, gabhaidh sinn anail," ars esan. "Ud cha 'n eagal duinn car tacain eile," ars ise. "Tha mise ag radh riut suidhe," ars esan, agus le so shuidh i. An uair a bha iad ùine bheag na 'n suidhe, "Eiridh sinn a nis," ars esan, agus an greim bha iad le chéile rithist, agus chaidh an latha sin thairis mar sin.

An uair a fhuair iad obair an Earraich seachad thuirt esan rithe gu'n rachadh iad a dh-fhaicinn a muinntir a nis. Dh' fhalbh iad; agus an uair a ràinig iad chaidh fàilte chridheil a chur orra le chéile. Chuir esan an latha thairis thall 's a bhos le 'athair-céile, 's bha ise a stigh le 'màthair. An uair a thàinig am feasgar thill na fir dh' ionnsuidh an tighe, agus thuirt esan gu'n robh an t-àm dhaibh a bhi dol dachaidh. "Cha'n fhalbh i leat an diugh," thuirt a mhàthair-chéile. "Nach fhalbh? Nach 'eil thu 'falbh leamsa dhachaidh," ars esan 's e' tionndadh ris a' mhnaoi-òig. Cha d' thuirt ise diog. "Cha'n fhalbh i leat an diugh no 'màireach," ars a mhàthair-chéile a rìs, "an déigh an droch-càraimh a thug thu dhi, cha till i leat tuille. Gu dearbh bha thu caoimhneil rithe a' dol an aghaidh gach ni 'theireadh i, agus ag cur a h-uile nì 'bha ceart, cearr. Faodaidh tu a bhi 'falbh ach cha'n fhalbh ise leat." "Am bheil thu 'falbh leamsa dhachaidh?" thuirt esan a rìs. Cha do fhreagair smid. "Mur coisich thu leamsa dhachaidh ruithidh tu leat fhein ann," ars esan 's e dol a mach thun an doruis far an robh curag mhath sgolb, as an do thagh e aon cho dìreach réith 's a chunnaic e. An so thill e stigh 's ghabh e air a mhnaoi fhein leatha gu sgaiteach, dian, gus an d' thug i an dorus oirre. Thionndaidh e an so agus thug e an t-ath lunndraigeadh d' a mhàthair-chéile, agus an sin dh' fhalbh e dhachaidh.

Bha fear Bharrabhaothain na 'shuidh aig an dorus mara b' àbhaist. "Suidh a nìos, suidh a nìos," thuirt a bhean, an uair a dh' fhalbh an cliamhuinne. 'S e Ni Math a dh' òrduich nach e sud seòrsa fir a th' agam, suidh a nìos, cha robh riamh agam ort am meas a bu chòir."

Chaidh an duin'-òg dhachaidh, agus fhuair e a bhean air thoiseach air trang ag obair, agus an deaghaidh sin rinn an dà bhoirionnach sin—a' mhàthair agus a h- ighean, mnathan nach robh na b' fhearr ri fhaotainn anns an sgireachd gu léir.

MAC-OIDHCHE.

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SGIALACHD NA TRÒIDHE.

(*Air a leantuinn.*)

FHREIGAIR Helen nan sùl tlàth,
(Sìolach àluinn Righ nan spéur)
Sid Ulysses a 's mór suim,
Mac Laertes nan luim geur.
Ithaca chreagach nan sgùrr,
Oighreachd dhùthchais an fhir thréin;
Air dhulchunn, air dhoimhneachd tùir,
Lìon a chliù gach fonn fo 'n ghréin.
Thuirt Anténor 'bu mhór brìgh :—
'Og-bhean àillidh, 's fìor do ghlòir :
B' eòl dhòmhsa 's an àm a thréig
Ithacus an céill mar Iòbh.
Air sgàth do theachdaireachd fhéin,
Thàinig an dà thréun gu m' theach,
Menelàüs làmh nan gléus,
'S deagh-Ulysses 'bu gheur beachd.
Rinn mi ti-bheatha nan laoch,
'S ghabh sinn a' chuilm shaor gun cheal :
'Sin bheachdaich mise gu dùr
Ciod inntinn 'us tùr nam fear.
'N uair cho-ghairmte' Tròidh gu cùis,
'S a sheasadh 's a' chùirt na seòid,
Bha àirde nan guailnean àigh
Air taobh Mhenelàüis mhóir.
'N uair shuidheadh a sìos na suinn
'N sreith chruinn nan ceannard tric,
Bha tuilleadh mòrachd 'an gnùis
Ithacuis an stiùraidh ghlic.
'N uair thionnsgaint' am fianais chàich
Air deilbh ràidean nan luim còrr,
Bhiodh cainnt Mhenelàüis cruaidh,
Gearr, tarbhach, gun chuairt, gun sgòd.
Bha smachd na h-òig' air an laoch,
Na sgéul cha robh gaoth no bòsd,
Ach purp grunndail, soilleir, saor,
Bho 'bhéul bu neo-shlaopach glòir.
'N uair dh'éirgheadh Ulysses caoin
Gliocair a b' fhad-sgaoilteach cliù,
Sheasadh e mannta neo-dhàn,
'S cha togadh bho 'n làr a shùil,
Chìteadh na 'làimh colbh nam buadh
Gun ghluasad a nùll no nall :
Shaoilteadh gu 'm b' òinid gun chonn,
No neach fo throm-fheirg a bh' ann.
Ach 'n uair leigeadh an sonn àigh
A ghuth oscarr' àrd bho 'chliabh,
Fhroiseadh luath-fhaclan cho pailt
Ri cléideagan sneachd nan sian;
Uror, tlàth, 's a chridhe steach
Théarnadh an reachd feartor, dlùth;
B' fhìor-ioghnadh do 'n chluais da réir
Mar bhréugnaichte beum nan sùl.
Dh' fhiosraich Priam an treas uair :—
Co am fear ud a's uaibhreach com,
A ghuailnean mòr, garbh, 's a cheann,
Air àirde os cionn nan sonn?
Fhreagair Helen a' bhrait-shròil,
(Réul gach òigh a chinn fo 'n ghréin,)
Sid dìdein nan Greugach àigh
Ajax gaisgeil nan sàr éuchd.
Faic Idomen thall ud siar,
Làmh nam blàr mar dhia nan arm
Sid timchioll an t-saoidh na 'n sreud,
Tiugh thional nan Crèiteach garg.
'S tric 'thug Menelàüs cuilm
Na 'r teach-ne do 'n laoch le foirm.
'S e 'g astar bho 'n dìlein chruim,
Thair uchd uaine nan tonn doirbh.
Mar sin sìos air sgèimh nan gnùis
Dh' àirmhinn iad bho thùs gu déis :
Ach tha dà bhuachaille-chùil
Nach fhaic mi 'n reang dlùth nan tréun.
Castor marcaich' nan steud luath,
Pollux, mìlidh bu chruaidh dòrn,
Clann m' athar, 's mo mhàthar gaoil,
An dà laoch mu nach faoin glòir.
'N saoil mi 'n d' fhàg mo bhràithrean grinn,
Lacedæmon, tìr mo rùin,

Chum aiseag gu Tròidh air luing
A measg chàich air druim nan sùgh !
Dh' fhaoidte gu'n d' thug cùis a's fhèarr
Gnìomh do làimh' do 'n armunn ùr ;
Dh' fhaoidte gu 'n mheas mar spìd
Dìon peathar a mhill a cliù.
Labhair i gun fhios nam fàdh
'S iadsan na 'n tìr ghràidh fo 'n fhòd,
Na 'n suain fo fhuar-ghlaic a' bhàis
Gun chuimhn' air a' bhlàr na's mò.
'N sin thriall an luchd-gairm romh 'n stuaidh
'Giùlan àsuinn nan cruaidh mhionn,
Dà uainein 'us searrag dhonn,
Lom-làn fìona brìgh an fhuinn.
Aig fear dhiubh bha geal-mhias mhòr,
'S na cùirn òir bu dealrach sgiamh ;
Ghluais e faisg ; b' Idæus 'ainm,
'S so mar ghairm e 'n ceannard liath :—
A shliochd Laomedoin thréin !
A righ aosmhoir, fhéil, na Tròidh' !
Eirich agus lean mo chéum,
'An éisdeachd do ghairm nan slògh !
Tha Gréugaich nam mailleach ùr,
'S Tròidhich nan stéud lùthor lom,
A' feitheamh ri d' theachd d' an còir
'S gu'n naisgeadh tu 'm bòidean trom.
Paris òg 's an Spartach garbh,
Le fad-shleaghaibh nan calg caol,
Ni cath air an àilein réidh,
'S gheabh am Buadhach léug nan gaol,
Mar sid 's a h-earras gu léir :
Eugadh na 'dhéigh fuath 'us fearg :
Còmhnaicheadh tuath Thròidh na 'n tìr
Air sgàth fuinn nam mìle sealbh :
Gréugaich lìonmhor nan long luath
Grad-aisigeadh bhuainn thair sàil'
Gu Argos, tuinidh nan tréun,
Fonn nan stéud 's nan Rìbhinn àigh.
Chual an rìgh le aigne ghoirt :
Dh' iarr e gu 'n gléust' a chuid each ;
Ghabhadh mu'n òrdugh le toirt,
'S bha 'n dà stéud gu grad fo 'm beairt.
Dhìrich ceannard bu mhór aois,
Tharrainn an t-srian gu 'n taobh cùil :
Mar ris shuidh Anténor garbh
Shuas air carbad nan dealbh ùr.
Romh dhorus Baile nan tùr,
Stiùir iad na h-eich chruitheach bhàn,
'S air teachd gu cruinneadh nan treun,
Nìos bho 'n charbad léum gu làr.
Thriall iad gu meadhoin an raoin,
Tròidh 's a' Ghréig na 'n sréud gach taobh :
Na 'n còmhdhail sid ghluais na 'dheann
Agamemnon Ceann nan laoch.
Mac Laerteis 'bu mhór céill,
Ghreas mar ris an treun a nùll
'S chruinnich na maoir-ghairm gu beachd,
'S gu'n suidhichteadh reachd nam mionn.
Mheasgnaich iad am fìon 's a' mhèis,
'S thaom uisg' air dà làimh nan Rìgh :
Tharrainn deagh Mhac Atreuis sgian
'Chleachd 'bhi siar air a thruaill ghrinn.
Ghèarr iad bad-mullaich nan uan,
'S roinn na maoir mu chuairt nan cliar :
'N sin thog Rìgh na Gréig' a làmh,
'S ghairm gu h-àrd le cràbhadh dian ;—
Eisd, a Rìgh a's dealrach glòir !
'Athair Nèamhaidh mhòir Bhith-bhuain,
Dh' an ionad-aoraidh do ghnàth,
Tèampull Ida nan Ard chruach
A ghrian a shiùbhlas an spéur—
Farsainn, réidh bho cheann gu ceann,
'Aimhnichean 'tha triall a' ghlinn,
'S a Thalaimh bho 'n gin gach Clann,
A Chumhachdan dubh a' Ghruinnd
A fhuair smachd os cionn na dh' éug,
A phianas luchd 'bhrisdeadh mhionn,
'S gach Rìgh a chuir suim 's a' bhréig,
Togaibhhs' an diugh fianais fhior,
'S biodh ur neart mar dhìon do 'n Chòir.
Ma thuiteas na Gréugaich àigh
'S a' Chòmhraig le Pàris òg,
Helen 's a h-earras gu léir,
Glacadh e d' a réir mar dhuais ;
'S theid sinne gu'r dùthaich ghaoil,
Le'r loingeas thair raon a' chuain.
Ma thuiteas Paris le làimh
Mhenelàüis a' chùil réidh,
Liùbhraidh na Tròidhich gun dàil,
Helen ghràidh 's a maoin na 'déigh ;
Iocaidh iad ùmhladh do 'n Ghréig,
Eirig nam mì-bhéus a rinn,
A stiùireas cinnich gu reachd,
'S a chuimhnichear fad gach linn.
Mur dìol Priam 's a chuid mac
An t-suim cheart, 's gur leinne buaidh ;
Cogaidh mi 'n so cian mo ré,
Gu dìth feuma 'n dàrna sluaigh.
An sin, leis an ealtuinn chòrr,
Ghèarr e sgòrnan nan trì uan,
'S chuir sìos iad air lom a' bhlàir
Ag anmadaich 's a' spàirn chruaidh.
Ghrad-imich romh'n lot an deò,
'S an fhuil bhàrcach dhòirt mu'n fhéur :
'N sin thaom iad fìon as gach còrn,
'S rinn ùrnaigh ri slòigh nan spéur.—
Ard-Rìgh nan Cumhachd ud shuas,
'S a Fhlaithean tha buan an glòir,
Co dhiubh cinneach le droch rùn,
A bhrisdeas a' mhionn d' an deòin
Gu'n ruith glas-eanchaill an cinn,
Mar am fìon s' air làr an fhuinn !
Eiginn nàr d' am bannal grinn !
'Bruan-spealtadh an àir d' an cloinn.
B' amhuil sid achain nan slògh
Ri Iompaire mòr nan nial,
Ach dhiùlt e 'n t-iarradas faoin,
'S sgap air aodann ghaoth nan sian.
Labhair an sin Priam fòill,
'S e 'n trom bhròn le imcheist chruaidh :
Eisdeadh na Tròidhich gu léir
'Us Gréugaich nam màilleach nuadh.

Cogadh an dà thriath mu bhuaidh ;
Ach dianar truas riums' am aois :
Cha'n fhaic an t-sùil so gu bràch
Gàbhadh bàsmhor mo mhic ghaoil !
Fuilgear dhomh tilleadh gu m' stuaidh ;
'S cò dhiubh sid d' an dual an t-Eug.
Dhutsa 's aithne, Rìgh 'tha shuas.
'S do chùirt naomh, bhith-bhuan, nam spéur !
Thuirt an triath a b' aoigheil gnùis,
'S chuir 's a' charbad ùr na h-uain ;
Dhirich e 's shìn srian nan lùb
Gu taobh-cùil nan crùith-each luath.
Shuidh Antenor suas ri thaobh
'S a' bhall chaoin bu lìobhaidh snuagh,
'S mharcaich iad do'n Dùn na 'n stìll,
Air inneal bu shlinntreach fuaim.
'N sin dh' imich Hector nan conn
'S deagh Ulysses bu mhath loinn ;
Toimhsear iad le sréin am fonn,
'S thilg 's a' cheann-bheairt mhìn na croinn,
Dh' fhiachainn co dhiu sonn air thùs
Thilgeadh an t-sleagh chiùrrach gheur :
An dà fheachd ri aoradh cruaidh,
'S an lamhan a suas 's an spéur :—
A dhia 'th' air Ida nan sgurr,
Athair a's mò cliù 'us glòir,
Leag thusa dioghaltas ceart
Air a' cheann a dh' fheachd bho'n chòir,
Ceann-aobhair cogaidh nam pian
Iomain sìos do dh-fhirinn fhuair ;
Naisgeadh càch le càirdeas sìth,
'S éugadh a chaoidh strìth 'us fuath.
Sheall Hector a thaobh a chùil,
'Schrath a cheann-bheairt dhlùth le 'làimh :
Crann Pharis bha 'mach an tùs ;
Sid a' chùis a stiùir an dàn.
Shuidh na làn-theanail mu 'n fhonn,
A dh-fhaicinn nan sonn a' strìth,
An taic reang nan cruith-each luath,
'S nan arm breac bu shnuaghor lìth.
Chaidh Paris uasal air ghléus,
Leannan Hélein nan òr-chuach,
'S chàirich air a ghuailnean àigh
An còmhdach de stàillinn chruaidh.
Shìn e na h-osain, an tùs,
Mu 'chalpannan ùr-gheal, garbh ;
Failbheagan airgid gu léir
Dhùin a bheairt bu chéutach dealbh.
'N sin cheangail an laoch mu 'chliabh
Gòrsaid phrais le h-iallaibh teann,
Uchd-éideadh Licäoin òig,
'S cuimt' a fhreagradh an còrr-bhall.
Chroch e siar ri 'thaobh bho 'n bhoinn
Claidheamh réul-airgiodach grinn ;
Sgiath chumadail tharbhach, throm,
Mar dhìdein do chom an t-suinn.
Chaidh biorraid bu loinntreach snas
Mu cheann gaisgich 'bu mhòr toirt ;
Gaoisid chléideach an eich ghlais,
Uaibhreach ga 'crathadh mu 'n dos.
Ghabh e 'n t-sleagh-chosgraidh na 'ghlaic
Bu mhath gu iomairt air chleas ;
'S ghrad-chaidh Gréugach nan gniomh bras,
Mar chòmhlath fo armaibh deas.
'N uair dhealraich na 'n cruaidh na laoich,
B'earghlaiseach le fraoch an greann,
A' céum gu còmhraig romh 'n fhonn,
Eadar an dà shlògh na 'n deann.
Ghair'snich le ball-chrith gach feachd,
Air teachd do na gaisgich dlùth,
'Faicinn crathadh nan sleagh trom
An garbh-ghlacaibh nan sonn gnùth.
Thilg Paris le 'uile neart
An t-sleagh fhad-fhaileasach, luath ;
Bhuail a Menelàüs tréun
Air clàr sgéithe nam breac-dhual.
Ge b' aintheasach buille 'n tréin,
Idir cha do ghéill a' chruaidh ;
Ghrad-mhaolaich an leac a bàrr,
'S thuit air làr an crann gun bhuaidh.
Dh' éirich air ball le shleagh phrais,
Sàr-mhac Atreuis nan cath dian,
Ag ùrnaigh bho ghrunnd a chrìdh'
Gu'n comarradh leis Rìgh nan dia.
Dioghail mis' 'Athair nan slògh,
Dhut is eòl mar fhuair mi tàir :
Pàris a dh' oibrich an gò,
Grad-thuiteadh gun deò fo m' làimh,
Mar shaineas buan do gach tìr,
'S gu 'n oilltich gach fìnn gu bràch
Romh 'n droch aoighe 'nochdas foill
Mar ath-dhìol air caoimhneas gràidh.
Chuimsich e 'n sin 's thilg na 'deann
Sleagh bu chian-dhuatharach crann ;
Bhuail i sgiath Pharis le fuaim
'S thorchair cliath bu shnuaghor loinn.
Sgoilt an geur-iarunn gun bhàigh
Uchdach phrìseil nan sàr dhealbh ;
'S romh'n lùirich ri taic a chléibh,
Shiubhail trom-ghath nan reub searbh.
Chrom Paris le geilt a chorp,
'S sheachainn e dubh-lot an Aoig ;
Ghrad-tharrainn an Greugach garbh
Lann nan réul airgid bho thaobh.
Le buille thorunnaich thruim,
Bhuail e 'cheann-bheairt bu ghrinn bàrr.
Ghliongraich an lann ris a' chruaidh,
'S thuit na 'bruanaibh soills air làr.
Dh' osnaich Mac Atreuis gu géur,
'S thog e shùil ris an speur chian :
Athair Iòbh ! nach goirt a' chùis
Gur tu 's meallta 'n cùirt nan dia ?
Dh' earb mi gu'n dioghlainn mo thàir :
Thilg mi 'n t-sleagh gun bhàs, gun bhéum ;
Bhrisd mo chlaidheamh loinntreach caoin,
'S tha 'n dearg-chiontach saor bho bhéud !
Ghlac e 'n sin le buathadh garg,
Dos na ceann-bheairt na 'gharbh-ghlaic ;
Spìon e 'n t-òg a null romh 'n fhéur
Thun nan Gréugach le tréun-neart.
Bha iall bhreac-dhealbhach nan gréis,
A dhaingnich an t-éideadh dlùth,
Mu 'sgòrnan maoth seachad siar,
A chràdh-phianadh an t-suinn ùir,

B' fhéumail sid do 'n Ghréugach chòrr,
'S chrùint' an gnìomh le glòir bhith-bhuain,
Murbhith Vénus nan geal-ghràdh,
'Dh' fhóir gu tràth air 's a' chàs chruaidh.
Bhrisd ise 'n iall righinn theann,
De leathar feannt' an daimh òig,
Dhlùth-lean ri 'làimh thoirteil, thruim,
A' bheairt chruinn gu falamh, còs.
Chuibhlich e 'm faobh le garbh-chuairt,
'S thilg suas 's an spéur le srann,
Gu dearbh-chàirdean a shluaigh fhéin,
'S ghlac na Gréugaich an t-ùr-bhall.
An t-ath-ruathar thug e null
A léir-sgrios an t-suinn le 'chruaidh ;
Ach theasraig Venus an triath,
An tiota mar dhia bith-bhuan.
Dh' fhalbh i leis romh 'n fhailmhe ghuirm,
'S chòmhdaich an tiugh-chirb de neòil ;
Thug i steach e 'n lùchairt àigh,
'S shìn gu tlàth air uirigh-phòst.
Sgaoil i feadh talla na mùirn
Fàileadh cùraidh mar dhrùchd nèamh,
'S thill i dh' iomchar fios gun dàil
Do mhnaoidh ghràdhaich nan glan sgèimh, &c.

SGEUL IONGANTACH O'N CHUAN.

Thug Diùc Earra-ghàidheal o cheann ghoirid iomradh dhuinn ann an leth-bhreac leabhair mar so fhein (*Good Words*) air sealladh àraidh a chunnaic duin'-uasal (Mr Bell) ann an Inbhearaora o cheann ùine nach 'eil ro chian, 's air an d'thug e fein 's a mhac iomradh sgrìobhta a tha 'nis ann an seilbh an Diùc. Bha'm mac 's an t-Athair measail cliùteach san dùthaich 's cha robh teagamh air a chur nan seanachas—agus tha 'n Diuc a làn chreidsinn an iomraidh mu'n t-sealladh iongantach a chunnaic iad agus mur faigheadh 's mu'r d'thugadh duine cho fhiosrach ghlic ris an Diùc sgeul sgrìobhta mu'n chùis cha dùraigamaid an sgeul ro iongantach eile a leanas aithris. Be'n sealladh a chunnaic Mr Bell agus a mhac 's iad a' coiseachd amach o Inbhearaora an t-slighe air an robh iad ag imeachd air a domhlachadh le mòran airm agus leum iad gu taobh gus an rachadh na saighdeara seachad. Bha Mr Bell e fein roimhe so san arm 's bha a mhac a' bràth dol ann mu'n am so fein, agus bha'n t-athair a' soillearachadh d'a mhac cùis no dha a thug an sealladh gu 'bheachd a thaobh nithe air am b'iomchuidh do shaighdear òg eòlas a bhi aige. 'Nuair a bha iad a' tilleadh dhachaidh dh'fharraid iad do dhaoinibh a thachair orra am fac iad na saighdeara, 's cha'n fhac iad a h-aon a chunnaic an sealladh ud. Cha robh teagamh air a chur an sgeul Mhr B. 's a mhic. Dh'fhaodadh an sealladh a bhi air 'fhaicinn ann an aite eile do'n t-saoghal agus an riochd a bhi air a chomharrachadh air an àile ann an doigh iongantaich a dh'fhaodas gliocairean foghlaimte a shoillearachadh. Anns a' bhliadhna 1828 bha duine òg d'am' b'ainm Raibeart Bruce a mhuinntir Thorbay ann an Sassgun na fho-sgiobair (mate) air luing a bha 'seòladh eadar *Liverpool* agus *St. John's, New Brunswick.* Bha'n long air turus fairge 'dol a nunn air a' chuan-t-siar 's an deigh dh'i a bhi amach cuig no sia sheachduinean 's a bhi dlù air ceann-an-Ear *Thanalach New-Foundland*, bha'n sgiobair agus Mr *Bruce* mu mheadhon là air clàr-uachdair na luinge, a' gabhail na greine ; 's an deigh sin chaidh iad asios a dh'fhaotuinn amach an obair-latha 's an suidheachaidh air a' chuan. Bha'n staidhir a' tearnadh tarsuinn 's gun i ach goirid. Mu choinneamh taobh na staidhreach bha seomar *Bhruce.* Aig bun na staidhreach bha dà dhorus taobh a cheile an dara h-aon a' dh'ionnsuidh an t-seòmair-shuidhe 's an t-aon eile mu choinneamh na staidhreach agus seomar Mhr *Bruce.* Bha'n clàr-sgrìobhaidh a bha'nn san t-seòmar so 's a cheann aig an dorus ; ion 's gu faiceadh aon 'na shuidhe aige 's e 'g amharc thar a ghualainne do'n t-seòmar-shuidhe. Bha *Bruce* air a thoirt asuas le bhi 'meas astair agus suidheachaidh na luinge a bha 'g eadar-dhealachadh gu mòr o'n mheas a rinn e air thuairmeas agus as eugmhais na greine. 'N uair a bha e gu dùrachdach ri àireamh cha robh e 'toirt fainear gluasad a' sgiobair 's 'n uair a chrìochnaich e'n obair bha eadar-dhealachadh mòr eadar an suidheachadh air a' chuan agus a' meas a rinneadh air thuairmeas. Ghlaodh e'n sin ris an sgiobair gun amharc mu'n cuairt, agus dh'fheòraich e, ciod an suidheachadh a bh'aca areir a' mheas a rinn esan. 'N uair nach d'fhuair e freagairt chuir e 'cheist arìs 's e 'sealltuinn thar a ghualainne agus chunnaic e, mar shaoil e, an sgiobair a' dian sgrìobhadh air a lic; ach cha d'fhuair e freagairt. An sin dh'eirich Bruce agus 'n uair a bha e aig dorus an t-seòmair thog an cruth sin a chunnaic e'n riochd a' sgiobair a cheann, agus nochd e aogas neach air an robh e gu tur 'na choigreach. Cha bu chladhaire e agus 'n uair a choinnich e'n dian-amharc sin air ann am fiamh-thosd, 's e cinnteach nach fac e'n t-aogas sin riabh roimhe, mheataich e; 's gun tuillidh seanachais ris a' choigreach, dhirich e asuas le clisgeadh. 'N uair a thug an sgiobair fainear e dh'fheòraich e dheth ciod a dh'fhairich e. "Co," arsa Bruce, "a th'aig a chlàr sgriobhaidh agaibh?" "Cha n-fhiosrach mise neach air bith a bhi ann," arsa 'n sgiobair. "Tha coigreach ann," arsa Bruce. 'S fheudar gu bheil thu 'bruadar no gu fac thu'n dara *fo-sgiobair* no'n stiùbhard gu h-iosal. Co eile aig am biodh a chridhe dol sios gun chead, arsa 'n sgiobair. Ach bha e arsa Bruce 'na shuidhe sa' chathair agaibh 's a' sgrìobhadh air ur lic. Sheall e orm san aodunn 's tha mi cinnteach nach faca mi riabh roimhe e. Tha sinn o cheann shia seachduinean air a' chuan agus co as a thigeadh e; theirig sìos agus faic co e, arsa 'n sgiobair. Cha n' 'eil mi creidsinn ann an tannasgaibh ach b'fhearr leam sinn a dhol sios le cheile arsa Bruce. Chaidh' iad sios 's sheall iad anns gach seòmar 's cha n' fhac iad neach. 'Nior fhaiceam m' fhàrdach no mo theaghlach, arsa Bruce, mur faca mi cruth duine a' sgrìobhadh air ur lic, 's 'n uair a sheall iad chunnaic iad air an lic na facail so, "Stiùir air an Aird-an-iar thuath." Am bheil thu fochaid orm, deir an sgiobair? Air m' fhocal mar dhuine 's mar mharaiche cha d'innis mi smid ach an fhirinn, deir Bruce. Shuidh an sgiobair a' trom-smuaineachadh 's an leac mu 'choinneamh. Thubhairt e ri Bruce 's e 'tionndadh na lice—sgrìobh na ceart fhocail sin a' d'laimh fhein 's an deigh do Bhruce sgrìobhadh dh'iarr an sgiobair air a ràdh ris an dara *fo-sgiobair* tighinn anuas, sgrìobh esan cuideachd na briathra ceudna—"Stiùir air an aird-an-iar thuath;" sgrìobh an stiùbhard 's an sgioba gu leir na facail sin ach cha robh aon làmh-sgriobhaidh coltach ris an laimh sin a fhuaradh air an lic. Bha'n sgiobair treis a' dian-smuaineachadh—'s an sin thubhairt e—Cha n'eil fhios nach faodadh cuid eigin a bhi'm folach air bòrd agus theid an long a rannsachadh gu mion, 's mur faigh mise e bithidh e maith air falach-fead. Gairm na lamhan. Chaidh sin a dheanamh 's cha d'fhuaras a h-aon air bòrd ach an sgioba. "A Mhr Bruce ciod do bharail air a' chùis? Tha ni eigin ann." Cha'n urrainn mi a ràdh ach gu faca mi'n duine a' 'sgriobhadh air an lic deir Bruce. Falbh suas agus iarr air an fhear a th'aig an ailm stiùradh air an aird-an-iar thuath. Tha an soirbheas saibhir 's cha chaill sinn ach beagan ùine. Chaidh sin a dheanamh agus an ceann thrì uairean ghlaodh am fear-faire gu'n robh beinn-dheighe air thoiseach 's gearr na dheigh sin thubhairt e gu'n robh coltas soithich 'na taice. 'N uair a bha iad a' dlùthachadh air a' chuspair so rinn gloine amhairc an sgiobair cinnteach iad gu'm bi long a bh'ann a chaill a croinn 's i air reothadh ris an deigh agus mòran dhaoine air bòrd. An ùine ghearr chuir iad an long air luidhe-thuige 's chuir iad na bàtaichean amach a dheanadh fuasglaidh air luchd na h-eigin. Is e bha'n so long a dh'fhàg *Quebec* gu dol do *Liverpool* le mòran do luchd-aisig air bòrd. Chaidh i 'n sàs anns an deigh 's bha i àireamh sheachduinean ann an cor cunnartach. Bha i gu mòr air a dochann 's cha robh ach gann biadh no uisge air bòrd 's cha robh aig an sgioba no aig an luchd-turuis ach dòchas fann ri teasraiginn 's bha'n gairdeachas ro mhòr 'n uair a thàinig dòchas ri fuasgladh.

'N uair a bha h-aon do na thàinig as an luing a chaidh a dhìobradh a' direadh ri taobh na luinge a thàinig gu cobhair, leum Bruce air ais le uamhas. B'e so a' cheart aogas a chunnaic e ceithir uairean roimhe sin ag amharc air o chlar-sgriobhaidh an sgiobair. Dh'amhairc e gu geur air 's mar a b'fhaide sheall e's ann bu chinntiche a bha e gu'm b'i a' cheart ghnùis a chunnaic e roimhe a bh'ann, 's a' cheart aodach agus a' cheart chruth. 'N uair a chaidh gabhail aig an t-sluagh a chaidh a theasraiginn, thug Bruce an sgiobair gu taobh 's thubhairt e ris; is e sud cruth agus coltas an duine a chunnaic mise a' sgriobhadh air ur lic an diugh, 's mhionnaichinn air a sin ann am mòd ceartais. Air m' fhacal, a Mhr Bruce, arsa'n sgiobair, tha 'chuis ro iongantach. Labhramaid ris an duine. Fhuair iad an duine a' cainnt ri sgiobair na luinge o'n deachaidh an teasraiginn 's thàinig iad le cheile a thoirt buidheachais dhoibh air son an teasraiginn o fhuachd, o acras 's o'n bhàs. Thubhairt an sgiobair agus Mr Bruce nach d'rinn iad ach mar a dheanadh iad fein air an son-san anns a' chor cheudna. An sin thubhairt a' sgiobair ris an duine gu'm biodh e 'na chomain nan tearnadh e leis d'a sheòmar. 'N uair a chaidh iad sios, thubhairt an sgiobair gu'n robh e'n dochas nach gabhadh e gu h-olc iarraidh air facal no dha a sgrìobhadh air an lic. Ni mi sin gu toileach, arsa'n duine, ach ciod a sgriobhas mi. Thugadh dha an taobh air nach robh sgrìobhadh do'n lic agus chaidh iarraidh air na facail sin a sgrìobadh, "Stiuir air an Aird-an-iar-thuath." Bha'n coigreach fo iongantas 's gun fhios aige ciod bu chiall do'n iarrtus so; ach le fiamh-ghaire dh'aontaich e. Thog an sgiobair an leac agus sheall e gu mion oirre. An sin chaidh e gu taobh los nach faiceadh an coigreach e's thionndaidh e'n taobh air an robh a' cheud sgriobhadh. Is i so do làmh-sgrìobhaidh. Is i, arsa an coigreach, chunnaic sibh mi 'sgrìobhadh nam facal sin. Agus an i so i cuideachd? arsa 'n sgiobair 's e tionndadh an taoibh eile do'n lic. Bha mòr imcheist air an duine 'n uair a dh'amhairc e air an lic 's thubhairt e nach do sgriobh esan ach air an dara taobh; 's co a sgrìobh air an taobh eile—ciod is ciall dha so. Is tuillidh sin na's urrainn dhomhsa innseadh. Thubhairt mo cheud *fho-sgiobair* gu'n do sgrìobh thu fein e air a mheadhon latha 'n diugh aig mo bhòrd sgrìobhaidh-sa. Dh'amhairc sgiobair na luinge diobaraich 's an duine air a cheile le clisgeadh agus dh'fheòraich an sgiobair dh'e—"An do bhruadair thu gu'n do sgriobh thu air an lic so." Cha-n 'eil cuimhne agam gu'n do bhruadair. Ciod arsa 'n sgiobair eile a bha'n duine so a' deanadh mu mheadhon latha 'n diugh? Cha-n 'eil fhios agam ach is cùis dheacair a tha so agus bha mi 'm beachd labhairt ribh mu'n chùis cho luath 's a gheibhinn cothrom. An duine uasal so, air dha a bhi air a chur thairis gu mòr thuit 'na throm chadal beagan roimh 'n mheadhon latha; an ceann beul ri uair dhùisg e agus thubhairt e rium; "Gheibh sinn fuasgladh an diugh." Agus 'n uair dh'fheòraich mi ciod an t-aobhar a bh'aige air son sin a ràdh, fhreagair e, gu fac se e fein air bòrd luinge eile a bha 'greasad gu'r teasraiginn. Dh'innis e 'coltas agus a h-uidheam-seòlaidh, 's 'n uair a nochd an long so i fein bha h-aogas a' freagairt do na dh'innis e m'a timchioll. Cha do chuir sinn mòr earbsa as na thubhairt e; ach smuainich sinn gu faodadh brìgh eigin a bhi sa' bhruadar; oir beiridh an duine a tha'n cunnart bàthaidh air sop; ach a reir 's mar a thachair cha'n 'eil teagamh nach robh gach cùis air a riaghladh le freasdal an Uile-chumhachdaich, ann an doigh do-thuigsinn dhuinne chum ar teasraiginn o'n bhàs. Cha'n 'eil teagamh arsa 'n sgiobair eile, nach d'rinn an sgrìobhadh a bh'air an lic tearnadh dhuibh, cia air bith mar thàinig e. Bha sinne a' stiùiradh an iar-dheas agus dh'atharraich sinn ar cùrsa dh'ionnsuidh na h-aird-an-iar thuath, feuch ciod a thachradh, 's bha fear-faire sa chrann ach tha sibhse 'g radh, 's e 'labhairt ris an duine uasal, nach do bhruadair sibh gu'n robh sibh a' sgriobhadh air lic. Cha chuimhneach leam gu'n do bhruadair, ach b'e mo bheachd gu'n robh an long a chunnaic mi 'm chadal a' greasad gu 'r còmhnadh; ach cha'n urrainn mi innseadh cia mar thàinig am beachd sin a' m' inntinn. Tha ni iongantach eile mu'n chùis, tha a h-uile ni a tha mi faicinn air bòrd mar gu'm b'aithne dhomh roimhe e, ach tha mi làn-chinnteach nach robh mi air bòrd na luinge so riabh. Is cùis ro dheacair so; ach ciod a chunnaic Mr Bruce? Dh'innis Mr B. dha an sealladh a chunnaic e 's a dh'aom an sgiobair gus a' chùrsa atharrachadh agus b'e dearbh-bheachd gach neach a bha san luing gu'm b' i làmh an Tighearna a bha air a sineadh amach gu tearaiginn o'n bhàs. Tha a' chùis so gu cinnteach ro dheacair, ach a thaobh an sgrìobhaidh a bh'air an lic, theagamh gu'm bu dàn a ràdh gu'n deachaidh a dheanadh leis an laimh sin a sgrìobh na h-aitheantan air thùs air clàraibh cloiche, ach faodar beachd dhiadhairean fòghluimte a chur an ceill.* Tha cuid dhiubh sa' bheachd gu bheil gach guth 's gach gnìomh air an comharrachadh air an àile mar tha dealbh air a thoirt anis leis an t-solus a dh'ionnsuidh a phaipeir no na gloine, 's gu'n cluinn 's gu faic aingil iad ged nach faic 's nach cluinn daoine peacach neo-iomlan iad; ach is e'n Dia sin amhàin do'n aithne an cridhe, mu'm bheil an Salmadair a' cur an ceill—

"Feuch cha'n 'eil focal mòr no beag
No cainnt air bith a' m' bheul,
Mu'n labhram sud, a Dhe nam feart,
Nach aithne dhuit gu leir."—S. cxxxix.

Chaidh an sgeul so innse do'n ùghdair le S. Mac-a'-Chleirich, sgiobair soithich do'm b'ainm "Julia Hallock," do'n d'innis Mr Bruce fhein e. Bha iad a' seoladh le 'cheile anns na bliadhnaibh 1836, 1837. Fhuair Mac-a'-Chleirich o Bhruce e ochd bliadhna an deigh do'n chuis iongantaich ud tachairt. Chaill e sealladh air an deigh sin 's cha'n 'eil fhios aige co dhiùbh a a tha no nach 'eil e fhathast beò. Is e na chual e uime uaithe sin gu'n do lean e air seòladh do *New Brunswick*, gu'n robh e 'na sgiobair air luing do'm b'ainm an "Comet" 's gu'n deachaidh ise a chall. Bha Bruce, deir Mac a' Chleirich, 'na dhuine cho firinneach 's a thachair riabh orm. Cha bu chomasach dithis a bhi air an dùnadh suas car da bhliadhna ann an soitheach gun iad a bhi fiosrach mu chliù a cheile. Bha sinn cho càirdeil ri dà bhràthair air bith. Labhair e gu tric mu'n chùis iongantaich ud le fiamh 's ann an cainnt stòlda thiamhaidh 's mheas e 'chùis mar thachartas o'n Fhreasdal chum e fein a thoirt ni bu dlùithe do Dhia 's do shonas sìorruidh. Chuirinn mo bheatha fein an geall gu'm b'i an fhìrinn a labhair e. Gu tric agus air iomadh doigh rinn an Tighearn rabhadh a thoirt d'a shluagh cho mhaith 's "ann am bruadaraibh 's ann an aislingibh na h-oidhche 'n uair a thuiteas cadal trom air daoinibh." A. M.

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* Professor Hitchcock's "Religion of Geology."

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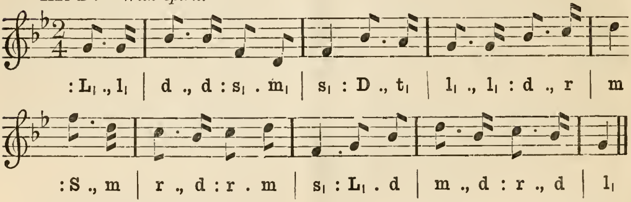
GHRUAGACH DHONN A' BHROILLICH BHAIN.

KEY B ♭—*With spirit.*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GHRUAGACH dhonn a' bhroillich bhàin,
A chum a' chòdhail rium Di-mairt,
A ghruagach dhonn a' bhroillich bhàin,
Gu 'm bu slan a chì mi thu !
Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

A ghruagach dhonn gun ghò, gun fhoill,
A chum a' choinneamh rium an raoir,
Bha mi còmhradh riut 's a' choill,
'Sinn ann an caoimhneas diomhaireach.
Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Rhinn mi coinneamh riut glé òg,
Ann an coile dhlùth nan cnò,
Bu bhinne leam do ghuth na'n smeòrach,
'S tha do phòg mar fhigis leam,
Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Fhuair mi sud le mùirn 's le tlachd,
Ann am bun an stùc-uillt chais,
Pòg na h-òighe 's bòidh'che dreach,
'S bu mhòr mo mheas 'n uair shìn thu i.
Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Cha b'ann le éiginn no cùis chruaidh,
A fhuair mis a' phòg ud bhuait,
Ach le caidreamh sèamh gun ghruaim,
Gu soitheamh, suairce, sìobhalta.
Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Mhaighdean, na biodh ortsa gruaim,
Ged a shéideas a' ghaoth tuath,
Tha 'cuid *thimbers* làidir, cruaidh,
'S, a ghruagach, na biodh mi-ghean ort.
Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Tha sgiobadh ghasd' againn air bòrd,
Math gu *reefadh* 's pasgadh sheòl,
'S mur an dean iad gloine òl,
Cha'n'eil an còrr r'a ìnns' orra.
Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

'N uair thilleas mi ás an Fhraing,
Airgiod-poc' cha bhi oirnn gann—
'Cunntas ghineachan am láimh,
'S cha bhi peighinn ann nach sìnear dhuit,
Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

Gu 'm bu fallain 's gu 'm bu slán,
Dhi 'chum 'a chòdhail rium Di-màirt,
Iarguin m'aigne 's m' airsneul phràmh—
'S mo chion-gràidh da-rìreadh thu !
Ghruagach dhonn, &c.

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THOMAS FORD HILL'S POEMS.

(*Continued.*)

OSSIAN AGUS AN CLERICH.	OSSIAN AND THE CLERK.
OSSHIAN. 1.	OSSHIAN. 1.
A Clerich achanfas na Sailm Air leom fein gur borb do Chial Nach eist thu Tamuil re Sgeul Air an Fhein nach fhachd thu riamh.	O Clerk that singest the Psalms ! I think thy notions are rude ; that thou wilt not hear my songs, of the heroes of Fingal (*Fhein*), whom thou hast never seen.
CLERICH. 2.	CLERK. 2.
Air ma chumhas amhic Fhein Ga bein leal bhi leachd air Fhein Fuaim nan Sailm air feadh mo bhioil Gur he sud be Cheoil damh Fhein.	I find thy greatest delight is in relating the stories of the actions of Fingal and his heroes; but the sound of the Psalms is sweeter between my lips than the songs of Fingal.
OSSHIAN. 3.	OSSHIAN. 3.
Na bi lu Coimheadadh do Shailm Re fianichd Erin nan Arm nochd A Clerich gur lan olc leum Nach sgarain do Chean red Chorp.	If thou darest to compare thy Psalms to the old heroes of Ireland (*Erin*)* with their drawn weapons, Clerk ! I am much of opinion, I should be sorely vexed if I did not sever thy head from thy body.
CLERICH. 4.	CLERK. 4.
Sin faoid Chomrich sa Fhir mhoir Laoidh do Bheoil gur binn leum Fhein Tagamid suas Altair Fhein Bu bhinn liom bhi leachd air Fhein.	That is in thy mercy, great Sir ! the expressions of thy lips are very sweet to me. Let us rear the altar of Fingal ; † I would think it sweet to hear of the heroes of Fingal.
OSSHIAN. 5.	OSSHIAN. 5.
Nam bidhin thu Clerich Chaoimh Air an Traidh ha Siar fa dheas Aig Eass libridh na'n Shruth sheamh Air an Fhein bu Mhor do Mheas.	If, my beloved Clerk ! thou wert at the South West shore, by the fall of Lever, of the slow-rolling stream, thou wouldest highly esteem the heroes of Fingal.
6.	6.
Bean neachd air Anam an Laoich Bu ghairbhe Fraoich ansgach greish Fean Mac-Cumhail Cean nan Sloigh O san air a leainte'n Teass.	My blessing attend the soul of that hero, whose fury was violent in battle ; Fingal, son of Comhal, chief of the host ! who gained great renown from that contest.
7.	7.
La dhuine fiaghach na'n Dearg 'S nach derich an Tealg nar Cat Gu facas deich mile Barc Air Traidh a teachd air Lear.	One day that we were at the chase, looking for red-deer, not being successful in meeting with our game, we saw the rowing of ten thousand barks, coming along the surface of the sea, towards our shore.

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* Here Fingal and his heroes seem to be expressly attributed to Ireland. Fingal is distinguished as Irish also, in v. 8.

† Ossian and St. Patrick are ever represented as disputing, whether the Christian religion or the stories of Fhein were to be preferred. Here St. Patrick appears willing to acknowledge the superiority of the latter ; and to rear an altar, not to God, but Fingal.

8. Shesaabh sin rul ail an Leirg Thionnail an Fhein as gach Taoibh Seachd Catha—urcharu gu prop Gur e dhiahd mu Mhachd Nin Taoig.	8. We all stood on the side of a hill; the followers of Fingal assembled from every quarter; seven tribes surrounded the son of Teague's (*Taoig*) daughter.
9. Shanig an Cabhlach gu Tir Greadhin nach bu bhin hair leinn Bu lionar ann Pubul Sroil Ga thoigbhail leoos an eean.	9. The fleet came to shore, and there appeared a great multitude that seemed not disposed to friendship; and there was many a tent of silk raised over them.
10. Hog iad an Coishri on Choill Schuir iad orra an Airm ghaidh San air Gualin gach Fhir mhor Is thog siad orra on Traidh.	10. They bore away from the woods; they put on their beautiful armour on every great man's shoulder; and they bore away from the shore.
11. Labhair Mac Cumhail ri Fhein An fhidir shibh fein co na Sloigh Nan nd fis ruigh shibh co Bhuidhin-bhorb Bheir an Deanneal cruaidh san strachd.	11. The son of Comhal spoke to his heroes, “Can ye know who is this cruel people? or do ye know who is the author of the furious battle on this shore?”
12. Sin nuair huirt Connan aris Co bail leal a Ricogh bhi ann ? Coshaoleadh tu Fhinn nan Cath Bhiodh ann ach Flath na Riogh.	12. Then said Connan again, “Whom, O King, dost thou suppose them to be? or who shouldest thou think it should be? O thou Fingal of battles! but the flower of Kings?” (*Manos King of Norway*).
13. Co gheomeid an air Fhein Rechidh a ghabhail Sgeul don Ishuadh 'Sa bheridh hugain e gun Chleth Sgum beireadh ee Breith is Buaidh.	FINGAL. 13. “Who shall we find among our heroes, that will go to get word of the people, and will bring us good intelligence, he shall have my applause and favour?”
14. Sin nuair huirt Connan aris Co bail leal a Riogh dhul ann Ach Feargheas fior-ghlic do Mhachd O she chleachd bhi dul nan Ceann ?	14. Then says Connan again, “Whom, O King, would you chuse to go, but your very wise son Fergus? since he is used to go on this business.”
15. Beir a Mhallachd a Connain Mhaoil Huirt an Feargheas bu chaoin Cruth Rachansa ghabhail an Sgeil Don Fhein 'scho bann air do Ghuth.	15. “My curse on thee, bare-headed Connan,” says Fergus of the fair complexions: “I will go and enquire about the heroes, but not for thy sake.”
16. Ghluais an Feargheas armoil og Air an Rod an Coinneamh nan'm fhear 'Sdehfisrich e le Comhradh foil Co na Sloigh sho higair Lear ?	16. Young warlike Fergus went away to the road to meet the men. He enquired with a mild voice, “Who were the multitude that came over the sea?”
17. Manus fuileach fearich fiar Mac Riogh Beatha nan Sgia Dearg. Ard Riogh Lochlin Ceann nan Clear. Giolla bo Mhor Fiabh as Fearg.	17. Bloody Magnus of the manly form, son of King Beatha of the red shield; chief King of Lochlin (*Norway*), and head of men, a man of furious appearance.
18. Ciod a ghluaisa Bhuin borb O Rioghachd Lochlan nan Colg scann Mar han a Mheadacha air Fhion A hanig air Triath hair Lear.	18. “What moved thee, thou fierce man! from the kingdom of Lochlin with fierce appearance; if it was not to increase our warriors, that the hero came over the sea?”
19. Air do Laimsa Fheargheas fhoile, Asan Fhein ga Mor do shuim Cha gabh fin Cumha gan B'hran, Agus a Bhean a hoirl o Fhean.	19. “By thy hand, thou mild Fergus! tho' thou art great among the heroes, we will not take a reward without Bran, and we will take the wife of Fingal himself.”

20. Bheiridh an Fhein Comhrag cruaidh Dod Shluadh ma'm fuighe tu Bran, Is bheridh Fean Comhrag trein Dhuil fein mum fuighe tu Bhean.	FERGUS. 20. "Our heroes will give thy people hard battle, before thou shalt get Bran; and Fingal will himself fight thee hard, before thou shalt get his wife."
21. Hanig Feargheas mo Bhrair fein. 'Sbu Chosbhail ri Grein a Chruth 'Shisidh e Sgeile go foil Ga' bosgaradh mor a Gehuth.	21. My brother Fergus came with his complexion like the sun; to tell the tale mildly, though his voice was loud.
22. Mac Riogh Lochlan sud faoin Traibh Go de'n fa gho bhi ga Chleth ? Cha gabh e gun Chomhrag dlu Na do Bhean's do Chu faoi bhreth.	22. "The son of the king of Lochlin is on the shore: Why should I conceal it? He will not depart without hard battle, or thy wife and thy dog as a reward."
23. Chaoidh cha tugainse mo Bhean Dodh 'aon Neach ata fuidh 'n Ghrein 'Scha mho mheir mi Bran gu brach Gus an leid am Bas na Bheil.	FINGAL. 23. "I never will give my wife to any one under the sun: neither will I give Bran for ever, till death takes hold of my mouth."
24. Labhair Mac Cumhail ri Goll Smor an Glonn duin bi nar tosd Nach tugamid Comhrag borb Do Riogh Lochlan nan Sciadh breachd.	24. Comhal's son spoke to Gaul, "It is great shame for us to be quiet; that we do not give hard battle to the King of Lochlin, of the spotted shield." *
25. Seachd Altramain Lochain lain Se labhair Goll gun fhas Cheilg Sair libhse gur Moran Sluaidh Bheir mi'm brigh fa'm buaidh gu leir.	25. "The seven brave sons, of the little lake of Lano, says Gaul without guile; you, think them a great multitude, but I will conquer them." †
26. Prios Se huirt an Tosgar bu mhor Brigh Diongamsa Riogh Inse-Tore S Cinn a Dha chomhirlich dheig Leig faoi 'm choimhir fein an Coisg.	26. Then says Oscar of mighty strength, "Give to me the King of Inistore (*the island of Wild Boars*); his twelve nobles have a sweet voice, leave me to quell them." ‡
27. Iarla Muthuin smor a Ghlonn Se huirt Diarmaid donn gun ghuin Coisge mise sud dar Fein No teuitim fein air a shon.	27. 'Earl Mudan's glory is great," says brown Dermid without malice; "I will quell him for thy heroes, or fall in the attempt." §
28.. Gur he dhabh mi fein fos Laimh Gad ha mi gun Chail an Nochd Riogh Termin na'n Comhrag teann, 'Sgo sgarrain a Chean re Chorp.	28. I myself took in hand, tho' I am at this night without vigour, King Terman of the close battles, that I should sever his head from his body.‖

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* Neither Mac-Nab, nor any other Highlander, to whom I shewed this poem, ever seemed to conceive, that there was any affinity between it and the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson: but, on comparing it with the poem called Fingal, I find the following parallel passages, book IV. some parts of which are a translation of the above song, though quite on a different subject. 24. "Behold," said the King of generous shields, "how Lochlin divides on Lena—Let every chief among the friends of Fingal take a dark troop of those that have grown so high. Nor let a son of the echoing groves bound on the waves of Inistore."

† "Mine, said Gaul, be the seven chiefs, that came from Lano's Lake."

‡ Let Inistore's dark King, said Oscar, come to the sword of Ossian's son: To mine the King of Iniscon, said Connal heart of steel.

§ Or Mudan's Chief, or I, said brown-haired Dermid, shall sleep on clay-cold earth.

‖ My choice, though now so weak and dark, was Terman's battling King. I promised with my hand, to win the hero's dark brown shield.

29.	29.
Beubh Beanneachd's buinibh buaidh Huirt Mac Cumhail nan Gruaidh dearg Manus Mac Gharra nan Sloidh Diongaidh mise ga mor Fhearg.	"Deserve blessings, and gain the victory," says Comhal's son with the red cheeks: "Magnus son of Gharra of multitudes, I will conquer, though great is his fury in battle."[*]
30.	30.
Noiche sin duinne gu Lo Bainmaig lein abhi gun Cheoil Fleagh gu fairsing fion is Ceir Se bheidh aig an Fhein ga ol.	From night to day, we seldom wanted music: a wide house, wine, and wax, are what we used to have, when we drank.
31.	31.
Chuncas mu'n do sear an Lo A gabhail Doigh an sa Ghuirt Meirg Riogh Lochlan an aigh Ga hogail on Traibh nan Nuchd.	We saw, before the dawn of day, the iron King of Lochlin, taking possession of the field; coming in his youth, from the shore, before the men.[†]
32.	32.
Chuir shinn Deo-ghreine ri Crann Brattaeh Fhein bu gharga Trus'h Lom-lan do Cloc'haibh oir Aguinue bu mhorra Meas.	We set up decently to a standard the colours of fierce Fingal: they were full of golden stones, and with us much esteemed.[‡]
33.	33.
Jommaid Cloimh Dorn-chan oir Jommaid Sroil ga chuir ri Crann 'N Cath Mhic Cumhail Fean nan fleadh 'Sbo Lionfar Sleadh osair Ceann.	Many a gold-hilted sword, many a flag was raised to its staff; in the hospitable son of Comhal's battle: and many a javelin was above us.[§]
34.	34.
Jommaid cotan, jommaid Triach Jommaid scia as lurich dharamh Jommaid Draoisich's mac Riogh 'Scha raibh fear riamh dheu gun arm.	Many a coat of mail, many a hero, many a shield, many a great breast-plate, many a king's son; and there was none of them without a weapon.
35.	35.
Jommaid Cloigid maifich cruaidh Jommaid Tuath is Jommaid Gath 'N Cath Riogh Lochlin na'm pios Bu lionfar Mac Riogh is Flath.	Many a handsome steel helmet, many a battle-ax (*the Lochabar Ax, see Gal. Ant. p.* 261.), many a dart, in the host of arms of the King of Lochlin of shells; and many heroes, the sons of kings.
36.	36.
Rinneadir an 'Nuirnig chruaigh 'S bhrisseadear air Buaidh na'n Gall Chrom shinn ar Cean an sa Chath Is rein gach Flath mar a Gheall.	They prayed fervently, and the forces of the strangers were broken: we bowed our heads in the battle, and every hero did as he had promised.[‖]

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[*] Blest and victorious be my chiefs, said Fingal of the mildest look; Swaran, King of roaring waves, thou art the choice of Fingal!"—The blessings here are evidently christian; Macpherson, in his translation, has very happily given them a different air—The next verse in the poem above is evidently corrupt, and improper.

[†] This verse, though following the challenges of the Fingalians, in my copy, is evidently analogous to Fingal's speech at the beginning of them in Macpherson.

[‡] This verse, like the former, is transposed. In Macpherson it precedes verse 31. "We reared the sun-beam of battle, the standard of the king: each hero exulted with joy, as waving it flew on the wind. It was studded with gold above, as the blue wide shell, of the nightly sky." The word translated by Mr. M. Sun-beam, *Deo-ghreine*, was by Mr. Darrach interpreted, Colours; as being more intelligible in English, though less literal.

[§] "Each hero," adds Macpherson, "had his standard too, and each his gloomy men."

[‖] This verse is not only Christian, but even superstitious: in Macpherson it is expressed somewhat differently: "The gloomy ranks of Lochlin fell, like the banks of the roaring Cona: "our arms were victorious on Lena, each chief fulfilled his promise."

37.

Hachair Mac Cumhail na'n Cuach
Agus Manus na'n ruag gun Adh
Ri cheil 'ann an Tuitim an tslaaidh
Chlerich nach bo cruaidh an Cas.

38.

Go'm be sud an Turleum tean
Mar Dheanna a bheridh da Ord
Cath fuilich an da Riogh
Go'm bo ghuinneach briogh an Colg.

39.

Air brisseadh do Sge an Dearg
Air eridh dhoibh Fearg is Fraoch
Heilg iad am Buil air an lar
'S hug iad Spairn an da Laoich.

40.

Cath fuileach an da Riogh
San leinne bu chian an Closs
Bha Clachan agus Talamh trom
Amosgladh faoi Bhonn an Coss.

41.

Leagur Riogh Lochlan gan Adh
Am fianish Chaich air an Raoch
'Sair san gad nach bhon air Riogh
Chuiridh ceangeal nan bu Chaoil.

42.

Sin nuair huirt Connan Maoil
Mac Mornadh bha riabh ri Hòle,
Cumur ruim Manus nan lan
'Sgo sgarrain an Ceann re Chorp.

43.

Cha neil agam Cairdeas na Gaoil
Riutsa Connain Mhaoil gun Fhoalt
O'n harla mi'n Grasan Fhein
'Sansa leum na bi faoi fu'd Smachd.

44.

O harla thu'm Grasabd fein
Cha'n iommair mi Bend Flath
Fuasglath mi husa o'm Fhein
A Laimh Threun gu cur mor Chath.

45.

'Sgeibh thu do raoghin aris
Nuairaheid thu do'd Thir fein
Cairdeas is commun doghna
Na do Lamh achuir faoi'm Fhein.

37.

The son of Comhal of the drinking horns, and Magnus the unfortunate, met together in the middle of the multitude : Clerk, was not that a dreadful case ?

38.

Was not that a close fight, like the strokes of two hammers, the bloody battle of the two kings, whose countenances were very furious? *

39.

After the red shield (*Sge Dearg*) was broken, their countenances being fierce ; they threw their weapons to the ground, and the two heroes wrestled for the victory. †

40.

The bloody battle of the two kings ; we longed for their separation : there were stones and heavy earth, opening below the soles of their feet. ‡

41.

The unfortunate King of Lochlin was overthrown, in presence of the rest, among the heath ; and, though it did not become a king, his feet and hands were tied. §

42.

Then says bald-headed Connan, son of Mornah, who was always drinking, " Hold, Magnus of the swords, whilst I sever his head from his body."

MAGNUS. 43.

" I have no friendship nor love for thee, bald Connan without hair : but though I am in Fingal's mercy, I would rather be so, than under thy authority."

FINGAL. 44.

" Since thou art in Fingal's mercy, I will allow no harm to thee : I will set thee at liberty from amongst my heroes ; thou strong hand to fight the battles !"

45.

" And thou shalt get thy own choice again, when thou shalt return to thy own country : friendship and unity always, or else be revenged, of our heroes." ||

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* The following verses are as analogous to the battle of Fingal and Swaran, Fingal, B. V. as the verses foregoing to the passages above quoted, from Macpherson : " When the two heroes met, there was the clang of arms ! There every blow, like the hundred hammers of the furnace : Terrible is the battle of the kings ; dreadful the look of their eyes."

† " Their *dark* brown shields (Sge *Dearg*) are cleft in twain. Their steel flies broken from their helms. They fling their weapons down. Each rushes to his hero's grasp. Their sinewy arms bend round each other : they turn from side to side ; and strain, and stretch, their large and spreading limbs below."

‡ " But when the pride of their strength arose, they shook the hill with their heels. Rocks tumble from their places on high : the green-headed bushes are overturned."

§ At length the strength of Swaran fell : the King of the Groves is bound.

|| In the sixth book of Fingal, this passage also is found : " Raise to-morrow," says Fingal to Swaran, " raise thy white sails to the wind, thou brother of Agandecca.—— Or dost thou chuse the fight ? The combat, which thy fathers gave to Trenmor, is thine ! that thou mayest depart renowned, like the Sun setting in the West ! "

[illegible] – [illegible] – prowess – not children

46.

Cha chuir mi mo Laimh faoi'd Fhein
Neian a Mhairtheas Cail am Chorp
Aon Bhuille Taoighe Fhein
Saithreach deinn no reinneas ort.

MAGNUS. 46.

"I will not take revenge of your heroes, as long as there is breath in my body; nor will I strike one stroke against thyself. I repent what I have done to you."*

47.

Mi fein agus Mathair is Goll
Triur bo mho Glonn san Fhein
Ged na sinn gun Draofich no Colg
Ach easteachd ri Hord Cleir.

47.

Myself, my Father, and Gaul, were the three who had most children, amongst our heroes; though we are now without strength, hearkening to clergymen's orders.

Many curious remarks might be made on the language of the foregoing poem, which abounds with words derived from the Latin, Danish, and Saxon tongues; as Clerich, Chorp, Fhir, Nochd, from the former; Barc, Iarla, Cotan, Brisseadh, from the latter: many particulars also worthy our attention occur in the style and versification; such are the paucity of epithets, the love of alliteration (see verse 29, l. 1.), and the frequent repetition of lines in every respect the same, as in Homer, probably with a design to assist the memory (as verse 3, l. 4, v. 28, l. 4, and 42, l. 4,—v. 14, l. 1, v. 42, l. 1, &c.); but because it would infringe too much on your Magazine to enlarge upon these subjects, I shall leave them to the acuteness of your readers.

Shaw, the last antagonist of Ossian, observes, that he could not meet with any songs, in the Highlands, which mentioned Swaran King of Lochlin: but that they all spoke of Manos or Magnus a name of later times. Perhaps the foregoing might be one of the songs he met with.

The two following poems I received from Mac-Nab, at the same time with the last. The first of them relates to the Death of Dermid: the History of a Song, on which subject I have already sent you, on the authority of Mr. Stuart of Blair.† The differences, which appear between the following song, and that described by Mr. Stuart, are not very great; and they serve mutually to explain one another. I there observed, that another song on this subject, much longer, and containing a greater number of circumstances, had been inserted by Mr. Smith, in his Galic Antiquities.‡ Mr. Smith's poem opening with an address to Cona, and Mount Golbun; describes Fingal's going out to hunt on the latter, and relates, that Dermid hearing the cry of the dogs, left the embraces of his wife, to join the chace. She following him, meets with an old man, mourning over his own wife and son; the latter of whom, having fallen at the chace, through the loss of his spear, she determined to pursue her husband, with a supernumerary one. Dermid joins Fingal, and engages the boar, incited by the promised rewards of that monarch. He loses his spear, but receives another from his wife; who is slain herself, by a wandering arrow. With the second spear, he pierces the breast of the boar; but the shaft being broken, he draws his sword, and kills the animal. Connan, the Thersites of the Highland songs, who had been Dermid's rival in love, then dares him to measure the boar; which he does, first in the same direction with the bristles, and receives no injury: but, being farther provoked by Connan, measures him again the contrary way, and the bristles piercing his feet he is slain.* His wife, not yet expired, mourns over him; and then dies. Their interment is described, and the poem concludes with Ossian's funeral song. Such is the history of Smith's poem, which in some respects coincides with the following, and in many differs from it: what few parallel passes there are I shall insert in the notes. Mr. Darrach, the translator of the former, was so kind as to translate these also for me.

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* "King of the Race of Morven," said the Chief of resounding Lochlin, "never will Swaran fight with thee, first of a thousand heroes!" I found these parallel passages, on a slight comparison of the above poem with Macpherson; perhaps a stricter search might find out many more. This poem under the title of Manos, has been likewise published by Mr. Smith, Gal. Ant. Edinb. 1780, p. 250; but the parallel passages, in his copy and mine, are scarcely so numerous as those above quoted from Macpherson: our copies agree only in the 16th, 21st, 22nd, 35th, 39th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, and 44th verses of the above poem. Even the story of the two copies is not the same: in Smith, besides many other differences, the poem concludes with the death of Manos; in my copy, Manos is only bound, like Swaran in Macpherson.

† See p. 7.

‡ Gal. Ant. p. 187 to 202.

MAR MHARB DIARMID AN TORC NIMHE.

Eisdibh beag ma's ail leibh Laoidh
Air chuideachd a chaoidh so chuaidh
Air Beinn Ghuilbenn's air Fuinn fial
'S air mac o Duine nan Sgeul truagh:
Dh'imis iad a bu mhor an fheall
Air mac o Duine bu dearg beul
Diol do bhein Ghuilben a shealg.
Tuirc, nach feadh airm a chaoidh
Dh'eirich a bheist as a suain
Dh'amhairc i uaip an gleann
Dh'fhairich i faragra nam Fian
Teachd a noir 's a niar na Ceann.
Mac o Duine nach d' ob diamh
Chuir e'n t sleagh an dail an Tuirc
Bhris e'innt 'an crann mu thri
Bu reachdar leis a bhi sa mhuic
Tharruing e shean lann o'n Truaill
Bhuigneadh buaidh anns gach blar
Mharbh mac o Duine a bheist
Thachair dha feir a bhi slan
'Shuidh sinn uil air aon Chnoc
Luidh mor sprochd air Ceann flath Fail
Air bhi dha fada na thosd
Labhair e's gum b'ole a chial

HOW DERMID KILLED THE POISONOUS WILD BOAR.

Give ear for a little, if you are fond of a poetical account, of those people that are now dead; and that went to Mount Golbun: and likewise of hospitable Fingal, and the Son of O Duine of the Mournful Tales. They prevailed, with great treachery, on the Son of O Duine of the Red Lip, to go to Mount Golbun, to hunt a wild boar, that no weapon could subdue. The beast awakened out of his sound sleep, he looked about him round the glen, and perceived the noise of the heroes, (*Fian*) coming east and west about him. The Son of O Duine, who never shunned a warlike enterprise, aimed his javelin at the boar; broke the shaft thereof in three pieces, and was displeased to find it so in the boar. He drew from the scabbard his trusty blade, that obtained victory in battle: the Son of O Duine killed the beast, and he himself was safe.† We all sat upon one hill, at which time Fingal was seized with a deep melancholy: after a long silence, he spoke in a fierce manner: "Dermid! measure the

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[*] The mode of mensuration here meant was performed by putting the feet one before the other along the boar's back, according to the original mode of measuring by the FOOT.

[†] Smith (p. 194.) gives this passage as follows: "With all his terrible might the chief lifts his spear; like a meteor of death red issuing from Lano's cloud, a flood of light, it quick descends. The head is lodged in the rough breast of the boar: the shaft flies over trees, through air. His sword is in the hero's hand, the old companion of his deeds in the hour of danger. Its cold point pierces the heart of the foe. The boar, with all his blood and foam, is stretched on earth." Smith adds, that the Clan of Campbell, said to be descended from Dermid, assume the boar's head for their crest from this event. Smith calls Dermid the son of Duino, p. 198; Macpherson calls him the son of Duthno. Fingal, B.V.

"Tomhais a Dhiarmaid f'a fochd
Cia mead troigh 's an Torc a Niar
"Seath troighe deug de fhior thomhas
Tha'm frioghan na Muice fiadhaich
Cho'n e fin iddir a tomha's
Tomhais a ris i Dhiarmaid
Tomhais a Dhiarmid a ris
Na aghaidh gu min an Torc
'S leatsa do roghair ga chionn
Tuil 'igh nan arm rann-gheur goirt.

boar, how many feet he measures to the westward!"—"Sixteen feet of neat measure, the bristles of the wild boar measure!" (*Fingal*) "That is not all the measure; measure it again, Dermid, measure it, Dermid, again, against the bristles, for so doing, you shall have your choice of my warlike weapons." *

Dh'eirich e sb'en turas gaidh
Thomhais e dhoibh an Torc
Tholl am friogh bha nimheil garg
Bonn an Laoich bu gharbh san trod
"Aon deoch dhamhs' ad Chuaich Fhinn
Fhir nam briathra blatha binn
Fon chaill mi mo bhrigh 'smo bhlaogh
O choin, gur truagh mur tabhair
"Cho toir mise dhuit mo Chuach
'Scha mho chabhras mi ar t iota
O's beag a rinn thes dom' leas
'Sgur mor a rinn thu do m'aimhleas
"Cha d'rinn mise cron ort riamh
Thall na bhos, a noir na niar
Ach imichd 'le Grain am braidd
Sa huir gam thobhairt fa gheassaibh.

He got up and undertook the hard task: he measured the boar to them. The venomous coarse bristles pierced the soles of the hero's feet, and severe was the enterprize. "One drink out of Fingal's cup (*Chuach Fhinn*). You with the warm sweet words! Since I have lost my strength and vigour in this attempt, it is cruel if you deny me."—"I will not give you my cup (*Chuach*), nor will I quench your drought; as you have done little to please me, and have done much to offend me."—"I never did you any harm, up or down, east or west; but proceeded rashly to recover myself of my metamorphoses." †

Gleann sith an gleann fiar rar taobh
'Slion 'ar guth Feidh ann, 's loin,
Gleann an tric an raibh an Fhiann
A nor 's an iar an deigh nan Con
An Gleann sin fos Beinn Ghuilbin ghuirm
'S ailidh tulachan tha fo'n Ghrein
'Stric a bha na struthain dearg
'N deigh do'n Fhian bhi seal an fheidh.
Sin e na shine air an Raon
Mac O Duin' air a thaobh feall
Na shine re laobh an Tuirc
Sin sgeul th'agair duit gu dearbh.
Guill ei deadh oir is eah
'S an eigin nan Creach nach ganu
Lamh bu mhor Gaisg is griomh
O choin mar tsia'n faoidh sa ghleann.

The glen alongside of us is dark; numerous there are the ruttings of deer, and the voices of blackbirds: in that glen, the heroes often went east and west, after their dogs: the glen under verdant Mount Golbun, whose hillocks are the fairest beneath the sun: where often the rivulets ran red, after the heroes had killed their deer. There, extended on the green, lies the son of O Duine, stretched on his lovely side along the boar, and clad in all his armour. This tale of truth have we to tell. Alas! Great is our loss! The hand that performed many valiant deeds! the chief of warriors lies in the glen!

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* Smith (p. 194.) alters this passage a little; and ascribes it to Connan, in the room of Fingal, as I have already said. "Measure, said Connan, that little soul, the boar which thou hast slain! Measure him with thy foot bare, a larger hath not been seen!" The foot of Dermid slides softly along the grain, no harm hath the hero suffered. "Measure, said Connan, the boar against the grain! and thine, chief of spears, shall be the boon thou wilt ask." The soul of Dermid was a stranger to fear; he obeyed again the voice of Connan. But the bristly back of Golbun's boar, sharp as his arrows, and strong as his spear, pierces with a thousand wounds his feet.—Dermid falls, like a tall pine on the heath." A boar sixteen feet long is large indeed!

† Smith omits this conversation: he thus speaks of it in a note, p. 195; "Such as may here miss the dialogue, concerning *Chuach Fhinn*, or the medicinal cup of Fingal, will remember, that it is of so different a complection from the rest of the poem, that no apology needs be made for rejecting it, as the interpolation of some later bard." Smith probably found it not easily susceptible of ornament; and inconsistent with his plan, as throwing the blame on Fingal; which were certainly sufficient reasons for his omitting it. I am not adequately acquainted with the secret history of Dermid, to explain what is meant by his metamorphoses, in my copy.

AN
GAIDHEAL.

> "*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein*
> *Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.*"—OISEAN.

VI. LEABH.] TREAS MIOS AN T-SAMHRAIDH, 1877. [67 AIR.

LITREACHAS NAN GAIDHEAL.

IX. NA H-AOIREAN.

CHA'N 'eil mi smuaineachadh gu'm biodh e freagarrach, agus cha'n e mo rùn, a bhi faotainn coire d'ar Baird ged nach faighear iad an comhnuidh a' leantuinn ro dhlù eisempleir a' Bhiobuill. Faodar a bhi cinnteach gu bheil iad ceart an uair a leanas iad an eisempleir so; ach cha'n urrainn sinn a bhi cho chinnteach gu bheil iad cearr an uair nach lean. Ma mholas iad an ni no an neach a tha an Sgriobtur a' diteadh; no ma dhiteas iad an ni no an neach a tha an Sgriobtur a' moladh, tha na Baird, agus cha'n e iadsan a mhain ach gach neach, a' deanamh clì. Ach far nach 'eil am Biobull a' toirt seachad teagasg soilleir air a' chuis, agus saoilidh mi gu'n aidich gach neach gu bheil roinn d'ar caithe-beatha a tha air fhagail ann an tomhas mor fo riaghladh air coguis fein, cha'n 'eil mi meas gu'm biodh e freagarrach air aon chor gu'm bi thusa no mise a' feuchainn ri bhi cur ar barail fein mar chuing air inntinnean dhaoine eile. Agus cha bu mhaith leam gu'm biodh aon againn a' diultadh d'ar Baird Ghaidhealach na saorsa, 'n an steigh agus 'n an cainnt, a tha air a cheadachadh do na Baird, gu sonruichte 'n an Aoirean, ann an rioghachdan agus ann an canainean eile. Mhi-bhuilich na Baird, gu tric, na buidhean luachmhor a bhuineadh dhoibh, agus cha'n 'eil teagamh agam nach do mheall iad, le'n Aoirean, iomadh uair an Sluagh a chuir earbsa asda airson teagasg fallain; ach air an laimh eile bha agus tha an teagasg agus an eisempleir, thar cheann, a chum maith an t-sluaigh. Ma dh'fhaodte nach do ghleidh na Baird an comhnuidh air chuimhne gu bheil "àm gu bhi tosdach" ann cho maith ri "àm gu labhairt;" ach tha mi meas gur e is fearr do'n t-saoghal gu'n do labhair iad an uair a bu choir dhoibh a bhi tosdach na na'm biodh iad tosdach an uair a bu choir dhoibh labhairt.

Tha aon ni gu sonruichte nach còir dhuinn a dhi-chuimhneachadh. Ma tha rùn a' Bhaird maith agus ma tha brigh a theagaisg fallain, is gann is urrainn dhuinn, saoilidh mi, tuillidh 'sa chòir de shaorsa a thoirt dh'a ann an cur a rùin an ceill. Is ann le aon mheidh a bu mhaith leam a bhi tomhas teagaisg na h-Aoir, agus le meidh tur-dhealaichte a bu mhaith leam a bhi tomhas rann agus cainnt a' Bhaird. Tha e ceart gu leoir dhuit-sa agus dhomh-sa a bhi toirt breith air gnè theagaisg Aoir no Laoidh no Searmoin ma's e sin ar miann, agus faodaidh sinn gun naire ar barail a chur fa chomhair an t-saoghail, ma dhearbhas sinn gur fiach ar barail eisdeachd rithe. Feudaidh e bhi gur ann dhuit-sa is fearr a thig e dol a thoirt barail air na cuisibh so na do'n Bhard fein. Feudaidh do bheachd mu thimchioll fior leas sluaigh a bhi na's cothromaiche na beachd a' Bhaird; agus feudaidh t-eolas a bhi na's farsuinge agus na's freagarraiche airson breith a thoirt air fallaineachd no mi-fhallaineachd teagaisg. Ach is dòcha, ma's airidh am Bard air an ainm, gur e a bharail-san is cothromaiche air co an rann agus a' chainnt is freagarraiche airson a smuain fein a chur an ceill. Agus gu sonruichte tha e fior fheumail a chuimhneachadh, an uair a bhitheas sinn a' beachdachadh air meur d'ar Bardachd rè iomadh linn d'ar n-eachdraidh, gu bheil sinn uile ro dheas gu bhi gabhail fasan agus cleachduin ar latha fein mar riaghailt airson a bhi sonruchadh ciod a tha ceart agus freagarrach ann an rann agus gu h-araid ann an cainnt am measg ghinealach agus linntean a bha ann an iomadh doigh dealaichte bhuainn. Tha na laghannan a tha sonruchadh fallaineachd no mi-fhallaineachd teagaisg soilleir, seasmhach, buan. Ach cha'n urrainnear so a radh mu na laghannan a tha sonruchadh freagarrachd no mi-fhreagarrachd cainnt. Tha so fior ann an doigh ro shonruichte mu thimchioll Ghaidheal na h-Alba. Cha robh leabhraichean ro shiubhlach 'n am measg a ghleidheadh ceangal eadar sgireachd agus sgireachd no eadar ginealach agus ginealach. 'Se eisempleir do sgireachd agus do latha fein is riaghailt dhuit airson snas agus cubhaidheachd do chainnt. Bho chionn leth-cheud bliadhna, air Galldachd agus air Gaidhealtachd, bha doigh chainnt air a ghnathachadh ris nach eisdeamaid an diugh le tlachd; agus an diugh fein cluinnidh sinn ann an aon sgireachd comhradh nach fuilingear ann an sgireachd eile. Tha modh agus gloine ann an cainnt feumail agus dlù air cho ionmholta ri firinn ann an teagasg, no ri ceartas ann an gniomh. Ach tha firinn ann an teagasg agus ceartas ann an gniomh 'n an dearbhadh moran na's earbsaiche air staid a' chridhe na tha a' chainnt a chunntas tusa salach no mi-mhodhail, ach a shaoileas mise a tha glan agus modhail gu leoir. "An ni a thig a mach as a' bheul, is e so a shalaicheas an duine," ach gu sonruichte an uair a tha e "a' teachd o'n chridhe."

Is mithich fheoraich ciamar a dh' uisnich na Gaidheil anns an rioghachd so an Aoir. Tha e coltach gu'n robh a ghnè Bhardachd cumanta 'n am measg o shean. Tha Eireannach foghluimte ag innseadh dhuinn gu'n robh e 'n a chleachduin aig na Baird a bhi seinn rannan eisgeil le deasghnathanna sonruichte d'an d'thug iad mar ainm *Glam Dichinn*, agus gu'n robh cumhachd no buaidh anns an ni so a thogadh léus no guirean air an aodann. Cho fad agus is aithne dhomh cha'n 'eil iomradh earbsach againn air cleachduin de'n t-seorsa so a bhi air a leantuinn ann an Albainn. Cha mho a gheibhear an Aoir air a h-uisneachadh mar mhodh-teagaisg anns a' Bhardachd Oiseinich, ged a chithear air uairean an spiorad a tha toirt beatha do'n Aoir anns a' Bhardachd sin, agus gu sonruichte anns na Sean-fhocail. Ach tha aobhar no dhà againn gu bhi creidsinn, ged nach do ghleidheadh air chuimhne na seann Aoirean 'n ar duthaich, gu'n robh an Aoir o shean cumanta am measg ar Sluaigh.

A dh'aon ni cha'n 'eil, ma dh' fhaodte, meur d'ar Bardachd is usa a' leigeadh ar dichuimhne na an Aoir. Feudaidh e bhi gu bheil e fior, mar thuirt am Bard Sasunnach, gu mair an t-ole a ni daoine beo 'n an deigh, agus gu bheil sinn teom air a' mhaith a ni iad a chur anns an ùir le'n cnamhan; ach tha mi meas, 'n ar measg-ne co-dhiu, gu bheil ar cuimhne na'sfearr air deagh ghniomhan na tha i air droch ghniomhan dhaoine. Tha mi de'n bharail gu'n dearbh ar Bardachd cho fad agus a tha cunntas earbsach againn mu deidhinn gu bheil ar corruich cho maith ri ar gaol teth; ach saoilidh mi gu'n gabh e dearbhadh mar an ceudna, agus is feart cliuiteach so 'n ar sluagh nach bu choir a dhi-chuimhneachadh, gu bheil ar gaol cho buan agus a tha ar corruich cho diombuan. An aite a bhi sgriobhadh easuntois ar daoine ann an umha agus an deadhbheusan ann an uisge; is ann a tha e fior mu Ghaidheil na h-Alba gu'n sgriobh sinn an cliù le peann iaruinn anns a' chraig, agus am mi-chliu le ar meur anns a' ghaineamh. Tha am Bard anns an Aoir a' buntainn a mhain ri nithean agus cuisean a latha fein. 'S e a rùn a bhi diteadh dhaoine a tha deanamh clì, no bhi 'caineadh agus a' fanoid air cleachduinean nach cord ris. Cha'n amhairc e air ais air eachdraidh a' shluaigh ach airson eisempleir no coimeas agus is gann a dh'amhairceas e idir air thoiseach air. An uair a shiubhlas an t-eucorach no a theid a' chleachduin á fasan is gann a bhitheas moran miagh air an Aoir a rinn am Bard mu'n deidhinn. Is leoir dhuit a ghleidheadh air chuimhne mar a dh' aoireas. Baird do latha fein eucoraich agus cleachduinean mi-cheutach do latha fein. Tha e soilleir mar so, mur teid an Aoir a sgriobhadh, gur e is docha nach gleidhear air chuimhne i. Agus ma tha e fior, mar thuirt mi cheana, gu bheil na Gaidheil ann an doigh ro shonruichte deas gu euceartan dhaoine a leigeadh as an cuimhne, faodar a thuigsinn ged bhiodh Aoirean cumanta gu leoir o shean nach biodh moran diubh air faotainn an diugh.

Agus tha an dearbhadh na's laidire gu'n robh an Aoir cumanta o shean ged tha i nis air chall ma bheir sinn fanear gu faighear brìgh na h-Aoir 'n ar seann litreachas gu sonruichte anns na Sean-fhocail agus anns na Sgeulachdan. A rìs anns a' cheud chunntas earbsach a tha againn mu'n Bhardachd a bha siubhlach am beul an t-sluaigh, gheibhear an Aoir 'n a lan neart. Anns a Bhardachd Oiseinich, cia air bith mar ghleidheadh air chuimhne i, no cia b'e a' cheud duine a sgriobh i mar tha i againne, cha'n fhaighear ach roinn de'n Bhardachd a bha siubhlach am measg ar sluaigh, ged is e sin an roinn a b'airde, agus a bu chliuitiche. Is ann an Leabhar Deadhan Lis-mhoir a gheibh sinn a cheud chunntas earbsach air gach gnè Bhardachd anns an robh Gaidheil a' faotainn toilinntinn. Sgriobh an duine so a sios a' Bhardachd a fhuair e ann am beul dhaoine 'n a latha fein. Chaidh an leabhar a sgriobhadh o chionn tri-cheud-gu-leth bliadhna. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach do rinneadh moran de'n Bhardachd a tha anns an leabhar iomadh bliadhna roimhe sin; ach tha an cruinneachadh so'n a dhearbhadh cho firinneach air a ghnè Bhardachd a bha siubhlach am measg Ghaidheal an là ud anns na criochan anns an robh MacGriogair a chomhnuidh agus a tha "An t-Oranaiche" a tha Mac-na-Ceardadh a' cur a mach an traths' ann an Glascho 'n a dhearbhadh air na h-Orain a tha miaghail aig luchd-seinn ar latha-ne. Cuid de na h-Orain so rinneadh o chionn corr agus ceud bliadhna; cuid eile rinneadh o chionn latha no dhà. Cha'n innis "An t-Oranaiche," ma dh'fhaodte c'uin a rinneadh na h-Orain; ach bithidh an leabhar 'n a dhearbhadh do gach linn air na h-Orain is siubhlaiche an diugh, agus is airidh, ann am beachd Mhic-na-Ceardadh, air an gleidheadh air chuimhne. Air a cheart doigh cha'n innis Leabhar Deadhan Lis-mhoir c'uin a rinneadh a' Bhardachd a gheibhear ann; ach tha e 'n a dhearbhadh air a ghnè Bhardachd a bu chumanta a fhuair MacGriogair am beul an t-sluaigh, agus a b'airidh 'n a bheachd-san air a sgriobhadh ann an leabhar.

Ann an Leabhar Deadhan Lis-mhoir gheibhear Bardachd de gach seorsa a bha cumanta am measg Ghaidheil o'n àm sin; agus is eigin a chreidsinn a bha cumanta roimh an àm sin ged nach 'eil cunntas againn mu'n chùis. Gheibh sinn roinn de'n Bhardachd air a h-ainmeachadh air Oisein. Gheibh sinn Laoidhean agus Marbhrannan ro thric. Cha'n fhaighear Orain shùgach no abhachdach ach tearc. Tha Orain ghaoil na's trice; agus tha Aoirean lionmhor. Tha mi a smuaineachadh na'n gabhadh aon os laimh aig àm 's am bith d'ar n-eachdraidh o chionn tri-cheud bliadhna dol a sgriobhadh sios gach gnè Bhardachd a chluinneadh e am measg a luchd-eolais mar a ghabh MacGriogair gu'm biodh 'n a chruinneachadh Laoidhean, Marbhrannan, Orain-ghaoil, agus Aoirean mar ann an leabhar MhicGriogair agus dlù air an aon aireimh am measg a' cheile. Saoilidh mi, ma ta, gu'm faod sinn a bhi cinnteach nam biodh cruinneachaidh air an deanamh ann an linn sam bith de eachdraidh ar sluaigh roimh an àm sin gu'm faighteadh an Aoir cho cumanta 'n ar measg agus a tha i o chionn ceithir-cheud bliadhna.

Dh'iomraidh mi cheana anns a' *Ghaidheal* gu bheil e comharraichte mu na h-Aoirean a gheibhear ann an leabhar Deadhan Lis-mhoir cho liutha aon agus a tha mu Mhnathan agus mu Shagairtean. Is eigin aideachadh nach do nochd na Gaidheil Albannach ré an eachdraidh a leithid de mheas agus de urram do na mnathan agus a bha cumanta am measg rioghachdan na h-Eorpa. Bha e gun teagamh 'na chleachduin am measg ar sinnsearachd o shean a bhi cunntas cairdeis a thaobh na mathar na bu dluithe agus na bu dilse na cairdeas a thaobh an athar, agus their na h-eolaich gur ann le fuil na mathar a bha còraichean agus seilbh a' ruith; ach cha'n 'eil mi meas gur dearbhadh so air urram neo-chumanta a bhi air a thoirt do na mnathan. Tha mi smuaineachadh gu'm faighear dearbhadh 'n ar doigh-chainnt gus an latha diugh gu'n robh an Gaidheal ag amharc air fein ann an inbhe os cionn na mnà; agus tha mi meas, ged nach faighear moran, ma dh'fhaodte, is teodha agus is seasmhaiche gaol na an t-oganach Gaidhealach, gu'n dearbh ar n-Orain Ghaoil gu'n robh, 'n an leannanachd, an cumhachd agus an t-ughdarras air a luthasachadh do'n ghille 'n ar measg-ne a tha air iarraidh agus air a thoirt do'n nighinn ann an aitean eile. A dh'aon ni cha'n 'eil mi meas gu'm faighear ann an litreachas eile, agus gu sonruichte ann am Bardachd, a reir a mheud agus a ghleidheadh de'n Bhardachd Ghaidhealaich air chuimhne, uiread de chainnt shuaraich agus de Aoirean mu mhnathan agus a gheibhear anns a' Ghaidhlig. Dearbhaidh leabhar Lis-mhoir so, agus dearbhaidh gach cruinneachadh Bardachd eile e a nuas gu dlù air ar latha fein. An aon Oran is graineile, ma dh'fhaodte, a chaidh ann an clò, no ann an sgriobhadh, no ann an cainnt, gheibhear e ann an Gaidhlig, air a dheanamh leis a' Bhard Ghaidhealach, ma dh'fhaodte, is cumhachdaiche a tha againn do mhnaoi Ghaidhealaich an deigh a bàis. Creididh mi nach d'thug MacGriogair leis na chuala e de Aoirean air mnathan, agus cha do chuireadh ann an clo na sgriobh esan de na h-Aoirean so, agus the sin cho maith. Ach gheibhear anna an leabhar an àite agus an àits doigh-labhairt mu mhnathan nach faighear lide dheth ann an Oisean, agus nach faighear moran dheth 'n ar litreachas o chionn dà fhichead bliadhna air ais.

Cha'n 'eil mi ro chinnteach co-dhiu a thoilleadh no nach toilleadh luchd-dreuchd na h-Eaglais Ghaidhealaich ceithir cheud bliadhna roimhe so a' chliù a fhuair iad o na Baird. Agus cha'n fhios domh an gabh e nis dearbhadh co-dhiu a bha no nach robh an sluagh thar cheann a' cur an aonta ri eisg nam Bard anns a' cheum so. Ach ma bha trian de na theireadh na Baird mu shagairtean, mu chleirich, agus mu mhanaich fior, cha robh gun teagamh na daoine so na b'fhearr anns an àm ud na bu choir dhoibh. Agus saoilidh mi gur eigin nach robh uiread meas aig an t-sluagh air sagairtean an là ud agus a tha aca air ministeirean ar latha-ne. Dh'ainmich mi roimhe so aon no dhà d'ar Sean-fhocail anns a' bheil dimeas air a dheanamh air sagairtean agus air cleirich. Cha'n aithne dhomh Bardachd no seanachas 'n ar litreachas o chionn dà cheud bliadhna anns a' bheil a' Chleir, mar dhreuchd, air an diteadh airson aingidheachd an caithe-beatha no mi-fhallaineachd an teagaisg. Ma 's e agus gu'n robh an sluagh a' creidsinn gu'n robh a' Chleir no eadhon roinn dhiu fuasgailte 'n an giulan, bha e dligheach gu leoir do na Baird an aoireadh. Cha'n 'eil dreuchd 'n ar measg cho toillteanach air meas agus air urram ris a' Chleir cho fada agus a tha an giulan coimhlionta; agus, ann an tomhas mor do bhrigh so, cha'n 'eil dream eile cho airidh air tàir, tamailt, agus masladh mur 'eil an giulan a reir an aidmheil.

> "Do chaidh mise Robart féin,
> Do mhainisdear[*] an dé a nunn,
> Agus nior leigeadh mi a steach,
> O nach robh mo bhean mar rium."

Ma bha so fior no ma bha daoine a' creidsinn gu'n robh, cha b'urrainn Bard steigh a bu fhreagarraiche airson Aoir fhaotainn.

Gheibh sinn anns an leabhar so gu tric Aoirean do na Mnathan thar cheann agus gheibh sinn na Baird a' labhairt suarach mu'n Chleir, agus mar chunnaic sinn a' cur aon chionta co-dhiu as an leth; ach cha robh e 'na chleachduin aig Baird Ghaidhealach an là ud, no aig Baird Ghaidhealach latha sam bith eile, a bhi seinn ro thric mu ni sam bith thar cheann. Ma bha buaidh a bu mhaith leat a mholadh, no cionta a bu toigh leat a chaineadh, dheanadh tu greim air cuideigin anns an robh a' bhuaidh no an cionta air faighinn aite agus mholadh no chaineadh tu an duine gu foghainteach. Na'n sgriosadh tu na ciontaich cha'n fhaigheadh an Gaidheal moran coire dhuit ged nach caineadh tu cionta. Na'n tugadh tu dh'a daoine fior, caoimhneil, dileas, treun, leigeadh e le firinn, le caoimhneas, le dilseachd, agus le treuntas a bhi dol. Cha'n aithne dhomh ach gann feart eile 'nar Bardachd Ghaidhealaich, ann an coimeas ri Bardachd rioghachdan eile, is comharraichte na am feart so. Gheibh sinn gun teagamh air uairean, ach is ann fior ainmig, am Bard Gaidhealach a' deanamh Aoir do'n Mhisg no Oran gearanach no cnaideil do'n Aois; ach is ann do chuid-eigin a tha 'na mhisgeir, no do neach eigin air a' bheil eucailean na h-aois air luidhe gu trom is fearr leis an t-Oran a dheanamh. Agus cha chuimhne leam an ceart uair aon Oran air an do rinn meodhair an t-sluaigh greim air a dheanamh do Uabhar, no do Cheilg, no do Chairdeas, no do Chaoimhneas. Bha ar sluagh a' cur meas no dimeas air na feartan so; ach a mhain an uair a gheibhteadh iad fuaighte ann an cridhe aon d'an luchd-eolais. Cha chuireadh iad moran meas no dimeas air ni no air duil no air faileus ris an canadh tu *uabhar* no *ceilg* no *irisleachd* no *firinn* a bha snamh an aite eigin anns an iarmailt. Cha'n 'eil mi ro chinnteach gu'n tuigeadh a mhor chuid d'ar Baird Ghaidhealach gu ro mhaith thu na'm feuchadh tu ri dhearbhadh dhoibh gu'n robh firinn, *innte fein*, *'n a gnè*, maiseach, ionmholta; agus gu'n robh ceilg, *innte fein* agus *'n a gnè*, micheutach, agus olc. Ach lan thuigeadh iad thu, agus bu mhaith a thaitneadh e riu, 'n an caitheadh tu do theanga agus do chainnt a' moladh Chaluim a' Rugha a chionn gu'm bu duine fior, creideasach e; no a' caineadh Raoghaill a' Chnoic a chionn nach robh ann ach an daor chealgair. An ni nach faiceadh an t-suil, no nach laimhseachadh an lamh, no nach gabhadh cur ann an dealbh soilleir fa chomhair na h-inntinn, cha ghabhadh am Bard Gaidhealach moran suim dheth. Ach thoir cruth agus dealbh dh'a air chor agus gu'm bi e comasach do phòran a' chuirp no do cheud-faithean na h-inntinn a chuairteachadh agus aithneachadh, agus cha chuir thu bith no duil fa chomhair a' Bhaird nach gabh e ris gu suilbhearra.

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[*] Monastery.

Thainig ni-eigin de atharrachadh o chionn ceud-gu-leth bliadhna 'n ar litreachas mu'n chuis so. An uair a thoisich ar sluagh air roinn da'm foghlum fhaotainn á leabhraichean agus a ghabh iad os laimh dol a theagasg an coimhearsnach, chunnaic iad nach biodh e freagarrach no ma dh'fhaodte saor o chunnart a bhi 'n comhnuidh a' moladh an fhirein agus gu sonruichte a' caineadh nan eucorach air an ainm agus air an sloinneadh. Gheibh sinn an t-atharrachadh 'n ar Bardachd agus gu sonruichte 'n ar Laoidhean. Seall air "Gaisgeach" Dhughaill Buchannain, "Deagh Shaighdear" Phadruig Ghrannd, agus an leithide sin. Ach tha sinn fathasd comharraichte anns a' cheum so o rioghachdan eile. Chuala mi ministeir Gaidhealach o chionn ghoirid ag radh r'a shluagh, "Ma bheir thu air falbh fuath, farmad, mi-run, gamhlas, ceilg, breugan, agus an leithide sin, cha mhor a dh'fhagus tu de'n Diabhul," agus shaoil mi nach robh e fada mearachd. A dh'aon ni bha a theagasg ann an dlù cho-chordadh ri inntinn agus ri beachd nan Gaidheal.

Ann an leabhar Deadhan Lis-mhoir gheibh sinn sannt agus spiocaireachd air an caineadh, ann an Aoir no Marbhrann do Lachlunn Bleidire. Tha caochlaidheachd na beatha so air a theagasg dhuinn le còmhradh cheathrar dhaoine aig uaigh Alastair Uaibhrich:

"Dubhairt an ceud fhear dhiubh,
Do bhitheamar an dé fa'n righ,
Sluagh an domhain, truagh an dail,
Ge a ta e an diugh 'na aonaran.
Do bhi an dé righ an domhain duinn,
'Na mharcach air talmhainn truime,
Gur e an talamh a ta an diugh,
'Na mharcach air a mhuin-san.
A dubhairt an treas ughdair glic,
Bhi am bith an dé aig mac Philip,
An diugh aige nocha 'n 'eil,
Ach seachd troidh dhe'n talmhainn.
Alastair muirneach mòr,
Alastair thasgadh airgiod 'us òr,
An diugh, ars' an ceathramh fear,
A ta an t-òr 'g a thasgadh-sa."

Agus ma tha dhìth ort fhaicinn mar a ghreadadh na Baird Ghaidhealach, ceithir cheud bliadhna roimhe so, ciontaich an latha fein, leugh an Aoir a rinn am Bard ruadh Fionnladh do Ailean MacRuairidh,

"A chreach I 'us Reilig Orain,
. . . Cochull nan ord 'us nan aifrionn,"

agus a rinn,

"Creach eile nach robh 's an lagh,
Air Finan an Gleann Garaidh,"

Cha do rinn Fionnladh an Aoir gus an do chaochail Ailean, agus ma b'e Ailean Ceann-cinnidh Chloinn Raonaill, mar is coltach gu'm b'e, bu mhaith dh'a féin nach d'rinn.

D. M'K.

ORAN D'A NIGHINN,

LE DOMHNULL MAC RUAIRIDH.

Gur e mis' tha fo mhì-ghean,
'S mi leam fhéin air a' chnoc,
Cha'n 'eil m' aigneadh rium sìobhalt',
Gu'm bheil m' inntinn fo sprochd,
'S gun mo chuideachadh làimh rium,
Sgeul a chràidh mi gu goirt;
Ach ma rinn thu nis m' fhàgail
'S mòr an gràdh 'bh 'agam ort.

Bha mi'n raoir aig an teine
Ann am chaithris 'n déigh chàich,
Gus an robh mi a' smaointean
Gu'n ghabh daoine mu thàmh,
An dùil gu'n cluinninn do bhruidhinn
A' tighinn mar b'àill;
'N uair a ghabh mi'n sin fadachd,
Chaidh mi 'chadal fo phràmh.

O! cha d'fhuair mi'n raoir cadal,
Cha robh m' aigne na 'tàmh,
'S mi ri ionndrainn na gruagaich
A dh'fhalbh Diluain gu maith tràth;
Gu'm bi snidh' air mo chluasaig,
Iomadh uair air do sgàth;
'S bochd an naigheachd gu'n d'ghluais thu
'Na Cheann-uachdrach a thàmh.

'S iomadh crois' th' anns an t-saoghal—
'S mise dh'fhaodadh a ràdh,
Fhuair mi buillean 'bha ciùrrta,
'S tric mo sgiùrsadh le bàs;
'N uair a thug thu do chùl rium,
Shil mo shùilean gu làr;
Cha'n 'eil stà dhomh 'bhi'g innseadh
Gu'm bheil m' inntinn fo phràmh.

O, cha sheinn mi chaoidh òran,
Thuit mo dhòchas gu làr;
Dh'fhalbh mo shùgradh 's mo shòlas,
Thàinig bròn nis na'n àit';
Tha mo chridhe gu sgaoileadh,
Tha mi 'smaointean, le cràdh;
'S tha mo chadal ro luaineach,
Ort a' smuaineach' gach tràth.

'S ann ort fhéin tha'n cùl dualach,
Mar bu dual dhuit, a' fàs;
'S goirt an naigheachd ri 'luaidh leam
Gur e 'ghluais thu am bàs;
Dh'fhàg sud snidh' air mo ghruaidhibh
Na h-uile uair gheibh mi fàth;
'S mur a caochail mo smuairean,
Gur h-i'n uaigh mo lag-tàimh.

O [illegible] a dh'fhàgadh thu d'aonar,
Thug mi gaol dhuit thar chàich;
Och, a righ! 's beag a shaoil mi
Gu'n tigeadh caochladh cho gearr:
Ach mo bheannachd gu buan leat
A dh'ionnsuidh uarach do bhàis,
Agus Ard-Righ nam buadhan
A bhi mu'n cuairt ort mar *gheard.*

Ged tha d'athair car driopail,
Mar a bhrist air le bàs,
Cha'n e idir a ghluais thu,
Och, mo thruaighe, cho tràth,
Ach do mhuime bhi'n gruaim riut,
Mar a chualas aig càch:
Gu'm bheil sud riutha fuaighte,
Nuas o dhualchas, a' fàs.

Bha do mhuime ro ghòrach
'Dhol g'ad fhògairt cho tràth,
Le 'cuid smaointeanan neònach
Mar tha'n *stòiri* ag ràdh;
Tha do pheathraichean òg leam,
Gus mo chòmhnadh na 'thràth;
So an t-earrach a bhuail mi,
Och! mo thruaighe, mar tha!

'So an t-earrach a chiùrr mi,
Dh'fhàg mi tùirseach a ghnàth,
'N uair a thug thu do chùl rium,
Thuig mi, 'rùin, mar a bha;
O! cha'n fhaic mi'n fheill-Peadair
'S an t-seadh so gu bràth,
Bi nis, Ard-Righ nan dùilean
Ga mo stiùireadh le d'ghràs.

Tha mo chlaisneachd 'g am thréigsinn,
'S gun mo léirsinn ach mall,
Tha sud a' teagasg le réusan
Gu'm bheil mo réis 'tighinn gu 'ceann;
A Thi a dh'fhuiling 'nam àite,
'S a bha dhomh gràsmhor gach àm,
Biodh do Spiorad 'g am stiùireadh
Rè mo chùrsa troimh 'n ghleann.

'N uair a pheacaich ar sinnsreadh
Dh'fhàg iad dìleab aig càch,
Ged bha' fhreumhaichean ìosal
Rinn iad dìreadh an àird',
'S tric a mhealladh na fìrean'
Bu dìsle na càch;
'S tha na boirionnaich, cinnteach,
Iomadh fillte ro chearr.

Ged a dh'innsinn-sa 'n tiotal,
Mur a misde cha'n fheairrd,
Tha' air aithris 's an fhìrinn
Le làn-chinnte mar thà;
'S iomadh earann 's a' Bhìobul
A ni'n dìteadh gu bràth,
'S anns na litrichibh prìseil
'Chaidh a sgrìobhadh le Pàl.

Ann an Gnath-fhocail Sholaimh
Fhuair mi coimeas no dhà;
Gu'm bheil teine 'n am broilleach,
A bhios 'na dholaidh do chàch;
O! cha ruig mi leas fianuis
A bhi ga h-iarraidh 's a' chàs,
A' neach bu ghlice 's an t-saoghal,
Chuir e aont' ris mar thà.

O ! Thighearna phrìseil,
  D'an léir gach ni a bhios cearr,
Dean do lagh nis a sgrìobhadh
  Air a h-inntinn gun dàil,
Thoir dhi gliocas na fìrinn'
  Nach dìobair gu bràth,
'S dean a trèorachadh dìreach
  A dh'ionnsuidh rìoghachd nan gràs.

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

Mur. "Fhir mo ghraidh, am bheil thu air do chois a' cheana ? Bha duil agam nach do charuich mac mathar 'sa Ghoirtean-Fraoich ach mi fein, a dh'eirich gu moch a dh'fhaicinn gach atharrachaidh a rinneadh mu'n Chaisteal o'n bha mi ann so mu dheireadh."

Coin. "Ma ta, a' Mhurachaidh, an deigh na dh'fhuiling thu fein agus an gearran donn an de, le h-anradh nan siantan, bha duil agam nach cuireadh tu cul ris a' chluasaig co trath, agus is dara nadar an cleachd."

M. "Ciod an obair mhoir a tha dol air aghaidh air taobh eile na h-aimhne le Sir Seumas an tras, a' Choinnich ? Chunnaic mi tri na ceithir fhicheadan fear, a dh'easbhuidh an cotaichean, le piocaidean, caibean, agus gaimhleagan aca nan lamhaibh, air an robh a choslas a bhi 'cur ris an obair da rireadh."

C. "Abair sin, a' Murachaidh ; ach 'si so a chuis. Runaich Sir Seumas coir talamh treabhaidh a dheanamh dhe'n Ghoirtean-Sheillich gu leir, agus shuidhich e an obair air fad air O'Connor Mor an t-Eireannach sin a ghabh na h-oibrichean aig tighearna Ghlinn-Fannaich, air son na h-uiread as an acair. Tha corr is cuig ceud acair air fad gu bhi air an glanadh, air an reiteachadh, agus air an tiormachadh le claisibh agus piobaibh creadha, agus an uair a bhios iad deiseil, suidhichidh e air an tuath iad, le fichead acair a thoirt do gach teaghlach, maille ri tighean gasda, freagarrach a thogail dhoibh ann an aon sraid aig ceann an cuid fearainn fa leth."

M. "Is maith, iochdmhor, agus baigheil an duine Sir Seumas, aig am bheil mor-speis do'n tuath aige, agus nach caomhain saothair no cosdas chum an leas. Is trocaireach an t-Uachdaran e, agus bu sholasach e ri 'fhaicinn agus ri 'chluinntinn n'am biodh gach Uachdaran Gaidhealach eile cosmhuil ris."

C. "Uachdaran ni's fearr cha do sheas riamh a'm broig. Cha'n 'eil mallachdan nan daoine bochda 'na dheigh, mar an deigh nan Uachdaran ain-iochdmhor a tha saruchadh nan creutairean truagh sin a tha fodhpa, 'gan greasadh gu criochaibh cumhann, agus 'gan claoidh le bochduinn, a' cur an fhearainn a dh'araich iomadh cuiridh calma agus treun, fo na feidh agus na caoraich bhana."

M. "Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach fhaigh Sir Seumas coir a dhuais ann an saoghal ni's fearr. Is taitneach a bhi 'faicinn an fhearainn treabhaidh 'ga mheudachadh ; agus n'an deanadh gach Uachdaran 'sa Ghaidhealtachd mar a tha Sir Seumas a' deanamh, bhiodh pailteas gach bliadhna 'san tir air son gach duine agus ainmhidh ; ach ciod a ghne sluaigh a tha 'sna h-Eireannaich, oir thubhairt thu gu'n d'thug O'Connor Mor luchd-oibre as a dhuthaich fein."

C. "Is esan a rinn sin. Thug e mu chuig fichead fear leis a h-Eireann a ghiulan oibrichean Ghlinn-Fannaich air an aghaidh, agus air dhoibh sin a bhi air an criochnachadh, thug e na fir leis do'n Ghoirtean-Sheillich far am fac thu iad 'sa mhaduinn agus is calma, cridheil na fir iad da'rireadh."

M. "A nis, a' Choinnich, am bheil iad gu'n teagamh co deas-bhriathrach agus co ealanta le m' freagairtibh, 'sa ta air a chur as an leth?"

C. "Cha'n 'eil teagamh sam bith nach 'eil. An uair a bhios sannt gaire orm, cha'n 'eil agam r'a dheanamh ach ceum a thoirt null do'n Ghoirtean-Sheillich, agus eisdeachd ann sin re tamuill ri comhradh nam fear, agus is minic a bhios mo chliathaichean goirt a' garachdaich ri bearradaireachd nam briathar a chluinneas mi."

M. "Am bheil cuimhn' agad air a 'bheag dhe'n chomhradh a chual thu mar sin 'nam measg?"

C. "Dh'fheudainn ni's leoir a bhi air mheomhair agam dhe sin n'an gabhainn suim deth, ach cha d'rinn mi strith sam bith gu'n cumail air m' inntinn. Bha mi thall n'am measg an la-roimh-n'-de, an uair a thainig fear mu'n cuairt a bha 'reiceadh chistean no chobhana beaga a ghleidheadh eudaichean, no nithe sam bith mar sin dhe'n robh curam 'ga ghabhuil. Dhiubh so bha lan cartach aig a' cheannaich dheth gach meud agus cumadh. Bha Eireannach bochd, luideagach ri taobh an rathaid aig an robh piocaid 'na laimh, agus thubhairt fear na cartach ris, 'Thig air t-aghaidh, a' Phat, thig air t-aghaidh, agus ceannaich a' chiste bheag, bhoidheach so, aig am bheil deagh ghlas is iuchar, agus bithidh i ro fheumail dhuit, an uair a tha thu fad o d' dhachaidh fein.' 'C'arson, a' ghraidh mo chridhe, a cheannaichinn-sa a' chiste sin,' ars' an t-Eireannach? 'C'arson, ach chum t-eudach a chur innte,' deir am fear eile. 'Seadh, seadh, tha'n gnothuch ro mhaith,' arsa Pat, oir ann sin dh'fhalbhainn ruisgte, oir cha'n 'eil snathainn eudaich air thalamh agam ach na luideagan breuna so a tha mu m' choluinn."

M. "Ro ghasda da rireadh, oir cha deanadh e'n gnothuch do Phat bochd dealachadh ris na luideagaibh aige air an suarraichead; ach ciod tuilleadh a chual thu aca, a' Choinnich?"

C. "Bha aon diubh a la roimh ag innseadh dhomh 'eachdraidh fein, mu thuras a ghabh e as an duthaich aige air bord luinge gu Sasunn dh'ionnsuidh an fhogharaidh. Re na slighe bha e'cas-imeachd sios agus suas, suas agus sios gu'n stad, air clar-uachdar na luinge agus an tra's 'sa ris ag amharc gu geur air a' Chaiptein gu'n lide a labhairt. Ach mu dheireadh, 'nam doibh a bhi 'tarruing gu tir, thainig an cleireach mu'n cuairt, agus dh'iarr e an t-airgiod-slighe air Pat bochd. 'Air do shocair a nis a' Ghraidh-geal mo chridhe,' deir Pat, 'is cinnteach leam nach ceadaich an Caiptean ni co suarach ri sgillinn ruadh iarraidh air buanaiche bochd mar a ta mise, oir bha Onoir fein fianuiseach gu'n do choisich mi gach ceum dhe'n t-slighe."

M. "Mo thruaigh! Pat bochd, thoill e cuan-thuras fhaotuinn a nasgaidh, an uair a dh'imich e re na slighe co dìchiollach; ach ciod tuilleadh, a' Choinnich, a chual no 'chunnaic thu?"

C. "Chual mi lionmhorachd chomhraidhean iongantach 'nam measg, ach 'san am chaidh iad a mo chuimhne. Feudaidh mi innseadh dhuit mar a dh'eirich do Mhorgan Finnigan aon dhe'n luchd-oibre. Air la araidh o cheann ghoirid, bha duin'-uasal a' gabhail an rathaid seachad air an obair, agus bha Morgan Finnigan a' dol gu'dhineir, agus a' siubhal dluth air sailtibh an duin'-uasail. Bha'n la grianach, blath; agus bha an duin'-uasal a' siabadh an fhalluis bharr a ghruaidhibh le 'naipicinn-poca. Ann an uine ghoirid, dh'ionndrain e a naipicinn a bha aige o cheann mionaid 'na laimh, agus air tionndadh dha, rinn e greim air

Morgan bochd air amhaich, agus thubhairt e ris gu frionasach, 'A' chrochair gu'n naire, ghoid thu mo neapaicinn-poca.'—'Air do shocair, a dhuin' uasail,' ars' Morgan, 'air do shocair, na bi co cas, co bras, na co bruidhneach!' Rinn Morgan strith chruaidh gu faotuinn as a lamhaibh, ach rinn am fear eile strith ceart co cruaidh chum a ghreim dhe'n Eireannach a ghleidheadh gus am faigheadh e an deagh neapaicinn-sioda a ghoideadh uaith. Mu dheireadh anns a' chomh-strith, thuit an ad o cheann an duin'-uasail air an lar, agus thuit an neapaicinn-poca a mach as an aid air an rathad-mhoir. 'Tha mi 'g iarraidh maitheanais ort, a' dhuine bhochd,' ghlaodh an duin'-uasal ris an Eireannach, 'rinn mi casaid-bhreige 'nad' aghaidh, air duit a bhi neo-chiontach dhe'n mheirle a chuir mi as do leth.' Fhreagair Morgan gu seimh, ciuin, agus thubhairt e; 'Na cuir dragh sam bith ort fein mu'n chuis—na cuireadh e trioblaid-inntinn sam bith ort, oir cha robh ann ach so, gu'n do ghabh thusa mise gu bhi a'm mheirleach, agus ghabh mise thusa gu bhi 'nad' dhuin'-uasal, agus bha sinn le cheile air ar mealladh gu tur 'nar barail."

M. "Air m'onoir, a' Choinnich, is maith a thoill Morgan bochd lan na gloine, agus nam biodh an cothrom agam bheirinn dha i, air son searbhadais a bhriathra dh'aindeoin an ciuineis, agus air son an doigh air 'na fhreagair e am fear a bha los gaduiche a dheanamh dheth gu'n aobhar. Bha Morgan Finnagan gleusda!"

C. "Cha'n 'eil teagamh sam bith nach 'eil na h-Eireannaich mar threubh no mar chinneach anabarrach deas-chainnteach, agus 'nan sluagh air nach bi uair air bith am freagradh air chall! Bha duine tapaidh eile d'am b'ainm Morgan O'Connor 'san obair ud thall, agus ann am mionaid chuireadh e a'n altaibh a' cheile sgeul, a dh'innseadh e co socaireach, reidh, 's ged' bhiodh i co fior ris a' bhas; agus an deigh sin, cha bhiodh focal firinn innte o thus gu deis. Chomhlaich mi e aon la a' teachd a mach as a' bhothain aige gu dol dh'ionnsuidh na h-oibre, chuir mi failt air, agus thubhairt mi ris, 'Ciod i do naigheachd an diugh, a' Mhorgain?' Cha'n 'eil a' bheag agamsa mar naigheachd aig an am, ach a mhain aon ni iongantach a thachair domh beagan mu'n d'thainig mi a mach.'—'Seadh direach, a' Mhorgain, innis domh ciod a thachair dhuit.' 'Ma ta, is mise a ni sin, a' Ghraidh mo chridhe, chaidh mi 'dhachaidh, tha thu 'tuigsinn, a dh'iarraidh leigheis air an acras, agus runaich mi greim a dheanamh air a' choileach dhubh mar an leigheas a b'fhaigse air laimh. An sin, rug mi air a chosaibh air an ainmhidh bhochd, agus thug mi gu h-ealamh a nuas o'n sparr e, ach gu tur an aghaidh a thoil, an creutair truagh, agus cha b'ioghnadh e. Comadh na co dhiubh, ghrad-thilg mi an coileach dubh anns a' phoit a bha 'goil air an teine, agus, ochan a righ! an creid thu mi, ghoir e an deigh dha bhi da uair an uaireadair a' goil anns an eanraich! Ubh! Ubh! nach e an creutair a bha righinn! Thug mi, an sin, as a' phoit e cho beothail 'sa bha e riamh, agus chuir mi a ris ann am poit mhoir eile e, maille ri a lan dhe'n bhuntata, a bha direach gu bhi bruich, ach cha do chord sin idir ri mo laochan, oir bhreab agus sgap e gach siolag dhe'n bhuntata a mach as a' phoit, agus gu'n naire sam bith, thoisich e air an itheadh gu gionach bharr an urlair, ma choinneamh mo shuilean! Uime sin, cha d'fhuair Morgan bochd a dhinneir fathast."

M. "Ochan, Morgan bochd! tha mi 'tuigsinn nach do chuir an coileach-dubh moran sult air a bhlian; oir dh'aindeoin nan innleachd aige, thair an coileach-dubh as, agus bha chead aige."

C. "So, so, a' Mhurachaidh, bheir sinn cead coise do na h-Eireannaich 'san am, oir tha Seonaid ag eigheach oirnn; air an aobhar sin, is coir duinn dol a dh'fhaicinn am bheil coileach dubh no geal, no ni eigin eile aice-san 'sa phoit air ar son. Thugamaid, uime sin, an tigh oirnn, oir tha treis mhor o'n dh'fhag sinn e."

ALASDAIR RUADH.

———o———

ORAN

DO SGIOBAIR DE CHLANN-A-MHUIRICH AIR AN DO CHUIR MI EÒLAS ANN AN LUNNAINN

MAIRE NIC-EALAIR,

FONN—"*Gaol am Peutonach sùghor.*"

'S ANN an Lunnainn nan stìopall,
  Baile rìoghail nan uaislean,
Fhuair mi eòlas 'us càirdeas
  A' Ghàidhil bha suairce;
'S beag ioghnadh an t-àrmunn
  A bhi àilleasach, uasal,
'S e de shìol nan fear sgairteil
  'Thogadh bratach fo Chluainidh.

Sgiobair calma, glan, cuimir,
  Dh'am b'aithne 'n luingeas a sheòladh;
Cha'n ann mu thimchioll nan cùiltean,
  'S nan stùcanna ceòthar;
'S ann a thàirneadh tu 'cùrsa,
  Air gach dùthaich fad bho d'eòlas;
'S thilleadh dhachaidh gu buadhar
  Dh'aindeoin nuallan thonn mòra.

Thoir mo shoiridh le beannachd
  Dh'ionnsaidh 'Phearsanaich loinneil,
Le dùrachd 'us fàilte
  Anns gach àite 's an coinnich:
'S e mo ghuidhe gu'm buain e
  Meangan uasal gun choire,
Air 'na leag e a shùil
  Am bàrr ùrail na coille.

'S math leam agad a' mhaighdean,
  Bho'n 's i daoimein na tìr' i;
'S ged nach faigh thu leath' saibhreas,
  Gheabh thu oighreachd 'bhios prìseil:
Gheabh thu grinneas 'us suairceas,
  Maitheas, uails' agus sìochaint,
Bean mhaiseach ri d'ghualainn
  Nach cuir bruaidlein air d'inntinn.

Sùil mar dhearcaig a' bhruthaich,
  Falt mar fhitheach nam mòr-bheann;
Mar shuth-chraobh tha a bilean,
  Bho am milis na pògan;
Aghaidh mhalda gun ghruaman,
  Aig a ghruagaich 'dh'fhàs mòthar;
'S i a' dearbhadh a dualchais
  Ann a gluasad gu còmhnard.

Làmh 'chur grinneis air éideadh,
  'S a dhianadh éuchd leis an t-snàthaid;
'Dhianadh snìomhach, na'm b'fhéum e,
  Cho math ri péurlainn no fàitheam;
I tuigseach na 'còmhradh
  Banail, mòthar, gun fhàillinn;
'S bho'n is math leam air dòigh thu,
  Guidheam còir dhut air Màiri.

———o———

ORAN NAN CIOBAIREAN GALLDA;

AGUS MAR A THAINIG NA CAOIRICH-CHEANNRIABHACH DO'N GHAIDHEALTACHD.

GOIRID an deaghaidh Chuilfhodair, bha Gall àraid—Séumas Yule, 'an Alloa, faisg air Sruibhla, aig an robh gabhail mhòr mheanbh-chruidh. Bha an t-àite ro bhuailteach do'n bhragsaidh, air chor's gu'n robh an Gall an impis a chreach leis. Cha robh fios aige ciod a dhianadh e, ach smaoinich e gu'n tugadh e diachainn do atharrachadh-fiaraich. Is e bh'ann, ma ta, 's a' bhliadhna 1759, gu'n do ghabh e geamhrachadh Chambusmere faisg air Calasraid. Chuir e ceithir chiad ann; agus cha d'fhalbh a bheag sa bith dhiubh. An uair a chunnaic luchd-ghabhalaichean eile gu'n do thionndaidh an geamhrachadh a mach cho math do Shéumas Yule, thòisich iad fhéin air a' chleas chiadna. Réitich so an rathad do na Goill agus do

"Na caoirich cheannriabhach
  Rinn aimhreit feadh an t-saoghail."

Mu'n bhliadhna 1764, thòisich na Goill air gabhalaichean a ghabhail 's a' Ghàidhealtachd. 'S e fear d'am b'ainm *Lacroyne*, a ghabh a' chiad té, agus sin 'an Còmhal, 'an siorrachd Ionaraora. Air a luirg-san thàinig dithis d'am b'ainm *Murray*—fear dhiubh do Ghleanna-Fallach, agus am fear eile do Ghleann-Dochart; agus cha b'fhada na'n deaghaidh-san gus an d'thàinig *Lindsay* do Cheann-Lochéura. Bha iad, tuille, a' tighinn chlo dlùth ris na cadha-dubha.

Romh 'n àm so (1764), bha na Gàidhil, mar 'bu trice, 'an iarraidh mhath air an dòigh. A bharrachd air nì-dubh, bhiodh gràinnein chaorach 'us ghobhar aig gach fear air aghaidh fhéin, agus criomag thalmhann gu àiteach. Bha am monadh aig gach baile an comhchoir; ach bha am fearann-treabhaidh air a roinn na 'chodacha-fir. Ma bha an t-aran car gann na 'uaireannan, rud gu'n robh, eadar bainne chaorach 'us ghobhar 'us cruidh, cha bhiodh goinne annlainn orra 's t-Samhradh, agus bhiodh am pailteas feòla 'us éisg us sìthne aca 's a' Gheamhradh. Chithear 's "A' Chaora Cheanainn," stàth nan *caorach-beaga* do na Gàidhil; agus co nach cuala—

A' CHAORA CHROM.

A' chaora chrom air an leacainn,
Dà uan aice fo 'sgéith,
Chuireadh i le fead a sròine,
'Madadh ròmach air a dhruim.

Uan aig na caoirich uile,
Uan aig na caoirich uile,
Uan aig na caoirich uile,
'S paidhir aig a' chaoraidh chruim.

Huile h-uan cho mór ri gamhainn,
Huile h-uan cho mór ri gamhainn,
Huile h-uan cho mór ri gamhainn,
'S iad cho reamhar ris an ìm.

Bainn' aig na caoirich uile,
Bainn' aig na caoirich uile,
Bainn' aig na caoirich uile,
'S gallan aig a' chaoraidh chruim.
Suas e !

Bha gaoir chruaidh aig an tuath 'an aghaidh nan gabhlaichean-móra—rud nach b'ioghnadh—is iad a chuir sgapadh annta. Ach cha b' e 'n tuath a mhàin a bha na'n aghaidh. Na'm biodh ùine agam dh'fhaodainn teisteanas móran de Chléir Ghàidhealaich an ama a thoirt seachad mar dhearbhadh air sin; ach, gun ghuth a thoirt air Urramaich ainmeil mar a bha ministeir na Comaraich, ministeir Chille-Mhàillibh, agus ministeir Ghlinn-Urchaidh, gabhaidh mi, 's an àm, le teisteanas ministeir Shrath-Churra agus Shrath-Lachainn; freagraidh e do'n Ghàidhealtachd uile thair a chéile.

Tha'n t-Olla Stiùärt, ma tà, a sgrìbh 's a' bhliadhna 1791, a' toirt a' chunntais a leanas air cor a sgìreachd: "An taobh-stigh de'n deich bliadhna fichead so chaidh, gu sònraichte bho'n a thòisich na gabhalaichean meanbh-chruidh, thug móran de mhuinntir na sgìreachd so, a' mhuir orra; ach tha e soilleir gur h-i an éiginn's nach e an ro-dhéigh-san oirre 'bu choireach. Le dithis, no trì, no ceithir, de bhailteau a chur cuideachd gu aon ghabhail a dhianamh, b'éudar, bho dhà-dhiag gu sia-diag de theaghlaichean a chur bharr na h-aonlàraich. Cha robh atharrachadh aca so ach dol 'am mèinn 'an dubh-chosnaidh. Gillean òga, tapaidh, thug iad a' mhuir orra; na seann daoine a b'urrainn obair a dhianamh, ghabh iad tigh-tioram, agus am pàidheadh-latha. Thug móran am baile-mór orra—agus tha 'bhlàth—an t-sìde nach do chleachd iad, ghiorraich i saoghal an t-seann shluaigh, agus rinn i deòraidhnean de'n òigridh. Ri linn nan caorach thàinig caochladh mór air nàdur an t-sluaigh. Gus an d'thàinig na caoirich cha bi a' mhuir 's an robh an ùidh. Is ann a bha an aire gu sin air tréubhantas agus air gaisge. An deaghaidh an obair latha a chur seachad, 's a shuidheadh iad timchioll a' ghealbhain, b'e am fearas-chuideachd, dànachd na Féinne, a bhi 'luaidh air gnìomhannan dhaoine tréuna, agus air cruadal nan daoine bho'n d'thàinig iad. Thug sin air an òigridh gach fàth 'us cothrom a ghabhail air iad fhéin fhiachainn 's a dhearbhadh ri uchd cruadail 'us gàbhaidh. Bha iad ag cur thairis le fearas-dùthcha—an gaol 's an deòthas cho mór mu'n ionad 's an d'rugadh iad, agus gu'm bu cho math leotha ionann's an cur air fògradh ri 'n cur do sgìreachd eile. Cinneadalachd, ach thair gach nì, dìlse do'n ceann-cinnidh agus éud mu a chliù 's mu 'onoir, b'e, leothasan, a' chiad phuing de'n lagh. Bha e air a dheargadh air cridhe na h-òigridh, agus le 'bhi ga 'chur daonnan 'an cleachdadh, bha e 'sìor-chinntinn 'an neart 's an deòthas, agus cha robh gin idir as aonais. Na'n tuiteadh do'n triath fhéin, no do fhear de'n teaghlach, dol do'n arm, dh'éireadh an òigridh gun obadh leis mar bu dual daibh bho'n athraichean. Ach dh'fhalbh sin. An diugh tha'm fearann air dol fàs : b'éudar do'n t-sluagh an dùthaich—an aonlarach far an d'rugadh 's na thogadh iad—láraichean an seanairean, fhàgail. Thàinig mùthadh mór air nòs agus air béusan na feadhnach sin, agus tha fìor nàdur an t-Seana-Ghàidhil air a chur aog. Far am faighteadh bho chóig-diag gu sia-diag de theaghlaichean 's 'na thogadh ioma lasgaire cruadalach, ullamh gu tilleadh a thoirt á nàmhaid, 's a chumail suas cliù a dhùthcha, cha'n fhaighear an diugh ach Gall 'us dà chìobair ! Guth cha'n 'eil air an àm bho shean : is caoirich 'us ollann is culaidh-sheanchuis dhaibh. An aon fhacal, ma leanas na cùisean ach goirid, cha bhi urad's cuimhne air nàdur an t-Seana-Ghàidhil. Mur robh móran àillis 'us soighneis aig na Gàidhil Bho-Shean, bha iad toilichte le'n cor. Is ann a b'uaill leotha acras, 'us allaban fhulang. Bha iad air am buaireadh mu cheòl 's mu òrain. Ri tighinn do'n anmoch chuireadh an ceòl 's an dannsa an sgìos dhiubh agus an airteal. An diugh is ann ainmig a chithear pìob, 's cha chluinnear port; agus bho'n a thréig am fàth 's an nòs a bha dùsgadh 's ag altrum na bàrdachd, chaidh a' ghlas-ghuib air an fhilidh. Dh'fhàg am fiadh am fireach. Frìdh mhór a bha 's a' choimhearsnachd, 's am faighteadh na ciadan diugh, nach ann tha i na 'gabhail chaorach !"

An uair a chuir an t-ùghdair, Ailein Dùghallach, a mach "Oran nan Cìobairean Gallda," 1798, bha còrr 'us trì fichead mile meanbh-chruidh 'an sgìreachd Chill-Monìbheig fhéin, far an robh e 'fuireach 's an àm ; agus mu chóig bliadhna roimhe sin (mu'n d'thàinig "Oran nam Balgairean" a mach) bha mu fhichead mìle ceann 'an Gleann-Urchaidh. Mu'n àm sin (1791) b'e tuarasdal cìobair a bhiodh air tigh dha fhéin—dà mhart, cumail chaorach (tri fichead 's a'deich), agus cur buntàta.

D. C. M.

ORAN NAN CÌOBAIREAN GALLDA

Air fhonn fhéin.

Thàinig òirnn do dh-Albainn crois,
Tha daoine bochda nochdte ris,
Gun bhiadh, gun aodach, gun chluain,
Tha'n Airde-tuath an déigh a sgrios :
Cha'n fhaicear ach caoirich 'us uain,
Goill mu'n cuairt daibh air gach slios ;
Tha gach fearann air dol fàs,
Na Gàidhil 's an ceann fo fhliodh.

Cha'n fhaicear crodh-laoigh air gleann,
No eich ach gann a' dol 'an éill ;
'S ann de'n fhàisinneachd a bh'ann,
Gu'n rachadh an crann bho fhéum.
Chaidh na sealgairean fo gheall,
'S tha gach cuilbheir, cam, gun ghléus ;
Cha mharbhar maoisleach no meann,
'S dh'fhuadaich sgriachail Ghall na féidh.

Cha'n 'eil àbhachd feadh nam beann,
Chaidh gìomanaich teann fo smachd ;
Tha fear-na-cròice air chall,
Chaidh gach eilid 'us mang as ;
Cha'n fhaighear ruadh-bhoc nan alld
Le cù seang ga 'chur gu srath ;
An éirig gach cùis' a bh'ann,
Feadaireachd nan Gall 's gach glaic.

Cha chluinnear géum ann am buailidh,
Chaidh an crodh-guaillionn á suim ;
Cha'n éisdear luinneag no duanag,
'Bleoghann mairt aig gruagaich dhuinn :
Bho'n chaidh ar cuallach 'an tainead,
'S tric a tha padhadh ga'r claoidh ;
An àite gach càirdeas a bh'againn—
Luinnseach ghlas am bun gach tuim !

Mar gu'n tuiteadh iad fo'n chraoibh,
Cnothan-caoch 'dol aog 's a' bharrach,
'S ann mar sid a tha seann daoine,
'S clann bheag á h-aoguis bainne :
Thilgeadh iad gu iomal cùirte
Bho'n dùthchas a bh'aig an seanair ;
B'fhearr gu'n tigeadh na Frangaich
A thoirt nan ceann de na Gallaibh.

Dh'fhalbh gach pòsadh, thréig gach bainis,
Sguir an luchd-ealaidh 'bhi 'seinn ;
Chuala sibhse tric ga 'aithris :
"Caidsearan a' teachd air cléibh ;"
'S ionann sid 's mar thachair dhòmhsa,
Cha dian iad m' fheòraich air féill ;
Far am b'àbhaist dhomh bhi mùirneach,
'S fhèarr leo cù g'a chur ri spréidh.

Gach aon fhear a fhuair làmh-'n-uachdar,
Dh'fhògair iad bhuapa gach neach
A rachadh ri aghaidh cruadail,
Na'n tigeadh an ruaig le neart :
Na'n éireadh cogadh 's an rìgheachd,
Bhiodh na Cìobairean na'n airc ;
'S e sid an sgéula 'bu bhinn leinn,
'Bhi ga'n cur gu dìth air fad.

Eiridh iad moch là sàbaid,
'S tachraidh iad air càch-a-chéil',
'S 'n uair a shìneas iad air *stòiri*,
'S ann dh'an còmhradh tigh'n air féur ;
Gach fear a' faighneachd dheth 'nàbaidh :
"Ciamar sin a dh'fhàg thu'n tréud ?
Ciod a' phrìs a rinn na muilt,
No'n do chuir thu iad gu féill ?"

"Cha'n aobhar-talaich am bliadhn' e,
Rinn iad a sia-diag us còrr ;
Ma tha thus' ag iarraidh fios air,
Cheannaich mi 'mhin leis a' chlòimh ;
Dh'fhalbh na crogaichean air dàil ;
'S ma ghleidheas mi 'n t-àlach òg,
Ged a gheabhadh trian diubh 'm bàs,
Ni mi 'màl air na bhios beò.

'N uair dhìreas fear dhiubh ri beinn,
An àm dha éiridh gu moch,
Bidh sgread Ghallda 'm bial a chléibh,
'G éigheach na 'dhéigh a chuid chon :
Ceòl nach éibhinn leinn a sgairt ;
Bragsaidh na 'shac air a chorp ;
E suainte na 'bhreacan glas,
Uamh-mhialan na 'fhalt le moit.

'N uair a thig e oirnn 's a' ghaoïth,
'S mairg a bhios air taobh an fhasgaidh,
Cha'n fhaod 'fhàileadh a bhi caoin,
'S e 'giùlan nam maodlaichean dhachaidh;
'S tric e ga 'fhoileadh 's a' ghaor,
A sìos bho 'chaol-druim gu 'chasan,
'S ge b'e rachadh leis a dh-òl,
'S 'eudar dhaibh an sròn a chasadh.

'N uair shuidheas dithis no triùir,
A's tigh-òsda 'n cùis 'bhi réidh,
Chìtear aig toiseach a' bhùird,
Cìbeir agus cù na 'dhéigh :
Bu chòir a thilgeadh 'an cùil,
'S glùn a chur am bial a chléibh ;
Iomain amach dh'ionnsuidh 'n dùin,
'S gabhadh e gu 'smiùradh fhéin.

'S olc a chuideachd do chàch,
Neach nach àbhaist a bhi glan ;
Cha chompanach dhaoin' is fhiach
Fear le fhiacla 'gearradh chlach,
Ann an gaorr-bhuaic air a ghlùinean
Le 'chraos ga'n sùghadh a mach ;
'S ma leigeas tu'n deoch ri 'bhial,
Na 'dheaghaidh na fiach a blas.

Amach luchd 'chràgairt na h-oluinn,
Ma sa h-àill leibh comunn ceart ;
Druidibh orra suas a' chòmhla,
'S na leigibh an sròn a steach :
Bho'n nach cluinnear aca '*stòiri*,
Ach craicinn agus clòimh ga 'n reic ;
Cunntas na h-aimsire, 's gach uaire,
'Ceannach uan mu'n téid am breith.

Suidhidh sinn mu bhòrd gu h-éibhinn,
Gu ceòlach, téudach, gun smalan,
Caoimhneil, carrantach, ri chéile,
'S na biodh a h-aon de'n tréud na'r caraibh :
Olaibh deoch-slàinte Mhic-Coinnich,
'S Chòirneil loinneil Ghlinne Gairidh,
'Chionn gur beag orra na caoirich,
'Us luchd 'dhaorachadh an fhearainn.

Dianaibh gloineachan a lionadh,
'S gun dìochuimhn' air Fear-an-Earrachd,
Bho'n is math leis maireann, beò, sinn,
'S gun am pòr ud a thigh'n tharainn :
Na'n seasadh uaislean na rìgheachd,
Cho dìleas ri càirdeas Ailein,
Cha bhiodh an tuath air a sgaoileadh,
Ga'n cur gu h-aoigheachd a dh-aindeoin.

——o——

LITIR DO'N GHAIDHEAL.

A' Ghaidheil threin agus urramaich,

Cha chomas domh a chur an ceill an dorran a tha'g am chlaoidh, nach 'eil gach mac mathar ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, a' cur eoluis ort mar dhian-charaid seasmhach, chum gach fiosrachadh d'an taobh fein, agus a thaobh an euchdan agus an eachdraidh a chraobh-sgaoileadh 'nam measg. Tha mi air mo cho-eigneachadh chum an litir so a chur 'n ad' ionnsuidh, air domh a bhi an oidhche roimh ann an comunn duin'-uasail eireachdail a bha air 'eideadh o 'bharr gu bhonn, 'na bhreacain 'sna 'fheile, agus a rugadh 'sa dh'aruicheadh ann am meadhon na Gaidhealtachd. Thainig againn air labhairt mu na Gaidheil, agus mu thimchioll gach strith a tha 'ga dheanamh le comunnaibh Gaidhealach anns gach baile 'san rioghachd aig a' cheart am, chum sliochd urramach nam beann ardachadh agus ath-leasachadh 'nan inbh, a thaobh nam buaidhean lionmhor agus eugsamhla a bhuineas doibh. Chuir mise an ceill da na meadhonan agus na cumhachdan a ta'gan gnathachadh aig a' cheart am chum na criche so, le daoinibh cliuiteach agus measail 'san tir dheth gach dreuchd agus suidheachadh, mar a ta Ministeirean ainmeil, luchd-teagaisg foghluimte, Siorraman ionnsuichte, agus urramaich gu'n aireamh eile. Chuir mi an ceill da an Luchd-turais dealaidh sin a tha 'dol a mach gach seachduin agus gach miosa 'sa bhliadhna a thaoghail air na Gaidheil a thoirt eolais dhe gach gne dhoibh. Spleuchd e le h-iongantas 'nam eudainn, agus thubhairt e nach cual e iomradh riamh air fiu a h-aoin diubh sin. Ubh ! Ubh ! ars' mise, ciod e so? An cual thu riamh iomradh air ni sam bith? An cual thu riamh iomradh air Julius Cæsar, air Righ Seumas VI., air Righ Tearlach II., air Banrighinn Ealasaid, air Oliver Cromwell, no air Prionnsa Tearlach? Dh'aidich e, a' tasachadh a chill, gun cual, ach bha e gu tur aineolach air a' choisridh aluinn sin a dh'ainmich mi mar luchd-eiridinn nan Gaidheal. Bha gne chorruich agus nair orm a thaobh aineolais mo charaid air daoinibh agus air mithibh saoghalta mu'n cuairt da, air am bu choir eolas a bhith aig gach buachaill chaorach 'sa Ghaidhealtachd. Ach chas mi 'na aghaidh, a' foighneachd dheth, an cual e riamh mu'n Ollamh Blackie, mu na h'-Urramaich Tomas MacLachluinn, Gilleaspuig Cleireach, Alasdair Stiubhart, Roibeart Blair, A. Cam'ron, agus mu sgaoth eile dhe'n Chleir anns gach aite? An cual e riamh mu'n treun-laoch, Siorram Alasdair Mac Neachdail, mu'n dian-dheasboir dhaimheil sin Fear Chreaggorri, ann an Uist, agus mu Mhac Ionmhuinn an aigh, mu Mhac Mhuirich, mu'n leigh Moristan, agus mu threud eile ann am baile Dhunedin, a tha maraon seasmhach mar chairdean do'n "Ghaidheal?" Ach bha co aineolach ris a' chu ghreannach a bha 'na laidh aig a' chosaibh umpa sin gu leir ! Bha mi lan neonachais mu'n chuis, oir chaill mi m'fhoighidinn gu tur, agus thubhairt mi gu frionasach ris, "A charaid, cha'n'eil thusa airidh air do thrusgun ghrinn, agus air t-aogas o'n leth a muigh. Cha'n ann air do choluinnsa bu choir am breacan 's an fheile, an sporran 'san crios-guaille, na h-osain ghearra agus a' bhiodag sin idir a bhith, oir tha eagal orm nach Gaidheal thu, ach a mhain ann an sgleo-shealladh o'n leth a mach. An cual thu riamh mu'n Mhios-leabhar ghrinn sin an "Gaidheal" ann an Dunedin, mu'n "Ard-Albannach" choir, agus mu'n "Cheilteach" eireachdail sin (*Celtic Magazine*) ann am baile Inbherneis? An cual thu riamh mu "Mhac-Talla" ann an Glascho, agus mu na h-uiread eile a tha gu gleusda a' tagradh as leth do luchd-duthcha?" Ach mo leoin ! bha mo cheistean air an cur gu diomhain, oir cha mho a chual e mu'n timchioll-san a dh'ainmich mi, na chual Domhnull Mor Mac an Duibheir a rugadh co bodhar ris a' chloich-mhuilinn iochdaraich! Chuir mi nair agus faiteachas air mu dheireadh, ach chuir esan nair ormsa an toiseach; gidheadh an deigh moran mineachaidh agus comhraidh mu na nithibh sin gu leir, dh'aidich e gu'n cuireadh e fios gu'n dail d'an ionnsuidh air fad ('s iad sin an "t-Ard-Albannach," an "Ceilteach," agus an "Gaidheal") gu'n dail a dheanamh ann an teachd chum na fardaich aige 'sa Ghleann Mhor. Is mor m' eagal-sa, gidheadh, gu'm bheil iad lionmhor air feadh na Gaidhealtachd a tha ceart co mi-churamach ri mo charaid spraiceil-sa 's a' Ghleann-Mhor chum eolas fhaotuinn o d' leithid fein a' "Ghaidheil" ionmhuinn, agus chum dichioll agus saothair nan daoine foghluimte a tha cuideachadh leat gu sin a dheanamh, a chur ann an diomhanas. Tha na nithe sin nan cianalas dhomhsa, air an ceartachadh, tha e'na sholas leam an litir so a chur 'nad ionnsuidh ann an cainnt dhruitich, mheasail, agus oirdheirc Oisein, Ullin, agus Fhinn, a dh'fheuchainn an duisgear do luchd-duthcha air feadh nan garbh-chrioch, chum an leas fein fhaicinn agus adhartachadh. Fhir mo chridhe, agus b'e sin thusa, tha dorran orm nach'eil cumhachd agam mo thlachd dhuit a thomhas le briathraibh, agus am mor mheas a ta agam ort fein, air an "Ard-Albannach," agus air a' "Cheilteach" ann an Inbherneis, a' leigeadh ris gu soilleir. Bu sibhse a' chuideachd aluinn, cheanalta, a ta 'siubhal nam beann, nan gleann, agus nan eilean, le aoin ruin, agus le aon chridhe, agus air an aon ghnothuch chliuthoilltinneach, chum sliochd nan garbh-chrioch a thalaidh o dhorchadas gu solus, agus o aineolas gu toinisg agus gliocas. Ochan! nach robh agam-sa filidheachd Mhic Codruim, snas-labhairt Dhonnaichidh Bhain, agus binn-chail Mhairi nighinn Alasdair Ruaidh, is mi a mholadh air choir sibh. Ach ged tha buaidhean nam bard urramach so a dhith orm-sa; ged nach urrainn mi rogh caoin a chur air comhradh; gidheadh, tha teas-ghradh Gaidheil a' lasadh 'nam uchd d'ur taobh-sa 'n'ur triuir. Is urramach d'a rireadh an triuir sibh, agus is calma, treun sibh chum bhur gnothuch a chur an ceill. Cha bu diblidh an laoch a chuireadh bhur druim ri talamh! Tha'n t-"Ard-Albannach" an comhnuidh ealanta, àghach, 'na eididh luraich chum gach comhnard agus cas-shliabh a shiubhal a latha 'sa dh'oidhiche! Tha'n "Ceilteach" a' cur uaill air Ard-bhaile na Gaidhealtachd le 'sgeulaibh taitneach, le ceilidhibh Alasdair Oig, agus leis an innleachd ghiseagach trid an do thog e Coinneach Odhar nios a ris a tir na dichuimhne, chum 'fhiosachdan aithris as ur! Cha lugh na sin am fearalas, an t-eud, agus an cruadal a ta air an nochdadh leat fein, a' "Ghaidheil" ionmhuinn, 'nad chuairtibh farsuing air feadh gach tir! Is uasal, urramach, is cumhachdach an triuir sibh! C'ait am faighear bhur leithid! Gu robh gach cuis a' soirbheachadh leibh! Gu robh gach slighe reidh romhaibh maraon! Gu robh gach comunn air am bheil sibh a' taoghal, ag ath-dhioladh bhur daimh-dhurachd, le bhi gu caidreach a' cuideachadh leibh. Mar so, air duibh a bhi 'triall gu seasmhach ann an guaillibh a' cheile, bheir sibh fadheoidh a' bhuaidh-larach a mach, an aghaidh gach duibhre agus aineolais, gach giseig agus saobh-chrabhaidh, leis an robh na Gaidheil riamh air an cumail fodha. Bu sibhse an comunn greadhnach, ceanalta! Bu sibhse a' chuideachd as am bu choir sliochd nam beann mor-uaill a dheanamh! Bu sibh an comunn taitneach, aig an cluinnear a' Ghailig fhior-ghlan, chruaidh-fhocalach, mar a bha i aig Ullin agus Orrin o chein; seadh, mar a bha i a reir beachd mhorain, aig Adhamh agus Eubha ann an doirichibh neochiontach Eden! Ach mo leoin! c'ait am faighear an teangair a chuireas gu dligheach an ceill bhur cliu? C'ait am faighear am filidh binn-bhriathrach a dh'aithriseas gu freagarrach bhur feartan-sa a ta gu'n choimeas oirdheirc! C'ait am faighear am fear-dain aig am bheil cumhachd bhur buaidhean a leigeadh ris a reir bhur toilltinneis? Cha'n 'eil iad ann an diugh, mo chreach! Is e Oisean liath nan ceileirean 'na aonar a mholadh air choir sibh! Is lionmhor iad a'm measg na'n ard, agus nan iosal, aig am bheil speis-cridhe d'ur canain-sa. Is iomadh Diuchd, Iarla, agus Ard-Uasal eile a bheireadh leth an codach, chum gu'n tuigeadh iad gu ceart, agus gu'n labhradh iad gu reidh cainnt mhaiseach nan sonn lurach a dh'araicheadh 'sna glinn! Ach cha'n 'eil e 'nan comus, oir is cainnt a' Ghaelig nach aom gu bhi air a truailleadh ann an sgoirneanaibh glugach, agus le teangannaibh mhabach, liotach, faoin-bhriathrach nan Gall! Ach, cha dean so an gnothuch, a Ghaidheil ionmhuinn, cha'n fheum mi a bhi gad sharuchadh. Nach mor an toilinntinn do mhuinntir ar duthcha, gu'm bheil speis gu'n choimeas aig a' Bhanrighinn ghradhach a ta 'riaghladh os ar ceann, do'n Ghaidhealtachd agus do na Gaidheil! Cha'n 'eil i toillichte ach am feadh 'sa ta i 'nam measg, ged tha an tlachd a ta aice dhoibh a' dusgadh suas eud agus farmaid nan Sasunnach. Gu mo buan a laithean, agus gu mo daingean, scasmhach a righchaithir.

Ach feumaidh mi nise a bhi 'bogadh nan gad. Gu robh buaidh leatsa, a' charaid choir, ann am Baile-mor na rioghachd, agus gu robh, mar an ceudna buaidh leis a' "Cheilteach" agus leis an "Ard-Albannach" ann am Baile-mor na Gaidhealtachd. A "Ghaidheil" ionmhuinn, dluthaicheadh do chairdean caomhail riut, agus nochdadh iad an daimhealas fein le'n gniomharaibh. Ciod a tha an t-Olladh tlashuileach Tomas MacLachluinn a' deanamh, le 'ghnùis shuairce agus cheanalta? Ciod a dh' eirich do sheann Renton coir? An do spion e as am bun gach freumh a bhuineas do'n Ghaelig, agus an d'fhag e am fearann ban? An d'thainig clocodail agus suain air an duine urramach sin "Bun-Lochabair?" Cha b'e sin abhaist-san. Duisgeadh e suas, agus cuireadh e, gu'n dail, clach 'nad charn. Ciod a tha an Siorram Mac Neachdail a' deanamh. Is cinnteach nach 'eil na Goill 'ga thruailleadh gu cul a chur ri cuisibh agus ri cleachdannaibh nan Eileanach gu sonraichte, agus gu bhi 'dearmad am buaidhean a chur an ceill 'na bhinn-cheilciribh maiseach. Thigeadh do chairdean lionmhor air an aghaidh maraon, chum do dheachdadh le neart agus cumhachd gu gluasad thar gach muir agus tir, far am faighear do luchd-duthcha. Am feadh sa bhios an deo agus comas nam meur aig "Alasdair Ruadh" cha chuir e cul riut. Ochan! cha mhor tha 'na chomas, ach air do'n toil a bhi 'sa ghnothuch, ni e a dhichioll, agus is mor a ni an toil. Tha dluth-chairdeas eadar Alasdair Ruadh agus mise, air chor is nach dean esan a' bheag gu'n fhios domh, agas cha'n 'cil a' chridhe aige na nithe sin a dhiultadh no 'dhearmad a dh'aithneas mise dha a dheanamh. Gu robh gach buaidh leat, a' Ghaidheil threin agus urramaich, le deagh dhurachd cridhc, agus lc mile beannachd o'n t-scann.

Sgiathanach.

SEANN LEABHRAICHEAN GÀIDHLIG.

(*Air a leantainn.*)

SGUIR mi leis an Tiomnadh Nuadh 'an Eirinn. 'S an àirimh so, am beagan shamhuiltean a bheir mi seachad, 's ann á leabhraichean Eireannach a bheir mi iad far nach ainmich mi atharrachadh sin.

4. Is e an ceathramh leabhar Gàidhlig a chuireadh 'an clò "Leabhar na Nornaightheadh Ccomhchoitchionn . . ." agus sin 's a' bhliadhna 1608. Cha do chuireadh an "Tpsaltair" an clò gus 'na chuireadh an leabhar amach an dara h-uair. "Leabhar na Nornaightheadh Ccomhchoitchionn, agas mhiniostralachda na sacraimeinteadh, agus reachtadh agas dheasghnáth oile na Heaglaise, do réir usáide Eaglaise na Sacsan; maille ris an Tsaltair no Psalmuibh Dhaibhidh. Ar na bpunncadh mur cantar no raidhtior iad a tteampollaibh. A Lunnduin, ar na chur a gcló ré E. Ebheriongham, ag na seacht Realt a Sraid-Abhe-Mária." [1712] 8vo. Cha'n 'eil na sliosan air an àireamh ann, ach is *Rrr* 2, an comharradh-buinn mu dheireadh a th'ann. Tha e am Beurla 's an Gàidhlig ach "Statuid primo Eliz," agus an Broltach, &c. agus an Tpsaltair, a tha mhàin 's a' Ghàidhlig. Aig deireadh an leabhair tha trì sliosan: The elements of the Irish language. Chuireadh an ciad fhear an clò le Franckton am Baile Atha-Cliath, 1608, 4to. Is e Uilliam Daniel, a dh'eug 1628, no a réir fcadhnach eile M. O'Cionga, a thionndaidh e.

5. Is e an cóigeamh leabhar a chuireadh an clò 's a' Ghàidhlig: An Teagasg criosdaidhe ann so ann a cuma do Bonabentura O Eaoósa Bratair bocht dord San Pronnsias accolaiste S. Antoin a Loöain. Iar na cur accloo maille re hugdarras." 1608, pp. 136.

Their feadhainn gu'n do chuireadh an clò e 1611, agus a rithist 1616; ach tha Philip M'Guaire a chuir 'an clò 's an Ròimh e 's a' bhliadhna 1707, ag ràdh gu soilleir gu'm b'e sin an *dara* clòbhualadh. Is ann a mhuinntir Chóig-Ulladh a bha am Bràthair-bochd so Giolla-Brìde O Heousa: bha e 's an àm na oide-ionnsaich 'an Loubhain.

6. 'S a' bhliadhna 1616, chuireadh an siathamh leabhar Gàidhlig 'an clò:

"EMANUEL Leabhrin a bhfuil modh iarrata agus fhaghala fhoirbhtheachda na beathadh riaghaltha ar attugadh drong airighthe Sgathan anchrábhaidh drong oile Desiderius. Ar na chur anosa a ngaoidhilg lé bráthair airidhe dórd S. Fpronsias F.C. (*Ann an so dealbh ar Slànair ag giùlan na Croise agus a dheisciobuil ga 'leantuinn ag giulan an croise fhéin; agus fo'n dealbh*) Tolle crucem tuam & sequere me, Mat. xvi. Ar na chur a cclò maille ré hughdardhás. 1616. A Lobhain." 8vo pp. 344; an roimhradh agus eile 8 pp. Is ann 's a' chorra-litir a tha e. Tha gach slios $4\frac{5}{8}$ òirlich air fad agus $3\frac{7}{8}$ air liad.

Is ann a mhuinntir Chonacht a bha Florence O'Maolconaire. Fhuair e 'ionnsachadh 's an Spàint agus 's an Tirìsil. An deaghaidh na bóidean a ghabhail an Ordugh N. Francis, chuireadh a dh-Eirinn e air cheann nam bràithrean-bochda sin, agus a rìst rinneadh e na 'Ardeasbuig Thuama. Dh'éirich e leis na Spàintich 'an Eirinn, agus an uair a chaill iadsan b'éudar dhasan dol air fògradh. Fhuair e de mhaoidhein air Righ na Spàinte na chuir air bhonn oilthigh N. Antore 'an Loubhain gu féum nan Eireannach. Dh'éug e 's a' Spaint 18 Nov. 1629 na'thri fichead bliadhna 's a naoidh a dh-aois; ach thugadh a chorp do Loubhain 1654. 'S an roimhradh tha e 'gabhail a leisgeil fhéin a thaobh fàillinn sa bith a dh'fhaodadha bhi 's an eadartheangachadh so a rinn e. Tha e 'g ràdh : "Agus gé nách fuil acfainn na iomadumhlacht san ngaoidheilg aguinn, agus nach mó a támuid, ó aois mhic foghlama anuas, a ngar dona seinleabhraibh, acht imchian uatha féin agus ón aoisealadhna o a bhfuighmís ar sáith do shenfhoclaibh snasdha, nach biadh rodhorcha . . ." agus mar sin sìos. Tha'n leabhar cho coltach ri "Turas a' Chrìosdaidh" 's gu'n toir mi sgeòd as :—

AN CEAD RAND DO SGÀTHAN AN CHRÀBHUIGH.

AN. 1. CHAIBIDIL.

GLUAISEAS Desiderius as a shealla ina raibhe ag aitreabhadh aimsear fhada, agus tárla acceann ttreimhsé e ar aodhaire do bhi ag ionghaire a thréada. Gabhas lúthgháire mhór Desiderius ag faicsinn an aodhaire, mar do bhí abhfad roimhe sin gan énduine d'fhaicsin, agus beannaighios dó ag rádh *deo gratias* a dhearbhrathair. Freagraes an Taodhaire dhó ag radh gomadh dia do bheatha. Gabhas Desider. Ag machtnaighadh agus ag minfhéachain ar fheabhas na hoirchille baói ag an aodhaire, ar a oifig fein do dhénamh, ór do bhi cleath nó lorg na láimh agus do bhi tiagh ar amhuin bádar bróga inaide ar a chosuibh : do bhí ionar uime do shoichiodh go a shálaibh ; baoí adharc bheag ar athaobh clé ceangailthe dá chrios, agus adharc oile do budh mo ina sin ar athaobh deas ; bádar dá ghadhar na ghoire ; agus ní himchián uáidhe do bhi an bhoth na ccodladh, iar na thiughthimchealladh do dhroighnibh agus do dhreasaibh : tug an Taodhaire dhá aire mar dobhi Des : ag silleadh agus ag sírfhechuin air ; agus adubhairt : créd adhbhar thiongantais a athair, nó an bhfacadhais aódhaire romhamsa riamh? do chonnarc ar Des : Gidheadh ni fhaca deisi aodhaire riamh mar do dheisisi, agus guidhim thu a dhearbhráthair nair ab lesg lat gach ní fhíafróchad díot dinnisin damh. As deóin leam ar antaodhaire, gach ceisd sa fios fuil agam dfúasgaladh do réir mhéolais. Abair riom a dhearbhráthair ar Desiderius Créd fá niomchrae an lorg sin?

AODHAIRE : as iongnadh leam sin do bheith na aincheas ort, agus inneall Abadh ort : bídh an lorgsa agam do chum mo chongmhála amsheasamh deagla leagfuidhe mé an úair bhím ag rioth andiaigh mo chaórach, agus fós do chum mo thréda do thiomáin ór an úair anas aón chaóra aca andiaigh na coda oile buailim leis an mbata so í, agus cuirim dfhiáchuibh uirthe dul a ccoimhideachd na caorach oile : Desid. Abair riom a dhearbhráthair créd atá agat san téighidhsin ar do mhuin ; Aodh. Bídh agam innte ó thús teinechreas cloch agus spongc dochuin teineadh do bhuain agus dfhadógh dhamh fein an uair bhíos fuachd oram ; agus fós do chum mo choda féin agus choda mo chomhaodhaireadh do bruith : bidh agam innte arán agus inníun, soitheach ola agus soitheach saluinn do bheirim cuid díobh so go minic dom chaorchoib, agus go háiri cuid don tsalunn. Des. créd fá mbíd na bróga maide sin agat? Aodhaire, do chum mo chos do chongmháil te a naimsir oighridh, agus sneachto, ór dá mbeidís bróga blaithleathair orom do brisfidhe iad ar an mball, agas do bheidís mo chosa ag sleamnoghodh uam ag siobhol na sligheadh. . . ."

7. 'S a' bhliadhna 1618 chuireadh 'an clò "scathán sacrameinte na haithridhe," le Hugh caghwell. Is ann 'an County Down a rugadh e. Ghabh e na bóidean 'an Ordugh N. Francis an Salamanca. Bha e rithist

na 'cheannard air an oilthigh sin, agus cuideachd air oilthigh N. Antone an Loubhain, agus air Ara Cœli 's an Ròimh. Sgrìbh e móran leabhraichean 's an Laidinn. An deaghaidh a dhianamh na'Ardeasbuig Armagh thàinig am bàs air mu'n d'fhuair e an Ròimh fhagail 22 Sep. 1626. Is e so an seachdamh leabhar-Gàidhlig a chuireadh 'an clò.

8. Mu'n bhliadhna 1631 chuireadh Leabhar-cheist Chalvin an clò 's a' Ghàidhlig Albannaich, ach tuilleadh air so 's an ath àirimh.

9. Is ann 's a' bhliadhna 1639 a chuireadh an naoidheamh leabhar-Gàidhlig 'an clò : "Catechismus, seu Doctrina Christiana—Adhon an Teagasg Criosduidhe—Latino Hibernica per modum Dialogi inter magistrum et Disciplinum, explicata per Theobaldum Stapletonum, Sacerdotem Hibernum, Bruxellis, 1639," 4to pp. 80. Tha e 'an Laidinn 's an Gàidhlig. Is e an ciad leabhar 's a' Ghàidhlig Eireannaich a thàinig a mach 's an litir Ròimhich. Tha dà shlios ann, 'an Laidinn 's an Gàidhlig, fo'n ainm so : Modus perutilis legendi linguam Hibernicam. Bha ùghdair an leabhair so na Shagart-sgìreachd fo Ardeasbuig Chaiseil. 'S e an "Gall-dubh" a bh'aig na h-Eireannaich fhein air.

10. A' bhliadhna so 1643, chuir Mìcheil O'Cléirigh amach an Loubhain "Seanasan Nuadh ;" faclair sheann fhacal : cha'n fhaca mi e Chaidh ainm air a' bhràthair-bhochd so fad us goirid. Dh'éug e 1643.

11. 'S e an t-ath leabhar a chuireadh an clò : "Parrthas an anma." Loubhain 1645, 32mo pp. 506. Is ann 's a' chorra-litir a tha e, 's cha'n 'eil 's gach slios ach $3\frac{5}{8}$ òirlich air fad agus $2\frac{5}{8}$ air lead. Tha dealbhannan 'an sid 's an so air 'fheadh. Tha e air leth ainneamh a nis. B' e ùghdair an leabhair so Antone Gearnon, bràthair-bochd de Òrdugh N. Francis. Is e a b' Athair-faoisid do Bhànrighinn Màiri, màthair Righ Tèarlach II. Bheir mi sgeòd as : "An ceud rann don Pharrthas so. Ina tteagaisgthear cionnas as coir dhuinn ar ngnathoibre laetheamhla spioradalta, agus teamporalta do déunamh do reir thoile De. An ceud chaibidil.—Don urnaighthe as indeunta ag eirgeisan maidin. [*An so dealbh fir air a ghlùn air bialaobh leapach.*]

CEISD. Creud as indéunta san maidin?

A FREAGRA. Gach ní as oirchíos don Chriósdaidhe.

C. Creud as oirchios don Chriosdaidhe?

F. O thús iar musgladh as a chodladh dho a inntinn do thogbháil do chum Dé agus a choisreageadh ag radh: A nainm an Athar, agus an Mhic, agus an Sbiorad Naoimh. Amen.

Beánachadh dhuit a Thríonnóid naomhtha dho dheadhla anois, agus riamh, agus a saoghal na saoghal. Amen. Na dhiaidh sin ag eirghe as a leabaidh guidheadh Iosa ag radh.

ORTHA.

A mo shlánuightheóir a Iósa Criosd do cheannaigh mé ar tfhuil, agus do éirigh an treas lá as an tumba go glórmhar, do bheirim buidheachas doaisneidhe dhuit tré mar do chumhdaighis go so, agus go speisialta san oidhchese mé. Eirghim anois ad thainm, agus guidhim thu ar son do pháise, sdiúr agus riaghlaigh, coimhéid, agus beannaigh mé aniodh agus feadh mo bheathadh, agus treóraigh do chum na beathadh sìordhuidhe mé. Amen."

11. Mu'n bhliadhna 1651 thàinig Leabhar aithghear nan ceist a mach, agus,

12. 'S a' bhliadhna 1659 thàinig an ceud chaogad de Shailm Dhaibhidh amach ; ach mu'n dithis so, chithear tuilleadh 's an ath àirimh.

13. A' bhliadhna so 1663, chuireadh 'an clò: "Suim Bhunudhasach an Teaguisg Chriosdaidhe, a bpros agus a ndan. Maille re hoifig spiorbdálta an chreidmhigh gach laé; agus lé húirnaighthibh caoindúthrachtacha eile roimh faoisidin roimh chumaoíneadh, agus nandiaigh. Fairé clar na apeachadh fhoghnas roimh fhaoísidin. Lobhan 1663," 8o. pp. 64. Chuireadh a ann an clò e an Labhán cuideachd 1728, fo'n aon cheangal ri "M'Curtin's Elements of the Irish Language." Chuir Donlevy, 1742, amach a' chuid a tha'n dàn deth, 's tha e ga chàramh air *Bonaventura o Heoghusa*, 's tha'n "*Censor*" 1663, ag ràdh gu'n do sgribheadh e, Auctore R. Admod. ac Sapientiss. D.D. I. V. G. T. S. T. D., &c. 'S e sin, Reverendo Admodum ac Sapientissimo Domino, Domino Joanne Dowley, Vicario Generali Tuamensi, Sacræ Theologiæ Doctore, &c. Is e fear 1728-42 am fear a th' agamsa.

14. "Of miracles, and the new miracles done by the relicks of St. Francis Xaviers in the Jesuit's College at Mechlin. Louvanii 1667." Le Richard Archdekin, S.J. 8vo. Tha e am Béurla 's an Gàidhlig. Is ann a mhuinntir Chille-Chainnigh a bha ùghdair an leabhair so. Bha e na 'dhuine ainmeil agus sgribh e móran leabhraichean. Dh' éug e mu'n bhliadhna 1690, 's e mu thri fichead bliadhna 'sa deich a dh-aois.

15. Lucerna Fidelivm seu Fascicvlvs decerptvs de Authoribus magis versatis, qui tractarant de Doctrina Christiana. . . . Authore Fr. Franciso Molloy. Hiberno Medensi. Romæ MDLXXVI. pp. 391.

Tha'n ciad shlios a' tòiseachadh leis an Tiarmunn: Dom Thighearna oirdhearc Palutius Alterius Cairdional ro onorach Easbog ro dhear eagnachd, nia agus Meipoltan ard Chomharba an Deachmha Clemens, Caimberling na heaglaise agus Didineoir Banbha, &c.

Air 14 slios tha na Ceistean a' tòiseachadh:

"*An cheud chuid do leigeann na beataidh. An cheud caibsoil á modh chomhradh idir Mhaigsdir agus Disgiobal; don tteagasg chriosduidhe agus da chodchuib.*

D. Cia thu féin a Ghillidh hall.

M. Misi Giollaidh Chriosd.

D. Creúd fa ngairir an tainmsin dhiot fein.

M. Oir gur mian leam lorg Chriosd do leanmhuin, agus bheith mo shearbfoghantaidh aige.

D. Creúd é an ni crìosd. fein.

M. Dia maraon agus duine."

Aig deireadh an leabhar tha'n clàrinnsidh: I. slios—Clar na ceud choda. V. Slios—Clar na darna coda. VII. Slios—Clar na treas coda.

Ged is ainm Laidinn a th'air an leabhar-cheist so tha e uile 'an Gàidhlig agus anns a' chorra-litir. Ghabh am Bràthair-bochd so, Francis Molloy, na bóidean an Òrdugh N. Francis, agus bhà e na oide-ionnsuich an oilthigh N. Isidore 's an Ròimh, agus b'e feargnothaich na cléire Eireannaich 's a' bhaile sin. 'S e Molloy so a chuir a mach an gràmar Eirionnach "Grammatica Latino Hibernica compendiata, &c." Romæ, 1677, 12mo.

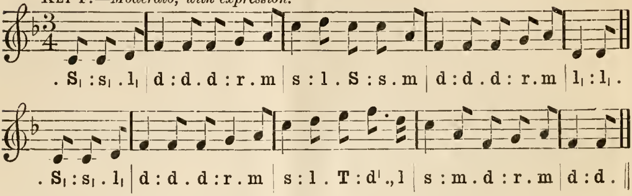
Tha mòran an dùil gur h-e so an leabhar bho'n d'thugadh "Leabhar-a' Mhèinnearaich" 's e sin—Aithghearradh na Teagaisg Chriosduidh; le dearbhaidh Sgrioptuir, air modh ceisd agus freagair. . . . Eadartheangaichte gu Gaoilig Albannach, le Graidhoir do'n Fhìrinn [Roibeart Mèinn]. Lunnuine 1781, 8vo pp. 485. Ged a tha a' Ghàidhlig 's an leabhar so cho Eireannach 's a ghabhas i, 's ann as a' Bhéurla—"The Doway Catechism," a thionndaidh e e.

(*Re leantuinn.*)

OCH! OCH! MAR THA MI.

LEIS AN LIGHICHE MAC-LACHAINN, NACH MAIREANN.

KEY F.—*Moderato, with expression.*


. S_1 :s_1 .l_1 | d :d . d : r . m | s : l . S : s . m | d : d . d : r . m | l_1 : l_1 .
. S_1 : s_1 . l_1 | d : d . d : r . m | s : l . T : d^1 .,l | s : m . d : r . m | d : d . ||

Och! och! mar tha mi 's mi so 'n am ònar,
A' dol troimh 'n choill far an robh mi eòlach,
Nach fhaigh mi àit' ann am fhearann dùchais,
Ged phàighinn crùn air son leud mo bhròige.

Neo-bhinn an fhuaim leam a dhùisg á m' shuain mi,
'S e 'tighin a nuas orm o chruaich na mòr-bheann,—
An cìobair gallda, 's cha chòrd a chainnt rium,
E 'glaodhaich thall ri cù mall an dòlais.

Moch maduinn chéitein an àm dhomh éirigh,
Cha cheòl air gheugan, no geum air mòintich,
Ach sgreadail bhéisdean 's a' chànain Bheurla,
Le coin 'g an éigheach 'cur féigh air fògar.

'N uair a chi mi na beanntan àrda,
'S an fhearann àigh 's an robh Fionn a chòmhnuidh,
Cha'n fhaic mi ann ach na caoraich bhàna,
'S Goill gun àireamh 's a' h-uile còdhail.

Na glinn chiatach 's am faighteadh fiadhach—
'M biodh coin air iallan aig gillean òga,
Cha'n fhaic thu'n diugh ann ach cìobair stiallach,
'S gur duibhe 'mheuran na sgiath na ròcais.

Chaidh gach àbhaist a chur air fuadach,
Cha chluinn thu gruagach ri duan no òran;
Nach bochd an nì e gu'n d' shearg ar n-uaislean,
'S na balaich shuarach n' an àitean-còmhnuidh!

'N uair a chi mi na lagain àluinn—
A' h-uile h-àiridh 'dol fàs le còinnich,
Fo bhadain chaorach le'n uain 'g an àrach,
Cha'n fhaod mi ràdhtainn nach b'fhàidhe Tòmas.*

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* Fàisneachd Thòmais:—
"Cuiridh a' chaora an soc as an talamh,
Bidh meall òir am bun gach glinne—
'S Albainn 'n a criosan geala."

THE GAEL,
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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ABOUT THE OLDEST ROCKS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE Highlands furnish to the geologist a field invested with a very peculiar interest, for in the contorted forms and along the scarred surfaces of the Highland rocks are traced the oldest records of the physical history of the world. Thus, however sterile and bleak our rocks may appear to the agriculturist, yet to him who is anxious to hear from Nature herself the wondrous history of the past, they have a tale of surpassing interest to tell.

Observation and experiment have taught us that the rocks of the world differ from each other in colour, structure, texture, chemical and mineralogical composition, and in the fossils or petrified remains which they bear. These peculiarities in their various combinations form definite sets of rock features, by means of which the rocks of the earth have been classified and defined. Thirteen great systems have thus been differentiated. These systems are further individualised by an unfailing order of superposition, in virtue of which the same rock is always found in the same relative place in the earth's crust. In this respect, the strata of the earth may be compared to the pages of a book. If we know the size of the book, and open it anywhere, the page indicates exactly where we are. Experience convinces us that the pages are arranged according to a fixed principle; and observation impresses the same fact with respect to the strata of rock. Again, many of the pages of our book may have been torn out and be wanting; and so, many of the rock strata may be absent, yet we invariably find that those which are present follow an ascertained order of superposition. The law of this order is simply that those were deposited first, or are oldest, which are lowest in position. By far the most important result which geology has yielded is the discovery that we can trace through all these strata, from the oldest to the most recent, a gradual development of animal life. The theories which this discovery has suggested, the tendencies which it has given to scientific research and philosophical speculation, the complexion which it has given to some of the greatest problems of life—these are consequences involving issues too vast to be at all estimated in the present age.

Of the thirteen great systems to which all the rocks of the world have been referred, we find six represented in the Highlands. Among these there is one to which a remarkable interest attaches, for the rocks of this system are the oldest, not only in the Highlands, but in the world. Where, then, are these ancient rocks—the oldest in the world—to be found? and what, and whence are their peculiarities? These are the questions to be considered.

Once we have accepted the law of superposition, all that need be done to determine the age of any rock is to observe its position among the strata of the earth's crust. This observation, however, is always difficult, and excessively so among the contorted, displaced, metamorphosed, and non-fossiliferous rocks of the Highlands. The credit of having first overcome this difficulty, by establishing a clear order of superposition for the Highland rocks, is due to Sir Roderick Murchison. It was he who ceded to these rocks the dignity which long ages gather round an object. Dr. Macculloch* and Professor Nicol† had previously examined and described the gneissic strata of the North, but they failed to discover that these rocks were deposited in periods of the past, separated by vast epochs of time—that they, in fact, belonged to two distinct systems. Our sandstone strata found an able interpreter in Hugh Miller, but Miller had not sufficiently examined these rocks to infer the great differences that exist in age and history between the tame, undulating, sandstone mounds of the east coast and the splendid cones and rifted sierras of the west. Careful and detailed surveying were the means necessary to clear up the order of succession of these involved strata. These means Murchison supplied. In the year 1856 he set himself to the systematic examination of the gneisses and sandstones of the north Highlands. As a result of these researches, he was able to publish numerous valuable sections illustrative of the structure of the Hebrides and the northern counties.‡ These sections completely establish the true order of superposition. They also vindicate for the gray gneiss of the Lewis the singular distinction of being the oldest rocks in the world. This gray old gneiss Murchison designated by the name Fundamental Gneiss. Later geologists have preferred the term Laurentian, the name of the system in the earth's crust to which the Lewis gneiss belongs. As implied in the generic name, the most pronounced and best represented type of this rock is found in the basin of the St. Lawrence. The descriptions of the Canadian gneiss by Sir William Logan* prepared the way for the determination of the true age of the Fundamental gneiss of Scotland. The Laurentian system is represented also in Bavaria, Bohemia, and Finland. In Scotland, its location is confined to the Outer Hebrides, Coll, Tiree, and Iona, the eastern flank of the Coolin Hills, and a littoral strip of country on the mainland, extending with more or less continuity from Cape Wrath to Loch Torridon, and reaching often so far as fifteen miles inland. The surface configuration of these localities is sufficiently uninteresting. Scenery, in general, may be analysed into the elements of form, colour, and motion. Laurentian scenery lacks striking contours. Its mountains are low and rounded. The soil yielded by these gneissic rocks is also too sterile to produce that luxuriant vegetation which lends such rich hues to more favoured lands. In one respect, however, the type of scenery found in the Laurentian districts of Scotland is quite unique. Nowhere else can the eye wander over a scene where land and water are so artistically interspersed. Nowhere else does water produce more æsthetic effects. Nowhere else can the Spirit of the Flood be perceived in moods so various, now so serenely beautiful, anon so dark in its terrible energy. What a mystic union long ages have consummated between this fitful, restless spirit and the genius of the Celtic race! Another charm of these lochs depends on their form. The long, narrow, winding outlines, the numerous little straits or *ùidhean*, the short torrential streams that connect these lochs, are as peculiarly their own as the phantom forms that fleet over their surfaces.

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* See *System of Geology*, vol. ii. pp. 141-155.

† See *Quart. Jour. Geol. Soc.*, vol. xiii. p. 17 *et seq.*

‡ For sections and descriptions, see *Quart. Jour. Geol. Soc.*, vol. xv. pp. 353-391, and vol. xvii. pp. 170-181.

* See Logan's *Geology of Canada*, and *Quart. Jour. Geol. Soc.*, vol. xxi. p. 45.

These features are more or less geographical. Let us now consider those which are strictly geological. Structure is the most apparent of all rock features. The most careless observer will note how the strata of a rock lie, whether horizontally or at a certain angle to the horizontal plane. Now, the structure of a rock-bed involves two considerations. First, the lines of stratification must run or *strike* in certain directions; and secondly, the beds themselves must incline or *dip* at a certain point to the plane of deposition. The strike of the Laurentian gneiss is singularly persistent. Whether we examine it on the northern shores of Loch Torridon, on the southern slopes of Loch Maree, on the exposed flanks of Ben Stack in Sutherland, or in the deer-forest of Morsgail in Lewis, we everywhere observe the strata striking in the same general directions. These directions are N.W. and S.E. In respect of dip, there is much less uniformity. The general displacement is singularly great. In the northern half of Lewis the beds dip to the north; in the interior, near Morsgail, and along the same parallel of latitude on the mainland, the strata are more or less vertical; while in Benbecula and Harris, again, the dip is to the south. But not only do the Laurentian strata follow these general anticlinal curves, "it frequently happens that they are bent or rather minutely folded in a great number of minute convolutions so small that in a few yards of gneiss they may sometimes be counted by the hundred."* Geologists in general follow De La Beche in referring this complicated structure to contraction of the earth, and a consequent shrinkage of its strata, due to the gradual cooling of its mass. A physicist would consider this process as merely an instance of the general segregation of energy from matter.

The texture of the Laurentian gneiss is close and compact. The particles lie in minute flakes. In almost all cases, however, the normal texture has been considerably changed through the agency of heat, and well-formed crystals appear. Hornblende is the predominating element; but crystals of quartz, felspar, and mica are also common. Bands of quartz, a number of feet in thickness, may be seen in all parts of the Laurentian region; while again in many places, as in the hills above the village of Lochinver, and in the crystalline gneiss of Borva, around the home of "A Princess in Thule," the geodes and veins of hornblende constitute the main mass of the rock. In Assynt, at Altanabrain, five miles north of Lochinver, these hornblende beds pass into serpentine strata hundreds of feet thick. Serpentine would seem to be the ultimate form assumed by hornblendic gneiss as a result of metamorphism. Closely related to the serpentine of Sutherland are the beds of fine schistose limestone found on the right bank of Loch Maree and above the house of Letterewe. Chemical analysis proves that these rocks differ from each other, not in constituent elements, but in history.

The Laurentian rocks of Scotland have yielded no fossils. Mr. James

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* Ramsey's "Phys. Geol. of Scot.," p. 41.

Thomson of Glasgow has been labouring for a number of years among the gneisses of the Hebrides. Last year it was announced that his labours had been crowned with success. It was thought that he had discovered a trace of an animal organism. The supposed fossil was sent to Dr. Carpenter, who published a description of it in the scientific journals.* Subsequent examination led him, however, to the conclusion that the supposed organism was merely a mineral trace. Four or five distinct fossils have, nevertheless, been found in this rock in foreign localities. The Canadian strata have yielded the famous *Eozoon Canadense,* a large foraminifer, which proves that the limestone beds of these strata are of organic origin. Murchison mentions an *Eozoon* found in Finland; † and two others, *E. Bohemicum* and *E. Bavaricum,*‡ have been found in Bohemia and Bavaria respectively. Thus, it appears that life must have existed on the earth long ages before even these ancient rocks—the oldest we can now specify—were formed. Old as these rocks are, their particles must have been deposited along the beds of ancient oceans just as ordinary mud is deposited now.

Such, then, is an account of the geographical and geological features of this primeval rock, and such the surmises which have been thrown out as to its origin. Let us now consider whether we can trace any records of its subsequent history. If we examine the lines along which the superposed beds of sandstone overlap the gneiss, we observe, first, that while the strata of the superincumbent sandstone are more or less horizontal, those of the underlying gneiss are highly inclined; and secondly, that the upturned edges of the sandstone-covered gneiss are well-worn and rounded. These two facts convince us that the Laurentian rocks must not only have assumed their present structure, but must also have suffered considerably from ordinary waste before they formed the ocean-bed on which the sandstone system was laid.

Similar observations on the rocks of the interior of Sutherland and Ross-shire show that the sandstone or Cambrian rock, as it is geologically known, is itself covered quite unconformably by an enormous thickness of dark gray gneiss and shale. Thus, it seems the Cambrian strata also must have formed an ocean-bed, along which the Silurian gneiss of the interior was deposited. At that time the Laurentian gneiss must have been covered not only by a deep ocean, but by thousands of feet of Silurian and Cambrian strata. Now, what has become of this vast thickness of rock? The dip of the Silurian beds indicate a considerable displacement from the plane of deposition. It is probable that this displacement was accompanied by a gradual upheaval of the ocean-bed. Thus, new zones would in turn become exposed to the agencies of waste, and thus, as epochs rolled on, bed after bed would slowly crumble away. From the materials of these eroded rocks, the Old Red Sandstone strata of Caithness are supposed to have been formed.

Finally, if we glance over the Laurentian localities, we observe huge rounded blocks of gneiss, poised on the crests of ridges as if the Titans had been playing at targets there. We note, further, that these boulders sometimes rest on sandstone strata—on rocks of much more recent origin. How has this come to pass?

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* See *Nature*, vol. xiv. pp. 8-68.

† *Siluria*, p. 550.

‡ For lithographs of these see *Landes. von Böhmen*, Vol. I. § ii. pp. 245-56.

The explanation is found in the theory of a glacial epoch. But this theory is not entirely or even mainly founded on these phenomena. Two other classes of facts are to be accounted for, and these facts are nowhere better exemplified than in the districts occupied by the Fundamental gneiss. If the surface of these old rocks is carefully examined, it is everywhere found to be traversed by long parallel grooves or *striae*, and these grooves are found to form systems, which converge towards the fiords or maritime lochs on the coast. An intimate relation is found to exist in respect of direction between these converging systems of parallel grooves and the Laurentian lake basins. Both the lake basins and the striae are quite independent of the strike of the rock, and depend almost entirely on configuration. These observations justify us in inferring that at some past period of the world's history, the mountains of the north of Scotland were sheathed in a thick covering of ice, and that from these mountains immense glaciers moved coastwards scooping out the present valley and lake basins, and leaving on their sides the striated marks now observed. The position of the boulders already noticed cannot, however, be referred to glacier action. The glacial theory in its fulness affords a full explanation of these; for it is only natural to suppose that the ice age, like every other age, passed away gradually. Thus, as the climate became more and more genial, huge masses of ice would become detached from the ice-bound shore, and would float away as icebergs, carrying with them fragments of the rock upon which they rested. It is very easy to conceive how these fragments would become rounded as the iceberg grated on shallows and reefs, and how at length the iceberg itself would rest upon some lofty Ararat, leaving there its deposit of gneiss fragments now duly sculptured into boulder form. This, of course, implies a considerable subsidence of the ocean level since the time of the ice period.

These, then, are the records with which the Laurentian rocks of the Highlands furnish us concerning their past history. They are altogether inadequate to enable us to deal numerically with time, but the reason is, that the facts here revealed beggar our ordinary conceptions of time. We find it hard to realise that the notion of the world's relation to time may be as vast as that of its relation to space.

MACHAON.

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LECTURES ON WELSH PHILOLOGY.*

THIS volume may be called the first-fruits of the endowment of professorships for the encouragement of the study of the language and literature of the Celts in Great Britain, for although "the substance of the Lectures was delivered at Aberystwyth College in 1874," the volume was not published until after the learned author was appointed to the Chair of Celtic Philology and Literature recently founded in Oxford. The volume is fitly dedicated to Max Müller and Whitley Stokes, than whom it would be difficult to name two living men more eminent, the one in general philology, the other more especially in Celtic philology. The book extends to 458 pp. 8vo, and contains seven lectures under the following short titles—viz., I. Introductory Scotch of Glottology—Grimm's Law—Classification of the Celtic Languages; II. Welsh Consonants; III. Welsh Vowels; IV. A Sketch of the History of the Welsh Languages; V. History of the Welsh Alphabet; VI. Ogams and Ogmic Inscriptions; and VII. An Attempt to Reconstruct the History of the Ogmic Alphabet; three Apendices—A. Our Early Inscriptions; B. Maccu, Mucoi, Maqvi, Macwy; and C. Some Welsh Names of Metals and Articles made of Metal; a short chapter of "Additions and Corrections;" and a copious Index, without which it would be difficult to study the work with profit, for table of contents, beyond that given above, there is none.

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* Lectures on Welsh Philology. By JOHN RHYS, M.A., Late Fellow of Merton Coll., Perpetual Member of the Paris Philological Society. London: Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill, 1877.

The author of these Lectures is one of the few men in this country whose name in Celtic philology is known and respected, not only at home, but in Europe and America. His papers in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, and more especially in the *Revue Celtique*, show not only an intimate acquaintance with the principles of general philology, but that perfect familiarity with the Welsh language and literature in their philological aspect which can only be attained by one whose heart is in the work, and who has made it the special study of his life. But contributions to scientific journals are written for and intended to be read by students of the science. Lectures even on science are for general readers. We very much doubt whether the science of philology is one of those, at all events in its present state, that can be made very interesting or instructive to the general public. Professor Max Müller's lectures are an exception. But that great philologist possesses in an eminent degree the rare gift of making the discussion even of abstruse subjects interesting; and he had, besides, the whole field of philology to wander over and pick and choose from at his own sweet will. Professor Rhys, without the almost unexampled power of popular exposition of Max Müller, attempted the far more difficult feat of sustaining the interest of his subject and the sympathy of his audience within a comparatively limited area where principles and generalisations, except to a very subordinate degree, were out of place, and where fact was the all in all. Accordingly, we doubt much whether the Lectures as delivered could be followed with any very great degree of intelligence even by the members of the Welsh College of Aberystwyth. And even in their published form these Lectures will not be read with much interest, or patience, or profit except by those to whom the Welsh language is a charm or philology a passion. But the very fact that makes the Lectures unsuitable for the general reader constitutes their chief value to the scientific student. They contain not the conclusions to which the science of philology has attained, although the author does not hesitate to draw inference and conclusion where needful, so much as the facts upon which the science is based. This is as it ought to be. In no science is hasty generalisation so deceptive, and in no science has it been more frequently resorted to, than in the science of philology. Professor Rhys is fully aware of this; and, curiously enough, he, towards the end of his second lecture, gives the very best of reasons why these Lectures, as lectures, should never have been delivered even to Welsh students of Celtic philology. "Some, however, have no patience with a discussion which turns on consonants and vowels; and nothing short of etymologies bearing directly on ethnological questions or the origin of language can hope to meet with their approval. This need not surprise any one, for, as a rule, few people feel interested in the details of a scientific inquiry, and duly realise the fact, that what they regard as food only fit for the shrunken mind of a specialist, must necessarily precede those gushing results they thirst after" (pp. 86-7). It would be difficult to find a book of which so large a proportion of the contents consists of discussions which turn "upon consonants and vowels," and of "the details of a scientific inquiry," as this volume of lectures.

To the general reader the most interesting of these Lectures are the first, fourth, and sixth—namely, those on the Classification of the Celtic Languages, on the History of the Welsh Language, and on Ogams and Ogmic Inscriptions, together with the lengthy and excellent Appendix on Early Inscriptions. The philologist, however, will probably regard as the most important the second, third, and fifth lectures—viz., those on Welsh Consonants, Welsh Vowels, and the History of the Welsh Alphabet. Of the seventh lecture, the author candidly states that it is devoted mainly to conjectures, and that the facts adduced are few and far between. It is not within our province—this not being a journal of science strictly so called—to dwell on the purely philological portion of these Lectures. A systematic and resolute attempt—and, so far as we can judge, not an unsuccessful attempt—is made to trace in Welsh, as has already been traced in the Teutonic languages, the laws of its letter change, and thence the origin of its vocabulary and its relative place in the Celtic family of languages. The attempt to do this, as Professor Rhys remarks, in the Celtic languages, and especially in Welsh, is difficult, and chiefly for two reasons—"The great dearth of specimens of them in their earlier stages, and the large scale on which phonetic decay has taken place in them." We would have wished, we confess, that our author had somewhere or other in the course of his work showed that he had any knowledge of our own Gaelic as distinct from the Irish; or, indeed, that he considered the knowledge of any value to the student of philology. It is, indeed, true that we cannot show many specimens of our language written or printed which are many centuries old; but we have preserved among us words and forms which the Irish have lost, if they ever had them, and which the Celtic philologist ought not to ignore. We think that Professor Rhys might with great advantage have borrowed from our vocabulary where the Irish language, or at all events his knowledge of it, failed him. For example, in his third lecture he exhibits the present representatives of the vowels of the Aryan parent speech, and illustrates by reference to Irish, Sanskrit, and other members of the Aryan family. In some instances we noticed that Gaelic could provide him with the appropriate parallel where Irish fails him—*e.g.*, Welsh *can*, "a song;" *canu*, "to sing, to crow;" Ger. *hahn*, "a cock" [Gael. *can*, "to sing"]; W. *pas*, "the whooping-cough;" Skr. *kâs*, "to cough;" O. Eng. *hwostan*, "to *host*, to cough;" Ger. *husten* [Gael. *casd*, "to cough"]; W. *ad-fer*, "to restore," from the same origin as Gr. *φέρω*, Lat. *féro;* Skr. *bhar*, "to bear" [Gael. *beir*, "to bear"]. All these are taken from one page, and many more instances of the same neglect with similar consequences might be given from many parts of the book. The only word which we have observed him quote as "Scotch Gaelic" is, curiously enough, a purely Irish word—*foircheann.*

Until of late years, it has been

customary to represent the Celtic member of the Aryan family of languages as branching into two main divisions—the Gallo-British and the Irish. According to this classification, the Welsh, the Armoric dialect, and the Cornish, now extinct, constitute one group; while the Irish, the Scottish Gaelic, and Manx make up the other. The old language of Gaul, which survives only in the names (almost all of them proper names) preserved by the classical writers and some inscriptions, has been usually held to be the parent or elder sister of the first of these groups. Of late years, the conviction has been gaining ground that a more correct classification would represent the Celtic language as consisting of two main branches—a British and a Continental branch. According to this view, the old language of Gaul represents the one branch, and the Welsh, Irish, and Cornish the other, while the Armoric dialect occupies a peculiar position as being not so much the direct descendant of the old Gaulish as of the British or more especially of the Cornish—a colony from that portion of Britain having passed over to Armorica somewhere about the fifth century. It is contended that the differences which now prevail between the two main divisions of the Celtic language in this country grew and developed within these islands; that Welsh and Irish were in Britain originally one and the same tongue; and that the process of differentiation did not commence until after the Celts of Britain had become separated from the Celts of the Continent. It is not necessary, the advocates of this theory maintain, in order to account for the differences between the Welsh branch and the Irish branch of the Celtic language existing in our day, great though these undoubtedly are, to assume, as has generally been done, that at two different periods of time, and perhaps from different parts of the Continent of Europe, the Celts invaded or colonised the British Isles. Professor Rhys adopts the view that the most radical differences existing between Welsh and Irish can be shown to have developed themselves in this country; and that, accordingly, the alleged close kinship of the Welsh and old Gaulish cannot be maintained.

To an ordinarily intelligent Highlander or Irishman of the present day acquainted with his own language, a Welsh book is utterly unintelligible. Except to the philologist, Welsh and Irish, or Welsh and Gaelic, are to all intents and purposes two languages. It has indeed been stated, and we do not doubt the statement, by a great authority, that of the six Celtic dialects two-thirds of their vocabulary is substantially the same; but even in the case of words "substantially the same" in Gaelic and Welsh, the difference in pronunciation is great, and this difference is magnified to the eye by the different modes of orthography adopted in the two languages. Words "substantially the same" in the two languages are practically different to all except linguists and philologists. But, as is well known, the great and leading difference between both classes of the Celtic language is the mutation of initial consonants, and especially of the mute consonants. The consonantal changes between Welsh and Gaelic have been tabulated by Mr. Skene ("The Four Ancient Books of Wales," vol. i. p. 126) as follows:—

P into C or B.
C into T or G.
B into G.
G into D.
GW into F.
H into S or F.
W into O.
Y into E.
E into EA.

Of these, the most typical, as representing the most radical difference between the two languages, is the P of the one represented by the C of the other. The great argument in support of the view that Welsh and Old Gaulish belong to the same branch of the Celtic family is, that they both use P where the Irish uses C. Mr. Rhys maintains that this argument is untenable. Aryan *p*, he says, disappeared from the Celtic languages. On this subject the reader may consult an elaborate paper by Professor Rhys in the *Revue Celtique*, vol. ii. p. 321. The *p* of Gaulish and Welsh and the *c* of Irish is the representative in these languages of Aryan *qv*. Now, in order to prove a peculiar relationship between Welsh and Gaulish from this *p* coincidence, Professor Rhys argues that "both languages ought to have had *p* for *qv* in use at the same time, so as to allow one to infer that *qv* had become *p* at a time when they were as yet one language." But "the Gauls had replaced *qv* by *p* at some date anterior to the time of Cæsar, whereas our ancestors do not seem to have done so much before the 6th century." Not only, it seems, have the Welsh not changed the Irish *c* into *p*, but the Irish retained the earlier *qv* common to both languages after the Welsh began to change it into *p*. For example, the Irish St. Ciaran, who appears in an older form as *Queranus* is in Wales called Piran. From this and corroborative arguments, Mr. Rhys maintains not that his own theory is proved, but that the proof offered for the opposite theory breaks down. The fact undoubtedly remains that, though perhaps at different dates, the Gauls and the Welsh did adopt the letter *p* to represent the sound for which the Irish adopted the letter *c*, and this coincidence requires explanation. Besides, it has been maintained that the inscriptions relied upon to show the development of *p* from *qv* in Welsh are in reality not Welsh but Irish. Mr. Rhys will not admit the Irish claim to these inscriptions, and is, therefore, entitled to use the argument. But the claim is made nevertheless; and until it is completely disproved, outsiders cannot accept Mr. Rhys's conclusion as proved.

Passing over the admirable lecture on Welsh Literature, where the continuity of the Welsh language from the present day to the time of the Roman occupation is traced with great ability and ingenuity, and the very interesting lecture on the Welsh Alphabet, we come to by far the most interesting and, to general readers, the most valuable portion of the work—viz., the lecture on Ogams and Ogmic Inscriptions, with the relative Appendix on "Our Early Inscriptions." The *dictum* of our own Historiographer-Royal, Dr. Hill Burton, on the Ogmic Inscriptions is well known: "It would be deemed by some unpardonable not to note that some scratchings on these stones have been set down as inscriptions in the Ogham or Ogam character. This professes to be a method of secret writing, being, indeed, no other than that in which the Druids concealed their mysteries. Its avowed qualities are simplicity and flexibility. These qualities are vouched for us on the faith of experiments made chiefly in Ireland, and especially of one in which two antiquaries had read an inscription to pretty nearly the same result, and afterwards found, on comparison of notes, that the one had read from left to right, and the other from right to left" (vol. i. p. 148). The experiment referred to was made in the year 1785. Later experiments Dr. Burton ignores. These Ogmic inscriptions are scattered over the greater part of Ireland, but more especially in the province of Munster. They are met with throughout Wales and in Devon and Cornwall. Some have been found in Scotland, especially in the counties of Fife, Aberdeen, Sutherland, and in the Shetland Islands. Several of the Welsh monuments are bilateral, and have a corresponding inscription in debased Roman characters. Dr. Graves, Bishop of Limerick, read in 1848-9 two papers on the Ogham character before the Royal Irish Academy, which are printed in the fourth volume of the transactions of the Academy, pp. 174, 356. In the first of these papers Dr. Graves shows that keys to the Ogham character are given in the Book of Leinster of the 12th century, in the Book of Ballymote of the 14th, and in the Book of Lecan of the 15th century, which last contains a copy of the Uraicept, a grammatical tract, supposed to belong to the 9th century. By the aid of these keys, and also by the aid of the Roman inscriptions on the Welsh monuments, the genuineness of the Ogham inscriptions has been fully established. The Irish inscriptions have been chiefly deciphered by Dr. Graves, Dr. Ferguson, and Mr. Brash; and the Welsh by Professors Westwood and Rhys. But while the genuineness of the inscriptions have been placed beyond the reach of question, it is still matter of dispute whether the Welsh monuments have been raised by Irishmen. Professor Rhys strenuously and, so far as we can judge, successfully maintains that the Welsh monuments are of Welsh and not of Irish origin. A further question as to the time during which the Ogham character was chiefly used is still undecided. While some hold, with Whitley Stokes, that these characters were used before the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, others are of opinion that they are of post-Christian origin. In the hands of the initiated we must leave the question at present, cordially recommending Professor Rhys's volume as an able and excellent treatise on Welsh philology.

THE SHIANAN.*

Mr. Campbell tells us that "the chief object of this pamphlet is to draw the attention of students of Celtic antiquities, and especially of Scotch proprietors, to monuments of ancient times which have hitherto escaped observation, and which may yield up their long-guarded secrets to very easy and cheap excavations." It is well that Mr. Campbell has thus formally explained the chief object of the pamphlet; for in the sixteen pages of which the body of it is composed, we find nothing to warrant any such inference. We do not have a list of "monuments of ancient times," the excavation of which the author considers desirable; nor do we get an account of any "excavations" which have been made, or of any "secrets" which have been unearthed. Instead of this, Mr. Campbell gives us four pages of print under the "Shianan," which he translates "peace-mounds;" over three pages under the heading of "The Caledonian Defence Line;" and the remainder of the pamphlet under the title of "Miscellaneous." It could scarcely be expected that in a pamphlet of this size dealing with such a variety of matters, an exhaustive treatment of any one subject could be attempted. But one might fairly expect that the Gaelic quotations should be correctly printed, and that etymologies if absurd should also be amusing.

* The Shianan; and the Caledonian line of Defence against the Romans. By Duncan Campbell. Price One Shilling. Keighly: Printed at "The *Herald* Office," 25 Hanover Street. 1877.

P
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Vol. 6

AN GAIDHEAL.

"*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein*
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."—Oisean.

VI. Leabh.] CEUD MHIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1877. [68 Air.

LITREACHAS NAN GAIDHEAL.

X. NA H-AOIREAN.

Cha'n 'eil mi meas gu bheil ar n-Aoirean Gaidhealach, ann an coimeas ri Aoirean rioghachdan eile no ann an coimeas ris a' mhor chuid d'ar Bardachd fein, airidh air moran urraim. Is eigin aideachadh nach 'eil ann an roinn mhor d'ar n-Aoirean ach droch cainnt, draosdachd, agus drabasdachd ann an rann. Tha moran diu nach toill dad ach diteadh airson an teagaisg, an cainnt, agus an smuain. Tha so fior ann an doigh ro shonruichte mu thimchioll nan Aoirean a rinn an dà Bhard is ainmeile a tha againn—Donnachadh Ban Mac-an-t-Saoir agus Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair. Their sinn air uairean, 'n ar fein speis, gu bheil ar smuain agus ar cainnt na's airde agus na's gloine na smuain agus cainnt nan Gall. Their sinn gur ann bho na Goill a thug sinn a' mhor chuid d'ar droch cleachduinean, d'ar focail shalach, agus d'ar mionnan. Tha roinn de'n fhirinn air so; ach cha'n 'eil ach roinn. Cluinn dà chaillich, aig nach 'eil focal Beurla agus nach d'fhag riamh an duthaich, a' trod, no leugh Aoirean Dhonnachaidh Bhain agus Mhic-Mhaighstir-Alastair, agus saoilidh mi gu'n aidich thu nach ruig a' Ghaidhlig leas a bhi ann an eisemeil canain fo'n ghrein airson focail shalach, mhosach, bhreun.

'S e an t-aobhar, ann an tomhas mor co-dhiu, airson a' bheil roinn cho mor de na h-Aoirean Gaidhealach air bheag luach, gu'n do rinn na Baird iad do fhear no do bhean eigin a chuir mi-thlachd orra. Cuir thusa dorran air a' Bhard, coma c'arson agus coma co thu, agus aoiridh am Bard thu. Nam b'e duine ath-ghoirid no treun air an cuireadh tu mi-thlachd bheireadh e do dheagh throd dhuit no bheireadh e ruith mhoirt ort; nam bu Bhard e, dheanadh e Aoir dhuit. Cha'n 'eil mar so ann am moran d'ar n-Aoirean Gaidhealach ach trod ann an rann. Dh'fheudadh e bhi gu'm bu duine thu a thoilleadh, airson do naduir no do chleachduin, dimeas no tair; ach cha b'e so an t-aobhar airson an do rinneadh dimeas no tair ort, ach a chionn gu'n do chuir thu mi-thlachd air a' Bhard. Rachadh do chaineadh an neo-ar-thaing cho foghainteach ged bhiodh do bheusan agus do ghiulan 'n an urram do'n sgireachd d'am buineadh thu. Nam foghnadh leis a' Bhard a bhi caineadh nam feart no nan cleachduinean a bha toillteanach air mi-chliu, no nam feuchadh e ri dealbh fior a thoirt seachad air an duil thruagh a dhuisg a chorruich, bhiodh an Aoir airidh air ni-eigin de mheas. Ach cha'n fhoghnadh so. O mhullach do chinn gu bonn do choise bha thu air do chomhdach le salachar a theanga. Cha robh meang, no failinn, no uireasbhuidh ann an corp no ann an inntinn a b'aithne do'n Bhard, agus a bha air a mheas taireil 'n a latha agus 'n a dhuthaich, nach robh air an luaidh riut. Co-dhiu bha dad firinn ann no nach robh, cha deanamh e mnthadh. Leugh "Aoir an Tailleir" a rinn Donnachadh Ban. Feudaidh e bhi gu'm bu duine an tailleir nach robh na b'fhearr na bu choir dh'a bhi. Ma dh'fhaodte nach faigh taillearan mar luchd-ceird uiread urraim o'n t-sluagh agus a thoilleadh ceird a tha cho sean agus cho feumail. Ach cha b'ann a chionn gu'm bu taillear Mac-Neacain, no gu'm bu droch thaillear e, no gu'm bu droch dhuine e, a rinn Donnachadh an Aoir. Bha'n taillear, mar is minic a bha taillearan, 'n a Bhard e fein, agus gun a theanga fo ghlais:

"Tha do theangadh mar reusar,
Le tainead 's le geiread,
Thug thu deannal dhomh fein d'i;
O's ann agad tha 'n eucoir
C'uim nach paighinn thu 'n eiric do sgeoil."

Co-dhiu b'ann aig Mac-Neacain a bha "an eucoir" no nach b'ann, cha deanadh e moran muthaidh, rachadh an Aoir a dheanadh a dh'aon chor. Ach a chionn gur ann a phaigheadh ann an eiric sgeoil a chaidh a deanamh, leig am Bard seachad an cothrom, agus chaill sinne an toilinntinn a gheibheamaid ann a bhi faicinn mar a dheanamh Donnachadh Ban culaidh-mhagaidh de na taillearan. An aite so tha againn moran de dhroch cainnt air bheag blas, agus na's lugha firinn. Cha'n fhaighear moran buannachd no toilinntinn ann a bhi leughadh coslas no cliu an taillear mar a sgriobh Donnachadh iad:

"'S e do choltas r'a innseadh,
Fear sop-cheannach, grìmeach,
Gun bhoineid, gun phiorbhuic,
Gun bhad-mullaich, gun chirein,
Lom uile air a spionadh,
Car gu t-uilinn a sios ort,
Strac na dunach de'n sgriobaich mu d'cheòs."

Tha aon-thar-fhichead de earrannan de'n t-seorsa so anns an Aoir, agus saoilidh mi gu'n abair a' mhor chuid de na leughas i gu bheil co-dhiu fichead earrann tuillidh 's a choir innte.

Cha'n urrainnear tuillidh cliu a thoirt do na h-Aoirean eile a rinn Donnachadh Ban. Dh'aoir e Uisdean Piobaire a thachair air ann an Ceanntaile, a reir a sgeoil fein, airson an aobhair so:

"Bha aon bhalach ann air banais,
A thug dhomh tàmailt,
O'n bha esan mar sin domh-sa
Bi mise mar so dha-san."

Tha'n sin corr agus ceithir fichead sreath de dhroch cainnt ag innseadh teisteanais Uisdein bhochd. Cha deachaidh "Anna Nigh'n Uilleam an Cromba" as na b'fhearr:

"Bhruidhinn mise siobhalt, suairce,
Mar dhuin-uasal anns an àm sin;
Thoisich ise mar chu crosda,
Bhiodh anns na dorsan a' dranndail."

A chum stad a chur air dranndail Anna, b'eigin do Dhonnachadh fas 'n a chù agus dol a thabhunn. 'S e aoir *Wilkes* no "Iain Fhaochaig," mar a dh'eadar-theangaich Donnachadh Ban an t-ainm, is fearr. Cha b'urrainn cainnt "masladh" no "mi-chliu" *Wilkes* a mheudachadh; agus thoill e corruich a' Bhaird a chionn gu'n d'innis e "breugan air righ Deorsa," gu'm bu "bheag air Morair Loudain," gu'n do labhair e gorach "air cul Iarla Bhoid, an t-amunn," agus gu'n do "bhruidhinn e gu lei mu Albainn."

Ann am Bardachd Mhic-Mhaighstir-Alastair gheibhear gu tric fearg agus corruich a' Bhaird a' losgadh agus a' lèireadh naimhdean nan Stiubhartach agus, ann am beachd a' Bhaird, naimhdean 'a dhuthcha. Ach cha'n abrar Aoirean ris na h-Orain a rinn an Domhnullach ann an aobhar a' Phrionnsa, ged is maith is airidh moran dhiu air an ainm. Cha'n 'eil ach dithis de Orain Mhic-Mhaighstir-Alastair ris an abrar Aoirean gu cumanta. 'S iad sin "Di-moladh Moraig" agus "Marbhrann na h-Aigeannaich." Cha'n fhaighear an dà Aoir so ach anns a cheud chlo-bhualadh de shaothair a' Bhaird ainmeil so. Tha an leabhar a nis ro thearc, agus is maith gu bheil a' chuis mar sin. Cha leugh neach sam bith aig a' bheil inntinn fhallain an dà Aoir so gun sgreamh, gun ghairisinn. Cha'n aithne dhomh rann a sgriobh Bard ainmeil ann an Gaidhlig no ann an canain eile a tha an steigh, an smuain agus an cainnt cho truaillidh, cho salach, agus cho breun. Mar is lugha a theirear mu'n deidhinn is fearr.

De na Baird is ainmeile 's iad Iain Lom agus Rob Donn, tha mi meas, a b'fhearr a dh'uisnich a' ghne Bhardachd so airson teagaisg. Cha'n fhaighear am measg na bheil a nis ri fhaotainn de shaothair Iain Luim uiread agus aon Aoir ; ach is gann is urrainn dhuit aon d'a Orain a leughadh gu'n fhaicinn gu soilleir gu'm bu làn Aoireadair am Bard so. Duine aig an robh geur mhothachadh air eucoir, air foirneart, agus air olc; duine aig an robh aignidhean laidir, inntinn lasarach, agus teangadh sgaiteach ; duine a bha neo-eiseimeileach, misneachail, ged tha e air aithris nach robh ann ach gealtaire anns a chath ; duine a rinn deagh obair 'n a latha fein, agus a tha, a reir mo bheachd, airidh air urram nach d'fhuair e fathast am measg a luchd-duthcha. Bha agus tha cumhachd Roib Dhuinn, gu sonruichte 'n a shiorrachd fein, na's treise na cumhachd Iain Luim, no ma dh'fhaodte aon d'ar Baird Ghaidhealach. Tha mi de'n bheachd gur airidh Rob Donn air gach urram a fhuair e. Is gann a chreideas mi gu'n robh aon d'ar Baird Ghaidhealach aig an robh beachd cho cothromach agus a bha aig Rob Donn air cumhachd na Bardachd agus gu sonruichte air cumhachd na h-Aoir mar mhodh-teagaisg. Co-dhiu cha'n aithne dhomh aon diu a dh'uisnich na buaidhean a bha aige air dhoigh cho ionmholta ; agus tha mi meas, ann an iomradh air Aoirean na Gaidhealtachd, gu bheil Rob Donn airidh air aite air leth dh'a fein. Feuchaidh mi ri sin a thoirt dh'a gu goirid ; agus, mar sin, gabhaidh mi seachad air aig an am so.

Gheibhear na h-Aoirean Gaidhealach is fearr, mar a thachair do na h-Orain Ghaoil is fearr, air an deanamh le Baird nach do rainig an t-aite a b'airde am measg am braithrean. Gheibhear Aoir a nis agus a ris, fior fhreagarrach agus fior ghleusta, mar a gheibhear gu tric Oran Gaoil, air a deanamh le aon air nach cualas tuillidh iomradh. Am measg nam Bard, seachad air an fheadhainn a dh'ainmich mi cheana, a rinn Aoirean, tha mi saoilsinn gur iad Iain Mac-Codrum agus Ailean Dall is airidh air a' chliu is airde. Cha'n 'eil mi ro chinnteach nach feudar a radh gu'n toir an dithis so barr air gach Bard Gaidhealach a tha againn, ach Rob Donn 'n a onrachd, ann an culaidh-mhagaidh a dheanadh do ni no do neach air an tugadh iad lamh. Thugadh seachad anns an aireimh mu dheireadh de'n *Ghaidheal* "Oran nan Ciobairean Gallda," agus saoilidh mi gur gann a gheibhear anns a' Ghaidhlig Aoir de'n t-seorsa a bheir barr air an Oran so. Tha aon de Aoirean Iain Mhic-Codruim, cho fad agus is aithne dhomh, air chall, co-dhiu cha'n fhiosrach mi gu'n deachaidh i riamh ann an clò. 'S e sin an Aoir a rinn e do Thaillearan an Eilean-fhada. Tha e air aithris gu'n do thachair am Bard air Domhnullach Shleibhte air là araidh agus e air fhior dhroch chomhdach.

Cha robh ach gann stiall aodaich air. Dh'fheoraich Sir Seumas ciod a bu chiall do'n Bhard a bhi cho luideagach; agus dh'innis am Bard dh'a gu'n do rinn e Aoir do na Taillearan a ghread iad cho goirt agus nach deanadh aon aca snathainn aodaich dh'a. Bhiodh e iongantach mur 'eil cuideigin anns an Eilean-fhada a ghleidh an Aoir so air chuimhne; agus ma's e agus gu bheil, tha mi meas gur mor an call mur cuirear i gun dail gu aon d'ar Paipearan-naigheachd no aon d'ar cuairtearan Gaidhealach.

Cha'n 'eil Orain shùgach no abhachdach ach tearc anns a' Ghaidhlig, ach gheibhear air uairean a' mheur so de'n Aoir. 'S ann de'n t-seorsa so a tha na ghleidh MacCoinnich ann an "Sàr Obair nam Bard Gaidhealach" air chuimhne de Orain Ghilleasbuig-na-Ciotaig. Tha "Marbhrann" agus "Aiseirigh" Iain Ruaidh fior mhaith; agus cha'n 'eil an dà Oran eile a rinn am Bard ceudna "Oran cnaideil do'n Olla Leodach" agus "Banais Chiostal-Odhair" a bheag air deireadh. Ma tha cunntas a' Bhaird fior, bha ar n-Aithrichean aig banais a neo-arthaing cho riasgail ruinn fein :

"Bhuail iad air a cheile chnagadh,
Leig iad air a cheile shádadh,
Shin iad air aithris na braide
'S air cagnadh nan òrdag.

"Fear ri caoineadh, fear ri aighir,
Fear 'na sheasamh, fear 'n a laidhe,
Fear a' pogadh bean an tighe,
'S fear a' gabhail oran.

"Cha robh ann ach beagan dibhe,
Leig iad i dh'ionnsaidh an cridhe,
Bha fear 'us fear aca rithist,
Gun bhruidhinn gun chomhradh."

Cha'n 'eil Aoir de'n t-seorsa a fhuair uiread cliu anns a' Ghaidhealtachd ri "Moladh Chabar-feigh;" agus creididh mi nach d'fhuair i barrachd cliu na thoill i. B'e rùn a' Bhaird na h-uile spid agus tamailt a b'urrainn d'a a thoirt do na Rothaich. Cha bhiodh e farasda barr a thoirt air an rann a leanas :

"Tha'm brochan a toirt sàr dhuibh,
'S tha'n càl a' toirt at oirbh,
Ach 's beag is misde an t-àrmunn.
'Ur sàth thoirt an nasgaidh dhuibh,
Ge mor a thug sibh chàise,
Thar àiridhean Asainne,
Cha'n fhacas cuirm a'm Fòlais,
Ge mòr bha de chearcan ann ;
Caisteal biorach, nead na h-iolair,
Coin 'us gillean gortach ann,
Cha'n fhaicear bioran ann ri teine
Mur bi dileag bhrochain ann,
Cha'n fhaicear mairt-fheoil ann am poit
ann,
Mur bi cearc g'a plotaigeadh,
'S g'an tional air an deirce
'Nuair threigeas gach cosgais iad."

Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil moran Aoirean de'n ghne abhachdaich so nach do chuireadh ann an clò. Chuala mi uair agus uair Oran Tiristeach d'am b'ainm "Calum Beag MacCimein" 'g a sheinn, ach cha'n fhaca mi ann an clò e. Thug Calum turus-cuain do Ghlaschu leis an "Dulunndaich;" agus tha mi meas gu'n robh gibht na fochaid gu saoibhir aig a' Bhard a dh'innis mar a dh'eirich dh'a.

Gheibhear air uairean na h-Aoirean a' gleidheadh cuimhne air atharrachaidhean a thainig air doighean agus cleachduinean an t-sluaigh; ged nach faighear cho tric agus a dh'earbamaid. Saoilidh mi gu bheil sinn na's deise anns a' Ghaidhealtachd gu bhi caoidh na cleachduin a dh'fhalbh na tha sinn gu bhi deanamh dimeas no tair no culaidh-mhagaidh de'n fhasan no de'n chleachduin a thainig. Air Galldachd agus gu sonruichte ann an Sasunn, is e an t-atharrach a tha fior. Cha chluinnear ach ainmig caoidh air an ni a chaidh á fasan; ach biodh am fasan ùr maith no dona, nithear fanoid air anns a cheud dol-a-mach. Gheibhear 'n ar litreachas, agus bha aobhar air, moran caoidh agus monbhur mu'n reiteach a rinneadh air an fhearann airson aite a dheanamh do chaoraich agus do fheidh. Ach a mach bho "Oran nan Ciobairean Gallda" a rinn Ailean Dall, is gann a gheibhear dimeas no tair air a dheanamh air na cleachduinean ùra no orrasan a thug gu buil iad.

Bha aon chaochladh a dhuisg corruich nam Bard air dhoigh ro shonruichte. Goirid an deigh bliadhna Thearlaich, thainig Achd Parlamaid a mach a' toirmeasg an fheile-bhig; agus ag orduchadh gu'm feumadh gach fear briogais a chur air. Bhiodh e duilich do choigreach a thuigsinn gu'm bu chruaidh-chas sam bith do dhuine gu'm b'eigin d'a a luirgnean a chomhdach; agus ma dh'fhaodte, an uair is ann air Sasunnach is trice a chi sinn am feile an diugh, gu'm biodh cuid againn nach abradh moran ged rachadh an t-Achd ceudna urachadh. Ach tha e farasta gu leoir a thuigsinn gur ann le fearg agus le searbhadas anma a dh'eisdeadh Gaidheal an là ud ris an ordugh am feile-beag a chuir dhiu agus a' bhriogais a chuir orra. Cha'n eisdeadh na Gaidheil a dh'eirigh le Tearlach ach le don-fhoighidinn ri ordugh sam bith a thigeadh á Sasunn. Bha na Gaidheil a sheas air taobh Righ Deorsa a' smuaineachadh gu'm bu droch phaigheadh airson an dilseachd Achd a bha 'n a thamailt agus 'n a mhasladh d'an Duthaich agus d'an Sluagh. Cha robh Bard a sheinn ré 'n a h-uine a bha an t-Achd mi-fhortunach so 'n a lagh, co-dhiu bha e toirt umhlachd thoileach do'n Righ a bha 'riaghladh anns an àm no nach robh, nach do sheinn a' caineadh na "briogais lachduinn" leis gach focal a bu sheirbhe agus a bu spìdeile a b'aithne dh'a, agus a' moladh an "fheile bhig 's a bhreacain" airson gach feum gus an cuirteadh aodach agus feum no dhà a bharrachd.

Bha sinn riamh, tha fathast, agus tha dochas agam gu'm bi, ainmeil airson ar caoimhneis, le ar cuid agus le ar cainnt, ri coigrich. Ach bha aon choigreach 'n ar measg nach b'urrainn dhuinn a mholadh—an Sasunnach ainmeil *Samuel Johnson.* Labhair e spìdeil mu na h-Albannaich thar cheann; agus gu sonruichte cha robh e creidsinn ann an Oisean. B'e so an aon pheacadh nach faigheadh maitheanas. Rinneadh a bheatha cho fad agus a bha e 'n ar measg; ach cha bu luaithe a dh'fhag e ar criochan na chaidh an t-soraidh 'n a dheigh. Ma b'fhior Uilleam Ros, fhuair "Mac-na-Bracha" buaidh air an Fhoclair threun:

"An t-Olla-Mac-Iain le Bheurla
Le Laidinn 'us Ghreugais-chainnt
Gu'n d'fhag stuth uaibhreach nan Gaidheal,
Teang' a chànanaich ud mall."

Anns a' chruinneachadh Oran a chuir *Gillies* a mach ann am Peairt anns a' bhliadhna 1786, leabhar is gann air am faighear greim a nis, tha Aoir shearbh do'n duine ainmeil so. Fhuair mi o chionn ghoirid bho charaid Aoir nach deachaidh riamh ann an clò do'n "Olla Mac-Iaín Le Seumas Mac-an-t-Saoir, Fear Ghlinn-nomha." Anns an Aoir so tha an duine urramach, oir bu duine e cho urramach agus a gheibhteadh am measg dheich mìle a dh'aindeoin a' bheachd fheallsa mu'n Bhardachd Ghaidhealaich, air a chaineadh gu dubh agus gu maslach:

"Gur tu chlach a dhiult gach clachair,
Gur tu gart-ghlanadh a' ghàraidh,
'S tu soplach 'us moll na fasgnaig,
An àm siol reachdmhor a chàthadh.
Measg an eisg 's tu'n dallag mhurlaich,
No 'bhiast mhùgach sin mac-lamhaich.
'S tu'n t-isein 'a meadhon na breine
Am broc 's a shron 'n a cheir tri raidhean."

Ghleidh Mac-Coinnich air chuimhne dà Aoir air am feumar iomradh a dheanamh am measg nan Aoirean Gaidhealach. 'S e sin "Seanachas Sloinnidh na Pioba bho Thus" le Niall Mòr Mac-Mhuirich, agus "Di-moladh Piob Dhomhnuill Bhain" le Iain Mac-Codrum. Shaoileamaid gu'm biodh a' Phiob air na steighean mu dheireadh a thaghadh na Baird Ghaidhealach airson Aoir. Bhiodh e dlù air bhi cho farasda leinn a chreidsinn gu'n deanadh Bard Gaidhealach Aoir do'n Fheile no do Oisean no do'n Ghaidhlig fein agus gu'n deanadh e Aoir do'n Phiob. Tha priomh Bhard Shasuinn uair agus uair a' deanamh tair air an inneal-chiuil so; ach cha'n earbamaid na b'fhearr á Sasunnach air meud a thuigse. Tha *Burns*, ged bha e baigheil ris na Gaidheil, ann an *Tam O' Shanter*, a' cur Shatain 'n a shuidhe ann an uinneig Eaglais *Alloway*, "a' seideadh suas na pioba leis gach cumhachd agus innleachd 'n a chomas." Ach Gaidheal ag aoireadh na pioba! Nam bu phiobaire bhiodh air aoireadh bu ni-eigin do chomhfhurtachd e; ged nach mor dhaoine a ghluaiseas cho mor-chuiseach, no a sheallas cho taireil air an t-saoghal mu'n cuairt d'a, ri piobaire, an uair a tha 'phluic an impis sgaineadh.

Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil baigh againn ri ceol na pioba nach tuig coigrich; agus cha'n ioghnadh e. Tha a sgal ceangailte ris gach gniomh 'n ar n-eachdraidh is toigh leinn a bhi gleidheadh air chuimhne. Sheinn ar Baird a cliù. Is cuimhne leat mar thuirt Mairi-nigh'n-Alastair-Ruaidh:

> "Piob nuallanach mhòr,
> Bheireadh buaidh air gach ceol,
> 'Nuair ghluaiste' i le meoir Phadruig."

Agus Donnachadh Ban:

> "'S i piob nam feadan siubhlach,
> A bhuidhneadh cliù 's a champ,
> Air thoiseach nan laoch ùra
> 'S meoir lughmhor dlù 'n an deann." &c.

Chuir Tormoid Mac-Leoid, 'n a chanain bhlasda fein, ann am beul Fhionnlaidh Phiobaire, a bhaigh ris a' cheol so. Gu ma fada bhuainn an latha anns a labhair Gaidheal suarach mu'n phiob, no anns an eisd e r'a sgal gun togradh. O chionn iomadh ceud bliadhna tha i fuaighte r'ar caithe-beatha air doigh ro shonruichte. Cha bhiodh, o shean, cuideachd cruinn gun am piobaire, co-dhiu a b'e aighear no bròn a ghluais orra. Aig gach àm a bu chudthromaiche agus a bu sholuimte ann an caithe-beatha ar n-aithrichean bha a' phiob agus am piobaire a lathair a thogail an sunnd no a dh'eutromachadh sac a' bhroin. Aig bangaid, aig banais, agus aig tiodhlacadh cha tigteadh as a h-eugmhais. A mach ás an rioghachd cha'n 'eil cearn de'n t-saoghal air an do chuir Gaidheal a chos, agus co an cearn air nach do chuir e chos, anns nach cualas nuallan ard na pioba. Neartaich i mhisneach agus thog i chridhe ann an iomadh tir chein agus air iomadh laraich chruaidh. Cha chomharra maith air a' Ghaidheal ma bhitheas e call a thlachd de'n phiob.

Creididh mi gur gann a bha uiread meas aig na Baird air na piobairean agus a bha aig a' choir dhe'n t-sluagh. Ach cha saoil mi gu'n dearbh an dà Aoir a dh'ainmich mi gu'n robh a' phiob agus na piobairean suarach ann an suilean nam Bard. Bha Niall Mac-Mhuirich air ùr thilleadh á Eirinn. Bha e 'n a luidhe leis a' bhric, agus 'n a chodal. Thainig dithis de Chloinn-Artair an rathad; shuidh iad air taobh na leapa agus thoisich iad air gleusadh am pioban. A nis cha toilinntinn mhor sam bith do neach tinn a bhi air a dhusgadh, ann am bothan cumhann, le dà phiobaire a' gleusadh an cuid phiob. Cha robh Mac-Mhuirich toilichte agus, tinn agus mar a bha e, thoisich e air innseadh sloinneadh na pioba ann an rann. B'e aodraman muice a cheud mhala; an sin craiceann seana mhuilt.

" Cha robh an uair sin anns a' phiob,
Ach seannsair agus aon liop,
Agus maide chumadh nam fonn
Da 'm b'ainm an sumaire."

Uaithe sin chinn na tri chroinn

" Fear dhiu fada, leobhar, garbh,
Ri durdan reamhar ro shearbh."

Ach 's e "Piob sgreadanach Iain Mhic-Artair," agus "crannaghail bhreoite" Dhomhnuill Mhic-Artair a dhuisg corruich a' Bhaird agus a fhuair a chuid mhor d'a rann eisgeil. Chuir am Bard, ma's fior an sgeul, an teicheadh air na piobairean.

Air a cheart doigh cha b'e run Iain Mhic-Codruim a bhi caineadh nam piob no nam piobairean, ach a mhain piob Dhomhnaill Bhain, agus Domhnall Ban fein mar phiobaire :

" Cha'n abair mi tuillidh,
Gu di-moladh phioban,
Ach leigidh mi chluinntinn,
Gu'n phill mi Mac-Phail."

Tha e coltach gu'n do rinn fear Iain Mac-Phail oran a' moladh Dhomhnaill Bhain agus a phiob a. Ma dh'fhaodte nach robh moran suim aig Mac-Codrum do Mhac-Phail, agus cha robh a bheag de mheas aige air Domhnull Ban. Co-dhiu cha do chord ris mar a mhol am Bard am piobaire :

" Dh'fhag e Mac-Cruimein,
Clann-Duilidh 'us Tearlach,
'Us Domhnullan Bàn,
A tharruing gu prìs."

Tha am Bard a' toirt dhuinn eachdraidh na ceart phioba so :

" Diudhadh nam fiuidhidh
Bha aig Tubal Cain,
Nuair sheinn e puirt Ghaidhlig
'S a dh'alaich e phiob ;
Bha i tamull fo'n uisge
'Nuair dhruideadh an airce,
Thachair dh'i cnamhadh
Fo uisge 's fo ghaoith."

Bha i treis aig Balàam a reir coltais ; agus chuir e iongantas orm nach dubhairt am Bard gur e ràn na crannaghail so a chuala am faidhe breige an uair a shaoil e gur e 'n asail a bha labhairt. Bha a ceol searbh :

" Shearg i le tabhunn
Seachd cathan nam Fianntan ;
'S i lagaich a' chiad uair
Neart Dhiarmaid 'us Ghuill."

Aig meud air baigh ri ceol na pioba cha bu mhaith leam gu'n rachadh "Di-moladh Piob Dhomhnuill Bhain" air di-chuimhne. Tha'n Aoir cho maith agus gu'm faic sinn an call a tha againn nach 'eil "Aoir nan Taillearan" a rinn Iain Mac-Codrum ri fhaotainn.

Mar thuirt mi cheana, cha tig na h-Aoirean Gaidhealach a nios ris a' chorr d'ar Bardachdann an cumhachd no ann am maise. 'S ann leis a Chlaidheimh no leis a' bhiodaig a bu trice a fhreagradh an seana Ghaidheal fochaid no mi-mhodh. Agus ged chaidh latha a' chlaidheimh agus na biodaig seachad, cha d'thainig latha na teanga fathast. Cha'n fhaighear ann am moran aitean freagradh na's deise agus na's geire na gheibhear anns a' Ghaidhealtachd. Cluinnear fearg 'us corruich ann an cainnt sgairteil 'nar measg gu tric Ach togaidh an Aoir guirean air aodann a' Ghaidheil an duigh, mar a dheanamh an *Glam Dichinn* air aodann an Eirionnaich o chionn corr agus mìle bliadhna. Thugadh thairis do na Baird a bhi deanadh tair air na ciontaich. Mhi-bhuilich na Baird an dleasdanas gu ro-thric ; agus cha d'fhas e na b'usa leis a' Ghaidheil an Aoir fhulang. Tha mi smuaineachadh gu bheil cearn no dhà meas gu bheil so duilich air doigh no dhà d'ar caithe-beatha a b'fheairrde a bhi air a rannsuchadh ann an spiorad na h-Aoir. Tha moran de leanabas, de fhein-speis, de fhaoineis shuarach 'nar measg nach maireadh beo seachduin na'm biodh an Aoir air a h-uisneachadh 'n ar measg mar bu choir dh'i.

D. M'K.

SEACHRAN SEILG.

Chaith mi'n latha'n déigh na faoghaid,
Air feadh bheann 'us ghleann 'us dhoire,
Gus 'n a chaill mi anns' a' choille
  Toirm nan gadhar 's lorg an fhéidh.
'S bho'n bha'n oidhche air tigh'n frasach,
Sheall mi air son àite fasg'ach,
Far am faighinn leaba 'nasgaidh,
  Am measg chama glas an t-sléibh.

Fhuair mi sid aig bun a' bhruthaich,
Bothan àiridh air dhroch thubhadh,
Toll na 'mhullach air son luidheir,
  Sgroth 's an uinneig taobh na gaoith' ;
Sgathach bheithe air son comhla,
Nach ceileadh a bheag de'n dò-bheàrt,
'S a chuir eagail air na bòcain,
  Rinn mi dòigh air teine fraoich.

Bha isean feannaig ann am phòca,
Air nach d'amais mòran clòimhtich,
Chuir mi car dheth anns a' bheòlach,
  'S bha e ròist' agam gu m' riar ;
Choisrig mi an créutair neòghlan,
Le déur beag de shùgh an eòrna ;
S ged nach robh a' chuirm ro-shòghar,
  'S mairg bhidh tormasach ma'n bhiadh.

Mar is gnàth leam an déigh féisde,
Rinn mi 'phiob-thombaca 'ghléusadh
Thug mi'n taod á ceann mo réusain,
  'S leig mi fad na sréin le m' smuain.
'Ghabhail iolla ris na dealbhan,
A bha 'g éirigh suas 's a' ghealbhan,
Samhla faoin air nithe talmhaidh,
  Faileis anfhann anns an luaith.

Anns' a cheò 'bha 'snàmh ma'n cuairt domh,
Cruthan caochlaideach ag gluasad,
Ag cur m' inntinn ann am buaireas,
  Nach eil soirbh a luaidh 'an cainnt.
Cha robh buidseachd ag cur sgleò orm,
'S cha robh sgaoim orm romh bhòcain,
Ach bha riochd air bràigh na còmhla,
  A chuir m' fheòil air chrith 's gach reang.

Dà shuil lasrach an clar aodainn,
Nach robh 'choimeas furasd' fhaotainn
Sròn cho fada ris an taobhan,
  'S paidhir adhaircean air a cheann.
Dh'éirich mi gu grad air m' uilinn,
'S thug mi ionnsaidh air a' ghunna,
Ach cha d'thug e suim no umhail,
  Mar gu'm b'iomhaigh umha bh'ann.

Spion mi 'bhonaid bhar mo chlaiginn,
Dh'aithris mi mo chréud 's mo phaidir,
Ghearr e léum 'us rinn e sraitheadh,
  Mar fhuaim canain ann am chluais.
'Cheart cho fior s'tha sròn air m'aodann,
Chuala mi gu soilleir gleadhraich,
Mar gu'm bitheadh tu a' slaodadh
  Slabhraidh thar nan clacha cruaidh.

'Righ gabh againn ! sin e rithist !
Thog mi'n gunna 's leig mi ris i,
Dh'eirich e mar eun air iteig
  'S teine drillsneach as a dhéigh.
Le fàile pronnaisg 's toit an fhùdair,
Thuit mi seachad air an ùrlar,
'S 'n uair a dh'fhosgail mi mo shùilean
  Cha robh dùil leam ach mi fhéin.

Bha'n oidhche 'nis air fas ro-shalach,
Bhrùchd na tuiltean troimh na gleannaibh,
Fhreagair creag, 'us beinn, le farum,
  Fuaim na gaillinn air an raon.
Las an iarmailt suas mar fhùirneis,
Le tein'-athair gathach, lùbach,
Na 'dhearg still mu chinn nan stùcan,
  'Leum na spùt bho thaobh gu taobh.

Ach ma dheireadh bhrist an latha,
'S thionndaidh mi mo chéum gu baile,
Thug mi sùil air cùl an tighe
  Dh'fheuch am faighinn lorg am laoich ;
Ach am àite crodhain Shàtain,
Bhi ri fhaicinn anns' a chlàbar,
'S ann a fhuair mi each a' Ghàidsair,
  Toll na 'mhaileid 's fhùil ma'n fhraoch.

Am Bard Luideagach.

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

Coin. "A Ghraidh nam fear, is tu a thug an toilinntinn dhomh, agus a thog mo chridhe le solas do-chur an ceill, an uair a ghlaodh Domhnull Beag gu'm fac e Murachadh Ban agus an gearran donn a' teachd a nios eadar an da gharaidh. Thig-sa air t-aghaidh a' charaide chaoimh, agus innis domh cor an teaghlaich a dh'fhag thu 'nad' dheigh."

Mur. "Tha iad gu gleusda air fad a' Choinnich choir, mar tha dochas agam tha Seonaid agus na paisdean gu leir. Air do shon fein dheth, a' charaid, cha dean fuachd no teas, gaoth no uisge muth sam bith ort, agus cha'n fhaicear thu ach anns an aon suidheachadh, agus anns an aon choslas an comhnuidh."

C. "Cha robh duil agam riut gu seachduin o'n nochd, a' Mhurachaidh, agus uime sin, tha do lathaireachd a nis a' toirt am barrachd solais do gach beag agus mor 'sa Ghoirtean-Fraoich."

M. "M'as solas mo theachd-sa chum na fardaich so, a' Choinnich, cha solas a tha tearc e, oir tha mi ni's trice fo'n chleith so na tha mi ann an Eaglais na sgireachd."

C. "Cha'n 'eil a' chuis mar sin, a' Mhurachaidh. Ochan! cha'n 'eil, oir is tusa an duine nach cum fuachd no teas, sneachd no uisge, anradh no aimsir idir as an Eaglais air an t-Sabaid, ach an t-slainte a bhi agad."

M. "Agus c'arson a chumadh, a' Choinnich, nach 'eil sea laithean na seachduin againn gu seirbhis a dheanamh dhuinn fein, agus cha mhor dhuinn an seachdamh la a thoirt suas do sheirbhis an Ti Bheannuichte sin a ta 'gar cumail beo ann an tir an aithreachais agus an dochais. Cha mhor da rireadh?"

C. "Is e maireach an t-Sabaid mar a tha fios agad, a' Mhurachaidh, agus tha bron orm nach 'eil searmoin gu bhi ann an aon dhe'n da Eaglais, steidhichte no saor, oir tha'n dithis mhinistear, agus is maith le cheile iad, air falbh a chuideachadh aig Comanaich, agus uime sin, bithidh an da Eaglais fas."

M. "Cha'n 'eil comas air sin, a' Choinnich, gu mo maith a thig iad dhachaidh, agus gu mo slan a bhitheas iad far am bheil iad. Ni sinne dichioll air an la naomh a chur gu freagarrach seachad 'sa Ghoirtean-Fraoich."

C. "Air duit a bhi saruichte leis an aimsir bhlath, a' Mhurachaidh, gheibh thu gu d' leabaidh cho trath 's a thogaireas tu, an deigh dhuinn na Leabhraichean a ghabhail, agus mar an ceudna ni eigin goireasach fhaotuinn o Sheonaid."

M. "Ro mhaith, a' Choinnich, is aillidh, ciuin an oidhche a th'ann, gu'n fiu osag ghaoithe no braon uisge."

C. "Codal seimh agus deagh fhois dhuit a' charaid ionmhuinn, agus na eirich mù's trath."

Chaidh an teaghlach uile gu tamh, agus moch 'sa mhuduinn dh'eirich na fir, agus thubhairt

M. "Failt ort, a' Ghoistidh, am bheil thu air do bhonnaibh a cheana, tha eagal orm nach robh thu fein agus 'Morpheus' reidh an raoir."

C. "Cha do dhi-chuimhnich thu 'Morpheus' tha mi 'faicinn fhathast, a' Mhurachaidh choir, oir gu cinnteach cha bhi a' chuis ceart le duine sam bith, ma chuireas Morpheus cul ris. Ach d'a rireadh, is iongantach an saobh-chrabhadh trid an do dhealbh na Cinnich co liuthad dia 'sa bha aca!"

M. "Tha sin ceart, a' Choinnich, ach thugadh sin oirnne a bhi ni's dillse do'n Dia bheo agus fhior a dhealbh sinn gu miorbhuileach, agus aig am bheil cumhachd neo-chriochnuichte chum ar teasairginn."

C. "Is dall an duine nach bi umhal agus taingeil do'n Ti Uile-chumhachdach sin, a' Mhurachaidh, agus nach dean seirbhis da le durachd cridhe; ach is anabarrach iongantach na doighean eug-samhla a ghnathaicheadh leis na Cinnich chum an t-eolas aca a leagadh ris co soilleir ann an glic-bhriathraibh, agus ann an samhlaibh, trid an robh iad, mar b'fhior, a' toirt air beathaichibh, agus air eoin, agus air nithibh gu'n bheatha nadurra aca, a bhi 'labhairt ri cheile, mar a tha sinn a' faicinn anns na leabhraichibh aca, agus gu sonraichte anns na samhl'-bhriathraibh aig Æsop a dh'aithriseadh gu minic leat fein."

M. "Tha thu gle cheart ann sin, a' Choinnich, agus mar eiseimpleir air sin, bheir mi dhuit comhradh ro fhreagarrach air son na Sabaid, a labhradh eadar Dilleachdan bochd gu'n mhaoin agus an Uaigh. Anns a' cho'-labhairt sin, ma ta, cluinnidh tu briathra muladach ach taitneach an Dilleachdain, agus mar an ceudna na freagairtean solasach a thugadh dha leis an Uaigh, eadhon an leabaidh chumhann sin anns an luidh sinn uile ann an uine gle ghoirid."

C. "Ochan! a' Mhurachaidh choir, rach a nis air t-aghaidh, agus cluinneamaid an comhradh sin, ach dean stad beag gus an d'thig Seonaid a steach 'ga eisdeachd."

M. "Thoir cluas dhurachdach dha, ma ta, a' Choinnich, oir tha e mar a leanas."

CO-LABHAIRT EADAR DILLEACHDAN GU'N MHAOIN, AGUS AN UAIGH.

FONN—*Fulangais mo Shlanuighir.*

DILL. I.

Rinn thus', O Uaigh, mo leireadh-sa,
Le deuchainnibh cho searbh,
'S nach leig mi fhad 'sa mhaireas mi,
As m'aire thu gu dearbh ;
Oir tha thu 'toirt mo dhillsean leat
A dhaindeoin innleachd dhaoin' ;
Is dh'fhagadh mis' 'gan caoidh a'n so,
A'm' Dhilleachdan gu'n mhaoin.

II.

Thug thu mo mhathair chaomhail leat,
'S mi'm chiochran maoth 'san am ;
'S cha robh chum mise eiridinn,
A coimeas idir ann ;
Is thug thu m'athair fiachail leat,
'N trath ghlas a chiabh le h-aois ;
Bha mis' a'n sin gu firinneach,
A'm' Dhilleachdan gu'n mhaoin.

III.

Uam thug thu brathair barraichte,
Bha tairiseach dhomh riamh ;
'S mor fath mo leoin 's mo mhulaid-sa,
Gu bheil e'n diugh a' d'chliabh ;
An saoghal so cia cianail e !
Cia diomhain agus faoin !
'S cia mealltach 'na thoil-inntinn e,
Do'n Dilleachdan gu'n mhaoin !

UAIGH. IV.

Cha Dilleachdan gu'n solas thu ;
Ach tha do dhochas lag ;
Na coiricheadh mo dhoigh-sa leat,
Le comhradh co ro ghrad ;
Oir gabhar is cha sorar leam,
Gach neach an deo thug suas ;
Nach cual thu'n aithris bhronach so
"Cha chumar coir o'n Uaigh ?"

V.

Tha sobhraichean nam bruachagan,
Gu luath a' seargadh as,
Le h-oiteig reoit 'n trath bhuailear iad
O'n airde-tuath gu cas ;
Is ann mar sin a chaochaileas
An cinne-daoin' an snuadh ;
'Nuair thig an t-aog a'm plath orra,
Le 'ghath gu'n toirt do'n Uaigh.

VI.

C'ait 'nis am bheil na h-aithriche ?
'N do mhair na faidhean beo ?
Mar thugadh as an duslach iad,
Do'n duslach philleadh leo :
Seadh 'n Ti a ghabh do nadar air,
'Sa dh'fhuiling bas ro chruaidh,
Gu'n truailleachd fhaicinn thamhaich e,
Tri laithean anns an Uaigh !

VII.

Tha'n tagradair—an teallsanach—
An ceannard thuit 's an ar—
An leigh ro theom'—an searmonaich'—
An sealbhadair—an traill—
An righ—a cheile rimhinneach—
A' mhineag mhalta stuam'—
'Sa ghuanag lurach, bhriodalach—
Coimh-shinte anns an Uaigh !

VIII.

Am mor 'sam beag tha agam-sa,
Gu seimh 'nan cadal trom ;
An saoi 's an daoi tha maille rium,
Gu'n anail annt' am' chom ;—
'N so gheibhear as gach fine iad,
Treubh, cinneach, agus sluagh,
A thug am bas an ciomachas,
'Sa dh'iomain e do'n Uaigh !

DILL. IX.

Thug thusa leis, do bhuaidh a mach,
O Uaigh ! 'san aimsir chein,
'S leis bheir thu i do ghnath a mach,
Gu'n bhuaigh ri neach fo'n ghrein ;—
Cha'n 'eil dol as o d'liontaibh, no
O d'chiocras geur faraon,
Ach dh'aindeoin cuis cha dithich thu,
An Dilleachdan gu'n mhaoin !

X.

Oir thig an Triath le moralachd,
'S le h-iolaich mhoir a nuas ;
Le guth 'n-ard-aingil threin an neart,
'S le trompaid Dhe a' fuaim ;
Le 'theachdairibh 'nan armailtibh,
Is fos le an'maibh dhaoin' ;
'S cha'n fhan air t-urlar diomhair-sa,
Fiu Dilleachdan gu'n mhaoin !

XI.

Tha'n t-am a' teachd 'san fheudar duit,
Do mhairbh gu leir 'thoirt uait ;
An cnamhan uile theid a'n sin,
A'n altaibh cheil' gu luath ;

Le buaidhibh beothail eiridh iad,
'S le anam fein gach aon ;
'Sam feasd do chill cha phill air ais,
An Dilleachdan gu'n mhaoin !

XII.

'N sin suidhichear gu cothromach,
Le h-Iosa cor gach neach ;
A reir nan gniomh a rinneadh leoth',
Dhoibh bheir e'n duais fa seach ;
Do chach is dhomh-sa innsidh e
Ar binn fo bhreith neo-chlaoin,
Bhios bunailteach gu dilinn doibh,
'S do'n Dilleachdan gu'n mhaoin' !

UAIGH. XIII.

Iarr thusa Airsan, Oganaich,
Thu dh'fhaotuinn coir ann fein ;
Chum dhuit gu maith' e t-eusontais,
Is t-eucearta gu leir ;
Iarr so gu'n dail 's gu durachdach,
'S do t-urnuigh bheir e cluas ;
Oir cha'n 'eil cuimhne, aithreachas,
No athchuinge 'san Uaigh !

XIV.

A'd' nadar uile thruailleadh thu,
O'n uair air talamh thuit ;
'S mur glanar air an talamh thu,
Cha ghlanadh idir duit ;
Faic, uime sin, gur eigin duit,
'Bhi bhos a' d'chreutair nuadh,
Ma's aill leat beatha mhaireannach,
'Bhi agad thall do'n Uaigh !

DILL. XV.

Tha'm peacadh, Uaigh, 'gam chumail-sa ;
Le chumhachadh fein fo dhaors' ;
Gu deonaicheadh mo Chruthadair,
O'n chumhachd sin dhomh saors' ;
A bharr air so, gu comhdaicheadh
E, trid a throcair chaoin,
Le deis' na slaint' 'na fireantachd,
An Dilleachdan gu'n mhaoin.

XVI.

Tha mis' a'n ainm mo Shlanuighir
Do ghnath 'cur m'urnuigh suas,
Ag earbs' air sgath na dh'fhuiling e,
A'n cruth 'sa'n riochd a shluaigh,
Gu'n eisdear, is gu'n gabhar rium,
Le m' Athair naomh gu saor,
'S gu beannuichear da rireadh leis
An Dilleachdan gu'n mhaoin.

UAIGH. XVII.

C'ar son, ma ta, a Dhilleachdain,
Bhiodh mi-ghean ort, no gruaim ?
A'm mheadhon-sa ged dhuinear thu,
'N ceann uine ghearr a' d'shuain ;
Oir gleidhear cuirp gu curamach,
Fo'm fhalluing urail, uain ;
Cha chaill iad ach an luraichean,
'N trath dhuisgear iad o'n Uaigh !

XVIII.

A'm' chridhe tamh mur tugainn-sa,
Do thuilleadh dhiubh ni's mo,
Ciod shaoileadh tus' a thachaireadh,
Do'n dream bhiodh fathast beo ?
Bhiodh iad gu grad a' basachadh,
Le plaigh o chreubhaibh fuar ;—
Bu chuspair grain is deistinn doibh,
An cruinne-ce gun Uaigh !

DILL. XIX.

'S e'm peacadh, Uaigh, a chladhaich thu,
Le briseadh lagha Dhe ;
'Se fos a ta 'gad' bheathachadh,
Le h-uir ded' leithid fein ;
Mur bitheadh e gu h-innleachdach,
Air inndrinn stigh do'n t-saogh'l,
Cha sluigeadh bas no cill a'm feasd
An Dilleachdan gu'n mhaoin !

UAIGH. XX.

A' fhleasgaich, chum nach fagar thu,
A' d'chreich do bhas bith-bhuan,
Deagh obair cuir rid' chreidimh, 's bheir
Fa dheireadh gras an Uain,
Dhuit beatha, gloir, is subhachas,
A chaoidh nach buinear uait,
'N trath threigeas tu do thuineachas,
An cumhangachd na h-Uaigh !

C. "Mile beannachd agad, a' Mhurachaidh, cha chual mi riamh laoidh ni's aillidh. Tha i, ann an seadh co maith agus co druidhteach ri searmoin ; ach co a chuir ann an altaibh a' cheile an co'-labhairt grinn sin ?"

M. "Rinneadh e, a reir mo bheachd-sa le Ministear Chillmhuire, athair an t-seann Sgiathanaich agad fein, mu thimchioll an dubhairt thu gu minic gu'n robh seillean 'na cheann."

C. "Seillean ann no as, bha barrachd is seillean ann an ceann an fhir a dhealbh an co'-labhairt eadar an Dilleachdan gu'n mhaoin agus an Uaigh."

M. "A' ghraidh na'm fear, feumaidh sinn a bhi 'dol mu thamh, oir thig ormsa, ma chaomhnar mi gu maduinn, a bhi 'bogadh nan gad aig eiridh na greine."

ALASDAIR RUADH.

ISEABAIL ODHAR AGUS MONAGAN.

(*Air a leantuinn.*)

Bha cùisean a' dol air aghaidh mar nach b'olc. Bha esan—ged nach robh dad a spéis a b'fhiach aige dhise, do bhrìgh gur ann air son a' bheagain bheairteis a bh'aice 'phòs e i—a' leigeil air gu'n robh e ro mhiaghail uimpe, agus bha ise cho lugha gò 's nach do thuig i mar a bha chùis. B'e bheachd-san gu'm bu chòir dhoibh bùth mhòr a chur suas, agus bha e'g a deanamh-sa cinnteach nach biodh iad ùine sam bith a' deanamh am fortain. Chaith e mar so oirre de bheul 's de lìgiche na thug oirre aontachadh leis gus, ma dheireadh thall, an do liubhair i dha na h-uile peighinn a bha a dh'airgiod ma seach aice. Bha 'na bheachd-san fad na h-ùine a chasan a thoirt as an uair a gheibheadh e greim air beann mhaith de'n airgiod, ach bha e 'feitheamh gus am faigheadh e ise as a faireachadh a chum 's gu'm biodh an cothrom na b'fhearr aige air lom-sgrìob a thoirt oirre.

'Siad na smaointean a thàinig 'na cheann gu'n cuireadh e'n ìre dhise gu'm faigheadh iad gach bathar a bha dhìth orra mòran n'a bu shaoire le stoc maith, mòr a cheannach dheth gach seorsa o'n fhear-oibreachaidh, agus o'n bha suim mhaith airgid aca ma seach, gu'm bu chòir a bhùth ùr a lìonadh gu maith 's gu ro mhaith leis gach seorsa bathair a b'fhearr na chéile, agus mar so gu'm briseadh iad an t-aran am beul gach ceannaiche eile a bha 's a' bhaile.

Nuair a thug e so fa comhair-se ghrad dh'aontaich i leis, oir bha tomhas maith de chumadh na firinn air a' bheachd so o thùs gu déis. Shuidhich iad eatorra gu'm falbhadh e 'cheannach a bhathair an ceann mìos, agus thuige sin gu'm biodh iad a' tional na b'urrainn doibh a dh'airgiod. 'De th' agam air ach gu'n robh Monagan beannaichte cho làn de'n cheilg 's a tha'n t-ubh de'n bhiadh. Mar a bha'n t-àm a bha e gu falbh a' dlùthachadh thòisich e ri leigeil air gu'n robh leithid a ghaol aige air a mhnaoi 's nach b'urrainn e'g a fàgail. Ma dheireadh thàinig an latha bh'aige ri falbh. "Feumaidh mi," ars' esan 's e bruidhinn ris fhéin, "greis a thoirt air caoineadh am fianuis na béiste gràinnde ud a tha mi nis a' fàgail gun sgilinn de'n t-saoghal, ach a cheart cho lom ris a' chirc o'n chòcaire. Ach cia mar a shileas mi deoir 's nach robh mi latha riamh cho subhach 's cho sòlasach 's a tha mi 'n diugh. Fhalbh! tha fhios agam a nis ciod e ni mi, cuiridh mi pìos uinnein 'n am neapaiginn agus bheir sin air mo shuilean, 'nuair a chuireas mi riutha e, sileadh cho frasach 's ged a bhithinn a cheart da rìreadh."

An àm dealachaidh thàinig meall rac, ma b'fhìor, an amhaich mhosaich Mhonagain bheannuichte, agus cha b'urrainn da smid a ràdh. Chuir e an neapaiginn pòcaid tiotadh ri shùilibh, agus sin far an robh sileadh dheur! Cha robh boinne 'thuiteadh o 'shùilibh nach tugadh cnag air an làr. Dh'fhàg e slàn aice 's dh'fhalbh e. Braidean dubh!

'S an àm cha robh an rathad iaruinn agus na goireasan a tha 'na fhochar air fios. Dh'fheumadh am fear-falbhain aon chuid a chas a ghabhail, air neo pàigheadh glé dhaor na'm b'e agus gu'n gabhadh e carabad. Ged a bha'n truaighe agus an dunaigh air Monagan bu mhaith leis an aire a thoirt do'n airgiod, agus b'fhearr leis a chas a ghabhail na'n carabad a phàigheadh. A bharrachd air sin cha robh dùil sam bith aige 'dhol fada air aghaidh a thaobh nach robh dhìth air ach car-ma-chnoc a dheanamh air Iseabal.

'Nuair a bha e beagan mhìltean

astair air falbh o'n bhaile agus a shaoil leis nach faiceadh neach sam bith co'n rathad a ghabhadh e, cuirear, mo laochan, mu'n cuairt i 's gearrar tarsuinn a' mhonaidh gu dhol a Ghlasachu. Thug e ri bruthach i. Cha chuireadh gàradh no dìg dad a mhoille air ; agus mar so cha robh e fada 'cur pìos maith astair as a dhéigh.

Ann an co-thràth an fheasgair, 'nuair a shaoil leis a bha e fada gu leor air falbh o Iseabail, 's o'n bhaile, rinn e air a shocair, agus smaoinich e gu'm bu chòir dha anail a leigeil mu'n rachadh e ni b'fhaide. Shuidh e air lethoir cnuic. Thug e mach an leabhar pòcaid 's thòisich e ri cunntais an airgid. Bha beachd maith aige air meud na suime, ach bha toil aige làn-riarachadh a thoirt d'a inntinn mu'n chùis. 'Nuair a bha e ullamh a chunntais bha aoibhneas nach bu bheag air, oir bha ochd ceud agus tri fichead punnd Sasunnach air a shiubhal ! Sgìth 's mar a bha e, an déigh na rinn e ruith mar gu'm biodh fiadh reubt' ann, cha b'urrainn e cumail air fhéin gun éiridh a dhannsa 's a leumnaich mar gu'm biodh duine as a chiall ann ; oir bha e glan air mhisg le h-aoibhneas. Thòisich e air gabhail phort mar so :—

'Smaith a dhannsadh Uisdean Friseal,
Uisdean Friseal, Uisdean Friseal,
'Smaith a dhannsadh Uisdean Friseal
Leis an fhichead maighdeann ;
Ceathrar roimh' agus na dhéigh,
Ceathrar roimh' agus na dhéigh,
Ceathrar roimh' agus na dhéigh,
Seisear air gach làimh dheth.

Nuair a bheireadh e greis air dannsadh leis a' phort so thòisicheadh e ri port eile :—

Bodachan a 'phinnt leanna,
'Phinnt leanna, 'phinnt leanna,
Bodachan a 'phinnt leanna,
Bidh e air an daoraich.
Bodachan hori horò, ri orò, ri orò,
Bodachan horò rì, bidh e air an daoraich.

Nuair a thug e greis air a chaitheamh so thog e air 's dh'fhalbh e. Fada no goirid ga robh Glasachu uaithe cha robh bheag a mhoille 'na cheum a dh'oidhche no' latha gus an d'ràinig e. Air a' cheud chòmhdhail a fhuair e sheol e do Mhanainn.

Rud a bha nadurra gu leòr, bha Iseabal car trom-inntinneach am feasgar a dh'fhalbh Monagan. Bha tlachd aice dheth mar bu chòir a bhith aig gach mnaoi d'a fear, agus bha a h-inntinn car neo-fhoiseil le bhi smaoineachadh air a liuthad galair bàis a bh'anns an t-saoghal, agus gu'n robh fear a tighe buailteach a dhiomadh aon diu. Bha i o làithibh a h-òige a' toirt làn chreideis do'n bheachd a tha'n Sgriobtuir a' cur an céill a thaobh oibre freasdail Dhe ; mar an ceudna, bha fhios aice gu'm b'e a dleasnas, aig uair na trioblaid 's h-iomaguin, a h-athchuinge chur suas risan a bha comasach air gach neach a dhìon o chunnart : mar so bha i ghnàth, re an fheasgair, a'guidhe airson turuis shoirbheachail agus pilleidh shàbhailte do Mhonagan. Ach mo thruaighe, cha d'aithnich i fhathash cò 'bh'aice—bha i tur aineolach fhathast nach robh ann am Monagan caomh ach an sionnach ann an craicionn na caorach. "Ge b'e nach bi olc 'na aire cha smaoinich e air lochd neach eile." So mar a bha Iseabail bhochd.

Coma leat, cha b'fhada gus an robh "caochladh cuir air clò Challuim." An àm a bhi gabhail mu thàmh thug i mar a b'àbhaist làmh air a h-uaireadair gus a tachras, ach ma thug cha robh sgeul oirre. Cha robh aice, mu'n dubhairt iad, ach an gad air an robh an t-iasg ! Cha robh mìr dhi ri 'faighinn shios no shuas, thall no bhos. Ciod e dh'éireadh dhi ? "Cò bheireadh air falbh i," ars' Iseabal. "Cha chuireadh Màiri meur oirre. Tha i nis sia bliadhna agam 's cha do ghoid i fiach suip riamh. Tha i, ’n creutair, cho onarach ris na glasan. Ach cha robh ’s an t-seomar so ’n diugh ach i fhéin ’s Monagan, agus cha’n fheud e bhi gu’n tug esan leis i ’s uaireadair aige mar tha. Mo chreach mhòr so thàinig! Uaireadair m’ athar! An ni mu dheireadh ris an dealaichinn a mhaoin an t-saoghail so.” Ghrad chaidh Màiri a ghairm feuch am faca no an d’fhairich i neach sam bith a tighinn an còir an tighe. Cha’n fhaca ’s cha d’fhairich Màiri creutair beò a’tighinn an rathad an tighe, ach dh’ìonndrainn i an t-uaireadair an uair a bha i ’càradh na leapa ’s a’ mhaduinn beagan an déigh a Mhonagan falbh, agus shaoil leatha gu’n do chuir Iseabail ’na pòcaid i mar is minig a rinn i.

Bha ’chùis a nis ro choltach gur h-e Monagan fhéin a thug leis i; “ach air an t-saoghal,” smaoinich Iseabail, “ciod am feum a bh’aige air da uaireadair?” Ciod e th’agam air ach nach tugadh neach sam bith a chreidsinn oirre nach robh Monagan ’na dhuine cho tréibhdhireach ’s cho onarch ri neach a sheas am bròig. An déigh so gu léir, bha, mar gu’m b’eadh, a h-inntinn a’ toirt sainis dhi nach robh gnothaichean air am fàgail le Monagan cho dòigheil ’s bu chòir dhoibh a bhi. Chaidh i luidhe, ach cha d’thàinig lochdadh codail air a sùil fad na h-oidhche.

Thàinig a’ mhaduinn air a socair fhéin, agus maille rithe thàinig sgeul air muin sgeil gu Iseabail a thug làn-dearbhadh dhi nach robh ann am Monagan ach an rògaire a’s mò air an do shil deur á athar. Thàinig caochladh chùnntasan a steach airson bathair a bha Monagan a’ cur an céill dhi a bha pàighte mìos roimhe sin. Bha so dona gu leor, ach beagan na dhéigh sin thàinig sgeul moran ni bu mhisoa. Am feasgar roimhe sin, an uair a bha Monagan ag cunntas an airgid ’s a dannsa, ged a bha dùil aige nach robh duine ’ga fhaicinn, thuit e mach gu’n robh nigheann òg aig an robh iomadh là eòlais air Iseabail ann an sgairtam-folach, agus chuala i Monagan a’ bruidhinn ris fhéin. Thuig i mar a bha, agus cho moch ’s g’an d’thàinig an là bu mhoiche na sin a dh’éirich i gu dhol a thoirt brath a dh’Iseabail mar a bha chùis. Nuair a fhuair Iseabail am brath so thuig i gu maith co ris a bha a gnothach. Thug Monagan caomh an car aisde cho glan ’s a ghabhadh deanamh. Bha i nis lom, falamh. Cha phàigheadh am bùth ’s na bh’annt na cunntasan a thàinig a steach ’s a’ mhaduinn. Bha na h-uile rud a bh’ann gu maith gearrta leatha, ach ciod e am feum a bh’ann dhi teannadh ri caoidh ’s ri bualadh bhas? Smaoinich i nach robh aice ach feuchainn ris a’ bheairt a b’fhearr a dheanamh de’n bheairt bu mhiosa. “Beannachd le gach ni dh’fhalbhas, cha’n e dh’fhoghnas.” Bha i gun fhios aice ciod e dheanadh i. Mu dheireadh thall ’s e bhuail ’s a’ cheann aice gu’m falbhadh i as a dhéigh, ’s gu’n leagadh i ’n ruith air an ruaig gu bràth gus am faigheadh i greim air, air neo gus am bàsaicheadh i air a thòir. ’S ann mar so a bhà.

Mu’n gann a thàinig an latha ’an lath ’r-na-mhàireach bha i deas airson a turais. Dh’fhalbh i, mhic a chridhe, ’s an colg sin oirre, ach ma dh’fhalbh ’s ann aice bha’n ceum làdair, fearail. Bha i cheart cho aigeannach ri Cas-shiubhail-an-t-sléibhe aon là ga robh i riamh. An àm dhi bhi ’direadh bheann ’s a’ tearnadh ghleann shaoilte air a ceum nach robh i fichead bliadhna dh’aois. Bha cuid a dh’amhrus aice gur h-ann a Mhanainn a chaidh Monagan, agus rinn i suas a h-inntinn gu’n gabhadh i ball-gacha-dìreach gu ruige Glasachu air a’ cheud chrathadh rithe, an dòchas gu’m faigheadh i beachd-sgeul air cò'n taobh a thug e air. Ge b'fhada bha uaithe cha b'fhada bha ruidhinn. Cha robh i fada 'n Glasachu gus an do thachair bana-charaid oirre a chuir fàilte oirre le mòr chridhealas.

"Fheudail, fheudail, 's mi tha gle thoilichte gu'n do thachair sibh orm. 'S fhada o'n uair sin. Ach ciod e mar a tha 'm pòsadh a' còrdadh ribh? Cha'n 'eil sibh ag amharc cho maith 's a b'àbhaist duibh."

Nis cha robh Iseabail deònach gu'm faigheadh neach sam bith a mach mar a bha 'chùis gus am b'fheudar e, agus fhreagair i gu ciuin, socrach gu'n robh gach ni ag còrdadh rithe glé mhaith, ach nach robh i 'g a faotainn fhéin cho maith 's bu mhaith leatha o chionn beagain làithean; agus do bhrìgh nach robh i riamh cleachdta ri bhi air falbh o'n tigh, gu'n robh i 'g a faireachduinn fhéin car beag troimh a chéile.

"Ach, eadar dha sgeul," ars' a bana-charaid," 's iongantach gu'm bheil sibh fhéin agus fear an tighe 'nar dithis o'n tigh. Chunnaic mi sealladh dheth an dé, 's bha e 'g ràdh rium gu'n robh e dìreach a' dol a sheòladh a Mhanainn. Bha e 'g innseadh dhomh gu'm faighear gach seorsa bathair a'm Manainn mòran ni's saoire na gheibhear e'n àite sam bith eile. Tha duil aige mòran bathair a thoirt dachaidh, bha e 'g ràdh rium. Ach co ris a dh'earb sibh am bùth?

Fhreagair Iseabail 's thubhairt i gu'm b'eiginn di fhéin 's a Mhonagan am bùth fhàgail, luachmhor 's mar a bha e, o'n bha gnothaichean ro chudthromach ga'n gairm o'n tigh. "Ni gach duine glic," ars' ise, "a dhìchioll air maorach maith a dheanamh fhad 's a bhìos an tràigh ann. Tha fhios agad fhéin gu'n robh mise riamh dìchiollach air son rud a chur ma seach fa chomhair latha na coise briste, agus, ma's maith mo bharail, tha Monagan a h-uile buille cho déidheil air airgiod a chur ma seach 's tha mise. Tha'm bùth an earbsa ri Màiri, agus cumaidh i gach ni gu ceart gus an tig sinn air ais."

Cha'n 'eil feum a bhi 'g aithris a' chorra de'n t-seanachas a bh'eadar Iseabail 's a bana-charaid, ach a dh'aon ni fhuair i mach co'n taobh a thug Monagan air. Thug so misneach nach bu bheag dhi. Sheol bàta do Mhanainn an ceann là no dha, agus ghabh i a turus oirre. Nuair a ràinig iad am baile puirt chaidh i air tìr, 's thòisich i ri feorach mu dheidhinn Mhonagain. An toiseach cha robh i 'faotainn duine a bheireadh dad a bheachd-sgeula dhi mu dheidhinn. Mu dheireadh thall, thachair neach oirre a dh'innis dhi gu'm facas coslas an dearbh dhuine mu'n robh i feòrach a' falbh a mach as a' bhaile glé mhoch 's a' mhaduinnn. Gun mionaid dàlach dh'fhalbh i 's ghreas i a ceum mar a b'urrainn i. Lean i 'n rathad mòr fad' an t-siubhail, ach cha'n fhaca i na bha uaipe. Bha 'm feasgar a' ciaradh 's na speuran a' fàs gruamach le coslas gaoithe agus uisge, 's bha i 'fàs glé sgìth. Bhiodh i 'n dràsta 's a rìsd a' smuaineachadh gu'm b'aimeadach an gnothuch dhi bhi falbh mar so gun fhios càite an robh i dol, agus na'n tigeadh an oidhche oirre mu'n ruigeadh i tigh gu'm faigheadh i bàs leis an fhuachd. Bha fhios aice nach robh dad a b'fhearr dhi na cumail air aghaidh gun fhios ciod e chuireadh am fortan oirre.

An co-thràth na h-oidhche cò a b'iongantaiche leatha fhaicinn 'na shuidhe air cloich ri taobh an rathaid na Monagan caomh! Bha mo laochan an duil gu'n robh, air a chuid bu lugha, an cuan Manainneach eadar e agus Iseabail, agus air dha bhi car sgìth shuidh e a leigeil analach. Chunnaic e Iseabail, sùil g'an d'thug e air a ghualainn, a dlùthachadh ris, ach cha robh uine teichidh aige. 'De th'agam air ach gu'n d'éirich braidean cealgach 's aoidh a' mhealltair air a ghnùis, 's ghabh e'n coinneamh Iseabail 's thug e sgailc phòige dhi. "A shùigh mo chridhe Iseabail, 's mise ghabh an t-aithreachas air son mar a rinn mi o'n là dh'fhag mi thusa. Bhuail e's a' cheann agam roid a thoirt a Mhanainn a dh'amharc air mo mhàthair, agus bha dùil agam a bhi air ais an ceann beagain laithean; ach bha mo chridhe gu bristeadh leis an aithreachas a chionn so a dheanamh air eagal gu'm biodh tusa 'gabhail fadachd. Tha mi 'giarraidh mòrain maitheanais ort. Bithidh gach ni gu ceart gu'n dàil nuair a ruigeas sinn mo mhàthair. Ach 'd e air an t-saoghal a ghluais o'n tigh thu? Tha eagal mòr orm gu'n d'fhuair thu mòran uideil o dh'fhalbh thu 's gu'n cuir e galair do bhàis air do shiubhal. Biomaid a' falbh."

'S e fìor bheagan a chreid Iseabail bhochd, ma chreid i dad idir, de na briathraibh so. Bha a beachd fhéin aice air Monagan, ach cha do leig i dad oirre mu'n airgid no mu'n uaireadair. Bha duthar na h-oidhche a' teannadh ri còmhdachadh gach ni, agus bha eagal a beatha oirre. Cha robh fhios aice nach tugadh e oidhirp air a mort, agus bha sgian-ludhaidh fosgailte 'na pòcaid air an earalas. Bha iad mar so a' coiseachd air an aghaidh mar gu'm biodh iad cho còirdte ri da cheann eich. Cha robh aon seach aon ag ràdh a bheag. Ach mu'n canadh tu, h-aon 's a dha, thug Monagan caomh cruinn-leum thar an rathaid a steach do'n choille, 's cha robh an t-ath shealladh aig Iseabail dheth. Thug i oidhirp air a leantuinn, ach o'n bha choille cho tiugh cha b'urrainn i dad a dh'astar a chur 'na déigh. Lean i roimpe mar a b'fhearr a b'urrainn di an dùil an dràsta 's a rìs gu'n ruigeadh i iomall na coille. Mu dheireadh thall chaill i a cùrsa gu buileach, 's cha robh fhios aice c'àite an robh i 'dol. Mar nach b'ioghnadh, an déigh na rinn i 'dh'astar ré an latha, bha i air fàs glé sgìth agus airsneulach. Bha na h-uile rud a bh'ann a 'dol 'na h-aghaidh, agus ged a bha deagh mhisneach aice riamh bha i nis air thuar a tréigsinn gu buileach. Cha robh aice ach am bàs roimpe 's na déigh; na'n stadadh i far an robh i bhàsaichidh i leis an fhuachd, oir bha'n oidhche fliuch agus fuar; na'n cumadh i air a h-aghaidh cha b'fhada gus an tugadh i thairis leis an sgìos. 'Se rud a rinn i chum i air aghart mar a b'fhearr a b'urrainn di. Chunnaic i solus beag mugach fada uaipe, agus rinn i dìreach air. Ràinig i e a-cheart-air-éiginn. Ach ciod e b'iongantaiche leatha 'nuair a bha i 'dlùthachadh ris a' bhothan uaigneach so na guth Mhonagain a' chluinntinn 's caithream aige air gabhail phort. Thàinig i cho fàilidh 's a b'urrainn di gu uinneig bhig, rògaich a bh'air cùl a' bhothain 's dh'amhairc i gu caol a steach. Chunnaic i air ball cur an tighe. Bha Monagan an sin agus triuir no ceathrar eile de bhalagairean bhalach maille ris, agus cailleach mhòr fheusagach, ghlas, air an robh coltas air leth dalma agus danarra. Chlisg i leis an eagal 'nuair a chunnaic i iad. Bha iad gu léir air an dall-daoraich, 's bheireadh iad greis air gabhail phort 's air dannsadh, 's greis eile air trod 's air sglàmhachd. Mu dheireadh thall thuit iad uile seachad 'nan codal thall 's a bhos timchioll an teine ach Monagan agus a' chailleach mhòr, a' mhàthair. A reir choltais nach robh leaba 's tigh ach an t-aon, agus fhuair Monagan a dh'urram, o'n bha e air ùr thighinn dachaidh agus sluim mhaith airgid aige, a dhol a luidhe innte 'n oidhche sin. Nuair a dh'òl e-fhéin 's a mhàthair làn no dha na slige air a chéile chaidh e luidhe. Chunnaic Iseabail e cur an sporrain agus an uaireadair fo'cheann. Smuainich i o'n a rinn i na rinn i air tòir an airgid gu'n tugadh i aon oidhirp eile fhathast mu'n tugadh i suas a' chùis. 'Nan rachadh an gnothach leatha bu mhaith, ach na'm beireadh iad oirre bha i cinnteach gu'n rachadh a cur as an rathad air dhòigh eiginn. Bha i air a' cur thuige cho mòr 's gu'n robh i coma co dhiu bhitheadh i beò no marbh, agus 's e bh'ann rinn i suas a h-inntinn gu'm feuchadh i ris an uaireadair agus ris an airgiod a thoirt gun fhios o cheann Mhonagain. Dh'ealaidh i steach gu bog, balbh 'nuair a shaoil leatha gu'n robh iad uile nan suain chodail. Ràinig i 'n leaba 's thug i 'n t-uaireadair agus an sporran leatha 's thug i na buinn di. Bha i mar gu'm faigheadh i neart as ùr. Bha i glé thoilichte, ach bha'n t-eagal oirre. Cha robh i ro chinnteach cia mar a gheibheadh i air a h-ais a dh'ionnsuidh a bhaile-phuirt, a thaobh gu'n robh an oidhche ann agus nach robh beachd maith aice air an rathad air an d'thàinig i. Coma co dhiu, chum i roimpe 's ghreas i 'cas, oir bha eagal oirre nan dùisgeadh Monagan 's gu'n ionndraineadh e'n t-airgiod gu'm biodh an tòir as a déigh 's a' mhionaid. Gu fortanach dh'amais i air an rathad mhòr ann an tighinn an latha. Cha robh i fada air aghart gus an d'rug fear aig an robh each 'us cairt oirre. Ghuidh i air a toirt do'n bhaile-phuirt agus gu'm faigheadh e làn phaigheadh. Rinn e so. Ràinig i 'm baile 's fhuair i mach gu'n robh long a' dol a sheoladh air an fheasgar sin fhéin gu ruige Glasachu. Fhuair i air bòrd, agus mu'n deachaidh a' ghrian fodha bha i far nach ruigeadh Monagan air dad a dhragh a chur oirre. Fhuair an long soirbheas glé fhàbharach, agus cha luaithe ràinig i Glasachu, 's a fhuair Iseabail a cas air tìr na thug i a h-aghaidh air a dachaidh. Bha gach ni gu dòidheil aig Màiri.

Ged a fhuair Iseabail bhochd mòran allabain agus mòran dragha inntinn as deigh Mhonagain, bha i toilichte gu'n d'fhuair i 'n t-uaireadair sàbhailte, agus an t-airgiod gu léir ach ceithir no cuig puinnd Shasunnach. Cha chuala i guth riamh 'd e chrioch a chaidh air Monagan caomh, s cha mhò na sin a bha iarraidh aic' air. Chum i m bùth air aghaidh mar b'àbhaist di, agus bha i gu comhfhurtail fhad 's bu bheò i. Cha do dhealaich Màiri riamh rithe. Rinn ise gnìomh màthar ri Màiri, nuair a shiubhail i rinn i dileabach dhi.

So, ma ta, mar a chaidh am pòsadh a dh'Iseabail. Bha i da fhichead 's a dha mu'n do phòs i, agus fad na h-ùine sin bha i gu maith saor 'us dragh inntinn. Ach o'n là phòs i gus an là bhàsaich i cha robh mòran toileachaidh aice. Cha ni glé ghlic do thé sam bith sgaomaire òg a, phòsadh 'nuair a théid i thar an da fhichead bliadhna. Agus bu chòir do na h-uile té, sean 'us òg, smuaineachadh da uair mu'm pòsadh i fear sam bith. Ach cha'n ann mar so a tha. 'Se 'th'ann cha smuainich iad idir air a' chùis gu ceart. "Am fear nach seall roimhe seallaidh e 'na dhéigh." PEANNUSDUBH.

——o——

COMHAIRE DO NA MNATHAN.

GABH mo theagasg, a bhean òg,
'S na dian bòsd as do dheilbh,
Oir cha'n àillidh' d'fhalt mar òr,
Na Una nighean an Deirg.

Cha'n àillidh' do chruth saor,
Na Dèirdre bu chaoimhe cruth,
'S cha d'rinn an t-éug dearmad uair
Air a gruaidh bh'air dhreach nan subh.

Melior 'bu chaomh cruth,
'Us Clarinda bu dearg dreach,
Us Susana bu gheal gnè,
Chaidh iad do'n Eug mu seach.

Gabh mo theagasg, a bhean òg,
'S na dian spòrs as do chruth,
'Us, mnài an domhain a chum Dia,
Nach 'eil annt' ach biadh chnuimh.

Na meallar thu mu d'fhalt mar òr,
Do ghruaidh mar ròs 's do dhéud gheal,
No mu d'chorp sèamh, seang,
Lomlan de ghreann agus de ghean.

Na meallar thu'n càs air bith,
Mu d'gheal-chneas no mala chaoil,
No sealladh-sùl suaimhneach àigh,
No chorr-bhois leabhair, bhlàth, chaoimh.

Ge h-àluinn thu, 'nighean fhionn,
Eadar chois agus cheann chruth,
Bheirinn fearta Mhic Dhé,
Nach 'eil annad ach cré bheag dhubh.

Na dian dìmeas 's na dian tnùth,
Air deilbh dhaonda chruthaich Dia,
Na bi baoth-ghlòireach, 's na bi borb,
Leig seachad colg 'us glac ciall.

Biodh srian agad ri d'chéill chòir,
'S na brisd na bòidean, thair gach nì,
Na bi ro chiùin 'us na bi garg,
Ach bi gu macanta, mall, mìn.

Na bi bog 'us na bi cruaidh,
'Us na dian uaill asad fhéin ;
Mo theagasg, ma ghabhas tù,
'S fhad a théid do chliù 'an céin.

'S mi filidh na céile cruaidh,
Thàinig mi nall, a nuas, 's a nìos,
'Us ge b'e riochd am beil mo dhàn,
'S ro-mhath 'n comhairlich mhnài mì.

——o——

SEANN LEABHRAICHEAN GAIDHLIG.

(*Air a leantuinn.*)

Is e Mr Mèinn a chuir 'an Gàidhlig an leabhar ud eile do'n ainm "Leanmhuinn Chriosd, ann ceithear leabhraichean : sgriobhta ann Ladoin le Tomais a Cempis : air ur eidirtheangacha' gu Gaoilig Albannach, le R. . . . M. . . . M.A.I.S. [Robert Menzies, Missionary Apostolic in Scotland]. Clo-bhuailte ann Dun-Aodain," 1785.

Is ann a mhuinntir Obir-pheallaidh a bha "Mr Mèinn." Dh'ionnsaich e an t-saorsainneachd agus chaidh e Dhunéideann. Anns a' bhaile sin thionndaidh e na 'Chaitliceach. A sin chaidh e do'n Fhraing a dh'ionnsachadh a bhi na 'shagart. An uair a thill e, 's a' bhliadhna 1778, bha mòran de na Gàidhil amach "'S na Séithrichean," 's gun aca ach fìor bheagan Béurla. Is e bh'ann bho'n a bha Gàidhlig aig Mr Mèinn gu'n do chum an t-Easbuig an Dunéideann e. Chaith e air a phobull gach péighinn airgid a bh'aige, agus an uair a dh'éug e, 29 Oct. 1791, cha robh aige de'n t-saoghal ach an deise aodaich a bha uime, agus seann uaireadair. Tha sinn an eisiomail Mhr Meinn 's chuid Ghàidheal air son "Adeste Fideles" a thoirt a stigh a dh-Albainn. Bhiodh iad ga seinn mu Nolaig; agus ghabh gach duine a leithid de thlachd dhi 's nach robh urad na cloinne nach biodh ga 'feadaireachd air feadh nan sràidean, gus mu dheireadh 'na thòisich na h-eòin fhéin air a' seinn. Gheabhar 's na leabhraichean-laoidhean againn i fo ainm *The Portuguese Hymn.*

Mu'n bhliadhna 1631, mar a thuirt mi, chuireadh 'an clò "Leabhar-Cheist Chalvin." Cha'n eileas cinnteach co a chuir an Gàidhlig e, ged a tha feadhainn ann leis an àill a chàradh air A' Charsalach. Gheobhar mean-chunntas air an leabhar so ann an leabhar "Reid"—"Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica." Tha 107 slios anns an Leabhar-Cheist, 5 fo urnaighean, agus 6 fo rannan. 'S e miadachd gach slios 5 òirlich air fad, agus $2\frac{7}{8}$ air liad. Tha e na chóig earrannan mar a leanas :—

1. "Adtimchiol an chreidimh.—35. Adtimchiol an lagha.—62. Adtimchiol na Guidhe.—84. Adtimchiol Focail De.—88. Adtimchiol na sacramainte." Air an t-slios mu dheireadh, 107 tha—

Don rìgh shuthain nemhthruailligheach,
neamhfhaicsinneach, do Dhia ghlic
amhain, onoir, agus gloir go
saoghal na saoghal, biodh
amhlaid. 1 Tim.
i. 17.

Bheir mi samhuilt as a' chiad earrainn; agus a thaobh beagan mhearachd a bhi 's na rannan 'an Leabhar Reid, bheir mi seachad as ùr iad.

"Adtimchiol an chreidimh comhaghallvidhedar an maighiser, agas an Foghluinte: aghon, minisder an Tsoisgeil, agus an Leanamh.

DOMHNACH I.

1. Creud is crioch aride no phriondsipalta do bheathaidh an duine?

Atà na daoine féin abheith eolach ar andia sin ler chruthuigheadh iad.

2. Créd an tadbhar fa nàbrann tu so?

Ar an adbhur gur chruthaidh Dia fánadhbhursin, & gur shuithidh san saoghalsa sind do chum go glórfluighthe ionnainn é, & go demhin is maith an resún, sinne, do chaithamh arn n' uile bheathadh, (neoch d'an tossach é féin) do chum aghlóiresin.

3. Achd créd is árd mhaith no is sonnas do n'duine?

Ata sin fhein.

4. Créd é an t-adhbhur fa saoilinn tu gurab é sin an maith is mo?

Bhrigh gurab neamh shona go mór ar staidne ina fheagmhuis sin, ina staid na nainmhidhidh brúdeamhla neamerésunta.

5. Vime sin is follas go lor as sin nach bhféd én nj tégmhail don duine is mo is nemh shonna no gan dteachd adtír go taiteannach le Dia?

Is mur sin ata.

6. Ach créd is fior eolas Dé and?

Ata mur a n' aithnighthar é amhluidh as go dtiubhthrar a onoir dhlestannach fén dó.

7. Achd créd é is modh onorvighthe go hiomchubhaidh dho?

Ma chuirthar ar nuile mhuinighine annson, ma ni sinn dicheal and a serbhis thabhairt dó iona bhur nuile bheathaidh ag geilludhadh dha thoil sin: ma ghaórmimnj air comhthric, agus theandas én riochtannas sind ag iarruidhe slainte andsin, agus gach én mhaith ar bhféd ar mian bheith: fadheoidh ma aithnighim, ma aidmhighim le croidhe, agus le beul eision ina aonar mar aon vghdar an' uile mhaithís.

DOMHNACH II.

8. Achd do chum résunaigh, agus iomfhosglaide na neithesa ni bhus saibhir créd is céd cheand insa randadareochtsa do rindis?

Ata sind do chur air n'uilé mhuinighinn, & dhóchas in ndhia.

9. Agus créd é an modh ar an bhfed sin bheit amhluidh?

Féduidh mur naithnighim, & mur dtaigim eision abheith vile chumhachtach, & maidh go foirfe.

10. Ané nac lór so?

Ni headh.

11. Créd é an tadhbhar?

Ata thrid nach fiúth sinde eision do nochtadh achumhacht inar slanughadh.

12. Fan' adhbhar sin Créd a rigmaoid aleas abharr ar son?

Rigmaoid, umuro, gach aon againd a shiuthughadh ina intinde fein gur ghradhuidh seision é, & gurab dtoil leis bheith ina athair do, &, na ughdar slainte.

13. Cia náite as biond sin follus dûinn?

As fhocalsin, umuro, mur a nochtand sé athrócair fén duinn agcriosd, & mur a bhfuil se dénamh fiaghnuise ar aghrádh fein d'ar draobh.

14. Vime sin is é fundameint, agus tossach na muinigin is jonchurtha jn n'Dia è féjn aithniughadh?

Is e go demhin.

15. Anois budh mhian leam suím an' eolais so a chloisdin vait?

Ata shuím ar na cochondmajl jn' admhail an chreidimh no ann' a fóirm na h'admhail ata aig na huile chriosduidhibh chomhchoitchiond

etorra fén: gaoridhe daoine go coitchionna dhi Symbol no caismeart na n' Apstal, neoch aghabhadh o thossach na heaglajsi aghnáth measg na n'uile dhaoine diagha, & neoch aghabhadh o bhéul na n' Apstal no cojmhthioladh go firrinneach as an scriobhadh son.

16. Aithris damh é?

Creidim a n' Día Athair na nuile chumhachd, chruithaighthéoir nejmhe & talmhan. Agus a Níosa Criosd a éunmhacsan ar Dtighearnaine: noch do gabhadh ón Spiorad náomh, rugadh lé Mujre oigh, do fhulajng an fpháis fa *Fpuinge* Fphioláid, do crochadh, do céusadh, fúair bas & do hadhlaicthеadh, do chuaídh sios go hifreand, do éirghidh ó bhás a gciond an treas lá, do chuáidh súas ar neamh, & atà anòis na shuidhe ar deis Dé Athair na nuile chumhachd: As sin thiocfas do bhreith breith ar bhéoghaibh, agus ar mharbhaibh. Creidim and sa Spiorad náomh, a Neaglais nàomhtha chomhchoitchionn, cumand na nàomh, maitheamh na bpeacthadh, eiseirighe chodla na marbh, & an bheatha mharthanach, Amen.

17. Do cum gu dtuigfuighthe gac én chuid go huilidhe ca-med do chotdannâibh anna roindeamar a n' aidmhailsa?

Agceathra chotannujbh aride no phriondsapalt.

18. Aithris damh iàd?

DOMHNACH III.

Beanaidh an chéd chuid re Dia a Thair. Trachdaidh an dara cuid adtiomchioll a mhic josa Criosd neoch fos a chondmhas uile shuim saoruidh an chinnjdh dhaónna. An treas cuid adtiomchiollan Spioraid naómhtha. An ceathraimh cuid adthiomchioll na h'eaglais, & tioghluiceadh De ar no dórtadh urtha.

19. An mhed nach fhuil and acht aon Dia, créd fa gcomhiomh raigheand tu dhamh ann so an tathair, an mac, & an spiorad naoimh?

Ar son gurab jon amhairc dhúinn an' én susbaint no anáduir na dhjiadhachta; an t'athair amhail tús & tosach, no amhail ced adhbhajr na nuile nì: jna dhjajdh sin an mac aghliocas siorujdheson, fadheoidh an spiorad naomh, amhajl anert, & abhridhson ata ar na dhórtadh & ar na chraobhscaoileadh as an' uile ní, gidheadh ata ag comhnaidh & ag anmhuin and fén do ghnath.

20. Ata tu ag ciallughadh & ag foillsiughadh as sin gan é gcnibheas ar bioth do bheit adtri persannaib edirdhaluighthe dobheth san naon diaghacht, gidheadh gan Dia do bheth rointe uime sin?

Ata se mur sin féin.

21. Aithris a' nois an céd chuid?

Creidim and an-dia Athair na nuile chumhacht cruthaightheoir nimhe & talmhan.

22. Créd fa ngoireand tu Athair dhe?

Goirim sin De, ar tús ag amharc ar iosa Criosd, neoch fós is è aghliočeason, neoch do choimhpreadh úaidhe roimh gach tús uile aimsir, & ar mbheth ar na fhaoigheadh ar an domhansa dhó do fhoillsigheadh gurab é a mhacson : gidheadh cruindeochaidh sind as so, ó sé Dia Atair Iosa Criosd, go bfuil se ina Athair dhuinne maraon.

23. Cia an seadh le bhfuil tu ag tabhairt ainm vile chumhachtaigh dho?

Is e seadh as a dtabhruim sin dó, ni he ar angcorsa go bfuil cumhachta aige, nach cleacht and se, acht go bfuil anuile ní aige fa laimh, & nert & impeirdhacht, go bfuil se, aguibhernoracht an domajn le phrovidens, & le re fhaicinn sen go bfuil se a comhshuidhiughadh na nuile do rér a mhiana & a thoile fen, & ag riaghladh na nuile da dhteagmhand amhail do chithear do féin.

24. Maseadh ni bfuil tu a cuma no ag deilbh cumhachta Dé do bheth diomhaoin, acht ata tu ag brethnughadh a bheth ina lethed sin aga bhfuil alham do ghnath re hoibruighadh amhail nach deantaoi én ní ach tréson & le dheerit?

Is amhluidh sin ata.

FAOSID EOIN SEVART TIGHEARN NA HAPPEN; INA MEADARD HACHD.

1. Me a faoside mo lochd.
A Rí neimh le dúracht,
Agas le toileach teann om chroidhe.
A Rí a nám na haithridhe.
2. Peaccach meise o m'ois óige.
Eist ré m'faosid a Thrinoid.
As lionmhar re n'áireamh iad.
A Rí as nár a romhed.
3. Robheg m'ulaigh don chóir.
Fer bunaigh mee sa nègcóir.
Rinnis gach ní nar dhligheas.
Tu Rí neamhdha dfurraigheas.
4. Toile na colla nir chiall damh.
Nir choigleas riamh do dheunamh.
A riar fein lé do légeas.
Srian ri riamh nir dhaingnigheas.
5. Chathrigheas sáinte fréimh gach vilc.
Do chaithes m'aimsir re tuais cirt.
Drúis, agus cráos do thoghas,
Dà chúis re m'aóis do ghnathigheas.
6. Thrégeas haitheanta vile.
Thrégeas thordugh, agus t'úrrnuigh.
Thrégeas deirbhlean díleas Dé.
Seirbhise neamhumhal do cleacht mé.
7. Ni bfuil feithm bheth ga n'tuiribh.
As trén mé a bpeaccaidhibh.
Giodheadh do reir Rí neamhdha.
As tréine céam do thrócair.
8. Tangas dar ndión ar dtalmhain
A Mhic Rí neimh, agas naomh thalmhain.
Dar saoradh le fuil do chneas,
San cholann daonna do chuaigheas.
9. Tfuil do thóirteadh ar an gcránn.
Do dheonaigh thu dar dídionn.
A sí an fhuil sin is dión dúinn,
A Rí fuair dhúinn thathairsa.
10. Ni cubhvidh a Rí dhuibhse,
Don'fhuil vasuil, oirdheirc sin,
Aón bhraón anaisge do dhul,
Ar son peaccadh shiól Adhuibh.
11. As meise an peaccach aithreach,
As tusa an t'athair trócaireach.
Ar ghrádh Mhic Dé mar do gheallas,
Slánaigh mé gan dioghaltus.
12. An meud ata romham anois.
Dom ré a reir a n'eolais,
Caitheam ma teagal, agus adghrádh,
Agas adchreidimh crábhdha comhghlan.
13. Gurab é aoibhneas neamh, fadheoidh,
Bheth maille re do naomhaibh a Thrínoid,
Gan leagadh séoil sa tslighidhe,
Go ród Rí, agus ro mé.

M. E.

Anadhaigh vaille an chuirp, & uabhair an tsaoghail do sgriobh Arne M^{c}kéuín, *mar so sios.*

1. As mairg do ní uaille as óige.
As jasachd deilbh a deirc ghlais.
A cruth seimh as suidh aoibhind.
A ciabh bhuidh chaoimhion chais.

2. Dandiobhradh Diá dhuit a dhuuie.
Daoine meallta mhealladh siad.
Deúd mar an gcuip, agus taobh taisliom.
Duit fa raon is aislind jad.

3. Duille don bheatha do bhlàdha bréig.
Baoghal an chuirp cur ren jóc.
Na déun uaille fa cheand na cruinde.
Gearr go buain adhuille dhiot.

4. Da bfuithigh fos, ni fa diomuis.
Duille don bheatha nach buan seal.
Cuimhnigh re do ré dál an duine.
Gurab é námhtha anuile fher.

5. Cuimhnigh ar chnuasach na gráinoig
Guais do thionoil bheith mar bhíd.
Ni bsuil ach pian and do tanmuin
Na jarr bárr don talmhuin tríd.

6. Vbhall ar gach bior da mbioraibh.
Beiridhe dhon taobh da déid siad.
Arudul don chóill fhádbhuig fhérchruind.
Fagfuith fa bhroind én phuill jad.

7. Bfuicsnithear leat los an tsaoghail.
Mar so a chuirp ag cosg do mhian.
Fa bheul na huaigh ian tanam
Sgeul as truagha choland chriath.

8. Gach fuarus d'ór, agus diondmhus.
Deachaigh do bhuaibh giod bhirt chlé.
Ni leugfuithear leat diobh a dhuine.
Achd brot líne don chruinde Cé.

9. Ainbfios an chuirp cuid da uabhar.
Eagal d'uinn adhul os aird.
Daor da sior mheas uaille na hoige.
Buan da aoibhneas móid
as mairg.

AN PHAIDEAR AMEADARDHACHT DHANA.

1. Ar Nathairne atá ar neamh
O sè mo ghean bheith gudghairm
Ag sin mo bheatha is mo bhrígh,
Go madh beandaighthe a Rí hainm.

2. Inte atá sonas síth,
Gan donas gan dith go bráh
Go dtí do Ríghe is do reacht,
Go sgaoile do cheart ar chách.

3. Do thoil goma dénta dhúinné
Adtalmhuin gach dúil dar dhealbh,
Mar do nid aingil gan chré,
Thuas a bflaithes Dé go dearbh.

4. Beatha na hanma sa chuirp,
O tharrla dhuit bheith rer mbáidh,
Ar naran laoithamhuil gach laói,
Tabhair dhúinn gan dlaói gan dáil.

5. Na fiachasa dhlighir dhínn,
Maith dhúinn gan a ndíol do ghnáth
Maith dhúinn ar peachaidh go léir,
Amhail mhaithmaoid séin do cháth.

6. O thrén ar namhad a Rí,
Dén coimheud is din dod tfliocht,
Bí anadhaigh ambuaidhridh lind,
Is na lég sind ar aniocht.

7. Edir anam, agas chorp,
Saor sind ó olc gach lá
Righ, agas onóir, agus neart,
Ar gach líne ós leat atá.
¶ Ar Nathairne, &c.

NA DECH AITHEANTA.

1. Creid díreach do Dhia na n'dúl.
2. Agus cuir ar chúl vmhaladh do dhealbl.
3. Na tabhair ainm Rígh na rioghadh,
Ma gébhthar dhiot sa ghniomh geall.
4. Domhnach Rí neimh na néul,
Deun led chroidhe choimheud sior.
5. Do Mhathar & Tathar gach uair,
Fa onoir uaide biod a raon.
6. Marbhadh & meirle na taobh.
7. Adhaltrus na aom adghar.
8. Na tòg fiadhnaise, ach go fior,
Se sin an ród far aon glan.
9. Na deun saint ar mhór no'r bheg.
10. Freamh gach uilc ad chôir no leg.
Sin dech aitheanta dhe dhuit,
Tuig jad go cóir & creid.
Creid.

GEARAN AR TRVAILLIGHTHEACHD NA COLLA.

1. Mairg dara companach an cholann,
Commann fallsa, ni fuath lé.
Guais tháll na gcionta bhi amchomhair,
Tiocfuith an tám bus vathan é.

2. Gach grádh riamh d'ar admhas dise,
Nir dhiól vrrtha ar fhuath na bpian,
Do thíll mo ghrádh na fhuath oram,
Lán dar fuath an cholann chriath,

3. Fuath ananma is ansacht na colla,
Commann fallsa mairg do ní ;
Me da droile congbhuigh an colann,
Foghluidh mar sin oram í.

4. Ni ndíol ceíthem an cholínn mheabhlach,
Giodh mór an toile tugas dí ;
Minic nar buán críoch a commainn,
Nir frioth acht fuar vmainn í.

5. Lór dom theagasg ó taim aimhghlic,
Re huchd an bhais giodh breith chruaith,
Na hvilc gon teinidhe gon teaghidh,
S'na cuirp ele dfeuchain vainn.

6. Re huchd an bháis as beirt chúntir,
An claochlodh truath a tig da ghné ;
An corp re athadh na huaire,
Is olc a n'achuince váill é.

7. Na suilbh a naimsir a n'éuga,
Si adhbhar béuga mar bhias iad,
Gar bheg dhuín on rígh mar rabhadh,
Do chitham cúl ar adhaidh iad.

8. Do chitham na béil deargtha duthadh,
Isan déug chailc na cnámtha gorma ;
Mo thoile ni bfuitheamo n'uathmar,
S'nach cuireadh sin vathan oram.

9. Ma mhian fein, & aimhleas manma,
Eagal duínne dhul os aírd ;
Fuair an cholann cuid na dese,
Ro mháll do thuig misi mairg.

Devteronomie. Chap. vi., verse 6, 7.

☞ *Biodh na briathribh sin d'aithnimse dhuit a niugh, ina do ehroidhe. Agus aithris iad dhod ehloinn go díehallach ; agas labhair vrrtha, ag suith ad'thigh fén duit, agas ag imtheaehd sa tslighidh dhuit, agas an tan laoigheas tu, & do eirigheas tu.*

Anns a'bhliadhna 1649, air an 9mh là de'n Chéitein, agus an athbhliadhna 1650, air an 16mh là de Dheireadh an Fhoghair, chuir Seanadh Earra-Ghaidheal rompa "Leabhar Aithghearr nan Ceist" a chur 'an Gàidhlig agus a chlòbhualadh, ni a chuir iad 'an gnìomh mu'n bhliadhna 1651. Cha'n aithne dhomh an ciad chlòbhualadh dheth, ach tha'n t-ath fhear fo'n aon cheangal ris "A' Cheud Chaogad." A bharrachd air Leabhar nan Ceist fhein tha ann, facal ris an leughadair—"A Leghthora," "Na deich Naitheanta," "Urnuigh an Tighearna," agus "A Chred."

So na ministeirean ris an d'earbadh an leabhar * a thionndadh :—

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* Brief sum of Christian Doctrine was ordered to be translated ; but it was not printed.

Mr Dùghall Caimbeal, min. Chapadal.
Eobhan Camran, ,, Dhunomhain.
Iain Stiubhart, ,, Chinngarth.
Dughall Darroch, ,, Cheannloch.
Màrtainn M'Lachlainn, Chilldaltain.
Iain Mac-Lachlainn, ,, Chillnionbhair.
Gilleasbaig Reid, ,, Lismór.

Tha'n t-Ainm agus am Facal ris an Léughadair, mar a leanas :—

"FOIRCEADAL AITHGHEARR, CHEASNUIGHE, an dus arna ordughughadh le Coimhthional na Ndiaghaireadh ag Niarmhanister an Sasgan, leis an Daontuighe Ard-seanadh Eagluis na Halbann, chum a bheith na chuid egin daon mhodh Chrabhuigh edir Eaglaisaibh Chriosd sna tri Rioghachdaibh. Ar na chur a Ngaoidhilg, le Seanadh Earraghaoidheal. Do chuireadh so a gclo anois an dara huair. Ar na chur a gclo a Nglasgo, le Aindra Ainderson, a Mbliadhnna ar Dtighearna, 1659," 12mo ss. 44.

" A LEGHTHORA.

Mar a rinn a ngradh do bheith aguin do phobul an Tighearna ata a gnathughadh na teanga gaoidhilg, sinn a bhrosnudhadh ar thus chum a Catachiosma aithghearr so do tharruing as an bhearla dhoibh ; is amhluidh do bhrosnuigh an runn ceudna sinn anois, tuilleadh do na leabhraibh sin do bhualadh a gclo an dara huair le claochladh beg ar cuid do na focla ata san cheud Translasion. Oir ni amhain gu bfuil na leabhair anois ro ghann, acht mar a gceudna dhaithnigh sinn le gnathughadh na nleabhar do bheith aguin, gu raibh an ceud Translasion sin cruaidh ar an phobul, agus dothuicse, do bhriogh go do lean sinn ro theann ris an bhearla; ach anois ataid na sothuicse go mor le beagan claochlaidh. Uime sin, a Leughthora Chriosduidh, gabh misneach chum an leabhar so do thanig anois amach, do ghnathughadh le dithcheall, ann a bfuil cinn árid a Chreidimh Chriosduidh ar a ngcur sios go haithghearra iomlan, oir, *Is i so a bheatha shuthain, eolus do bhith aguinn air Dia, is air a mhac Iosa Criosd*, Eoin xvii. 3. Agus guidh thusa air an Tighearna, so a bheannachadh mar mheadhon árid chum eoluis shoisgeil Chriosd a chraobhscaoileadh annsna criochaibh gaoidhlachsa. Grasa maille riot."

GUNURRAINN.

(*Ri leantainn.*)

———o———

SOP A'S GACH SEID.

Feudar a ràdh nach 'eil atharrachadh eadar am bochd, agus am beartach, ach a mhàin so, gu'm bheil am bochd a' fulang truàighe, an uair a ta am beartach a' sealbhachadh truaighe.

Is i mo chomhairle dhoibhsan a tha 'cur rompa tòiseachadh air turas na beatha, gréim a dheanamh air an cridhe fein ann an aòin làimh, agus air camain anns an làimh eile.

Feudar ath-leasachadh a dheanamh air gach ni fo'n ghréin, ach air an fhìrinn, ach cha'n 'eil innleachd no cumhachd ann, chum an fhìrinn ath-leasachadh.

Tha cuid ann aig am bheil cumhachd gu bhi 'g ràdh mòran ann am beagan bhriathraibh, an uair, air an làimh eile, tha cumhachd aig cuid eile chum beagan a ràdh ann am mòran bhriathraibh.

Is minic a tha nàir air mòran an fhìrinn innseadh, a chionn nach 'eil fios aca ciamar a ni iad e.

Tha na h-uile a' gearain air giorrad na beatha, agus an déigh sin, tha na h-uile a' caitheadh barrachd uine ann an amaideachd, na tha iad a' cur gu féuma.

Innis an fhìrinn, agus cuir nàir air an Droch-fhear. Tha moran ann a chuireas nàir furast gu leòir air an Droch-fhear, ach aig nach 'eil innleachd air an fhirinn a chur idir an céill.

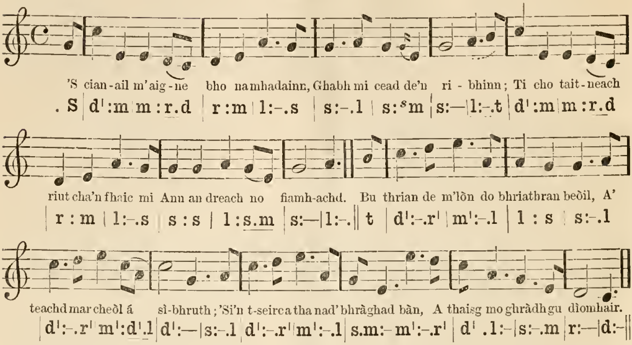
Tha'n duine sin a theagaisgeas dìchioll d'a chloinn fein, a' deanamh solair air an son, ni's fearr na ged a bhuilicheadh e orra mòran saibhreis. "Ni lamh nan dìchiollach beartach."

Mar creideamaid ach na nithe sin a mhàin a ta sinn a' tuigsinn, bhiodh ar n-eòlas a thaobh gach cùise araon beag agus cuibhrichte ; agus cha bhiodh e 'nar comas gnothuichean an t-saoghail a ghiulan air an aghaidh.

Is fearr gu mòr bàs an ionracain na beath an eucoraich. S.

'S CIANAIL M' AIGNE.

Làn Seadh. LE UILLEAM MAC-COINNICH.


'S cian-ail m' aig-ne bho na mhadainn, Ghabh mi cead de'n ri - bhinn; Ti cho tait-neach
. S | d':m m:r.d | r:m | l:-.s | s:-.l | s:ˢm | s:— | l:-.t | d':m | m:r.d
riut cha'n fhaic mi Ann an dreach no fiamh-achd. Bu thrian de m'lòn do bhriathran beòil, A'
| r:m | l:-.s | s:s | l:s.m | s:— | l:-. || t | d':-.r' | m':-.l | l:s | s:-.l
teachd mar cheòl á sì-bhruth; 'Si'n t-seirc a tha na d' bhràghad bàn, A thaisg mo ghràdh gu dìomhair.
| d':-.r' m':d'.l | d':— | s:-.l | d':-.r' | m':-.l | s.m:- m':-.r' | d' .l:- | s:-.m | r:— | d:- ||

'S CIANAIL m' aigne o na mhadainn,
Ghabh mi cead de'n rìbhinn ;
Ti cho taitneach riut cha'n fhaic mi
Ann an dreach no fiamhachd.
Bu thrian de m' lòn do bhriathran beòil,
A' teachd mar cheòl á sì-bhruth ;
'S i 'n t-seirc a tha na d' bhràighe bàn,
A thaisg mo ghradh gu dìomhair.

Ciochan corrach, lionta soluis,
Air do bhroilleach réidh-ghlan ;
Do sheang-shlios fallain mar an eala,
No mar chanach sléibhe.
Bas ionmhuinn, caoin, nan geala-mheur caol,
A' dealbh nan craobh air péurlainn ;
'S tu fialaidh glic, 's do chiall gun tig,
Air dìomhaireachd nan reultan.

Do bhràighe glè-gheal mar ghath gréine,
D'aghaidh réidh, glan mòdhar ;
Siunnailt d'éugais 's tearc ri fhéutainn,
Gur tu reul nan òighean.
Gur bachlach, dualach, cas-bhui', cuachach,
D'fhalt ma'n cuairt an òrdugh ;
'S ann tha gach ciabh mar fhàinn' air sniamh.
'S gach aon air fiamh an òir dhiubh.

'Nighean aingil nan rosg malla,
'S nan gruaidh glana, nàrach ;
Dà shuil ghorm, mheallach, fo'd chaol-mhala,
'S gach aon a' mealladh gràidh dhiubh.
Tha mais' ad ghnùis, gun easbhuidh mùirn ;
Beul meachair, ciùin, ni mànran,
Do bhrìodal caomh, 's do loinn maraon,
A rinn mo ghaol-sa thàradh.

Corp seamhaidh, bàn, choi'lìonas gràdh
Gach tì a thàradh iùl ort ;
'S ann tha do shnuagh toirt barr air sluagh,
'S tu 'n ainnir shuairce, chliùteach.
Do dheas chalpannan ro dhealbhach,
Gun bhi meanbh, no dùmhail ;
Troigh chruinn, chòmhnard, dh'fhalbhas modhar,
Nach dean feòirn' a lùbadh.

Cho glan 'us tù 's neo shoilleir dhùinn,
'S mar 'ghealach thu 'n tùs éiridh ;
Beul tana mùint', 'us anail chùbhraidh,
'S siunnailt thù do *Bhénus.*
'S e chrùn do thlachd déud ùr mar chailc,
Air dlùthadh ceart ri chéile ;
O'n tig an t-òran éutrom, ceòlmhor,
Mar an smeòrach chéitein.

Bho Fhlath nan dùl, tùs rath' fhuair thu,
Bhi modhail, ciuin, gun ardan ;
Tha iochd, 'us cliù, 'us loinn, 'us mùirn,
Air glaodhadh dlù ri d' nàdur.
'S tu air do bhuain á friamh nam buadh,
De'n tréun-fhuil uasail, stàtail ;
Thu fialaidh, pailt, an gniomh, 's an tlachd,
'S do chiall co-streup ri d'àillteachd.

Mi cian o d'chaidreamh, 's buan domh fhaidead,
Dh'fhàg sud m' aigne pianail ;
Osnaich do ghnà, gun fhois, gun tàmh,
A fhrois gach blath dheth m' fhion-fhuil.
'S e bhrosnaich deòir 's a chlaoidh mo threoir
An ribhinn òg so thriall uainn ;
'S tu 's trom a dh'fhag mi 'òigh mo ghràidh,
Le d'bhron a tà mi cianail.

THE GAEL,
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. VI. AUGUST, 1877. No. 68.

CELTIC SCOTLAND.*

The second volume of Mr. Skene's great work, published two months ago, "forms, like the first volume, a substantive work in itself. It deals entirely with the history of the old Celtic Church, and its influence on the culture of the people." To the general reader the story of the Celtic Church surpasses in human interest the civil history of the same portion of country during the same period of time. The Christian Church, broken up and divided into innumerable sections though it unfortunately is and has been for many centuries, presents a greater unity and a deeper interest to the historian and philosopher than the endless battles of numberless tribes and the fabled genealogies of various races of men; for its history is not merely the history of the contact of the souls of men with eternal truth, but has come to be the history of the opinion, the thought, and the civilisation of the world. Even to us Highlanders the history of the origin, extension, and extinction of the old Celtic Church is not of less interest than the civil history of our people. We are proud of both, and we may well be so; although we can only speak of both now as of things that were. The people remain, with their rich tradition fondly cherished, and with their expressive language and peculiar customs clung to with the tenacity characteristic of the race. In no part of the world, also, has the Christian religion, in these latter days, found a securer home and a more unquestioning obedience in all its simplicity and grandeur than among the Scottish Highlanders. But the Celtic Church, as a distinct and separate organisation, disappeared six hundred years ago; and Celtic civil polity, as a potent engine of government, ceased to be, two hundred years later. Not that the Celt by any means, either in his civil or ecclesiastical relations, fell into insignificance at these dates. His energy and genius have impressed themselves upon the constitution of both Church and State, and have penetrated the literature and art of Britain deeper than is usually acknowledged. But the ideas which he has found it his destiny to embrace were not the ideas of his people, and the fabric which he has helped so much to build is not called after his name.

Mr. Skene informs us that "the early ecclesiastical history of Scotland is a subject beset with even greater difficulties than those which affect its early civil history. It shares with the latter that perversion of its history which has been caused by the artificial system elaborated by our oldest historians." Not only so, but when the later historians come to deal with it the influence of bias and prejudice is but too plainly manifest. In examining Mr. Skene's first volume, we found that antiquaries and historians fiercely quarrelled as to the origin of the people who occupied this land in early historic times. One maintained that the Picts were Germans; another that they were Celts, but of the British or Welsh family; while Mr. Skene himself, after a masterly analysis of their legends, their language, and their topography, concluded that they were Celts of the Gaelic branch—that is, the direct ancestors of the Highlanders of the present day. Into this controversy as to the origin of the Picts there was introduced a violence and temper which are in this country usually confined to ecclesiastical discussions. We need not, therefore, be surprised to learn that "the history of the early Church in Scotland has become the battle-field on which Catholic and Protestant, Episcopalian and Presbyterian have contended for their respective tenets;" and we need not be surprised to find that the outcome of Mr. Skene's calm and searching examination is to show that this old Church was neither Catholic nor Protestant, Episcopalian nor Presbyterian, as these various types of the Christian Church are exhibited in living form in our day and generation.

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* Celtic Scotland: A History of Ancient Alban. By William F. Skene, Author of "The Four Ancient Books of Wales." Vol. II. Church and Culture. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 9 Castle Street, 1877.

Our author professes "to tell the tale of the early Celtic Church as he finds it recorded in the oldest and most authentic sources of information. He has treated of the history of the Church mainly in its external aspect, and has been unable to touch to any great extent upon its doctrinal history, or to attempt to exhibit its theological characteristics." He acknowledges with gratitude the assistance which he received from the labours of four men, who in the same critical antiquarian spirit preceded him in one corner or another of the ecclesiastical field. These are the late Dr. Joseph Robertson; the late Bishop Forbes, of Brechin; Dr. John Stuart, of Edinburgh, whose lamented death occurred but a few days ago; and Dr. Reeves, Dean of Armagh. If the "tale of the early Celtic Church" is not truly told in this volume, it is not from want of ability or knowledge on the part of the author. There is evidence on every page of a keen, penetrating intellect and of a calm, dispassionate judgment. The author's erudition in all matters Celtic has for long been acknowledged as, in Scotland at least, unrivalled. In this volume we have the outcome of patient study, pursued through a long lifetime, in a subject with which the author must have had full sympathy. There does not appear to have been a legend, tradition, or story preserved in any country or language having the remotest bearing on his subject with which he has not made himself familiar. The old records, whether in Irish, Welsh, or Latin, with all the commentaries, wise and foolish, made upon them, he seems to know by heart. He is equally familiar with every locality in which an old Celtic Church was built.

The authorities relied upon for the early portion of the history are contained in manuscripts, written in Irish, sometimes in Latin, by Irish ecclesiastics. Of these the chief are: The Catalogue of the Saints of Ireland, according to their different periods, "believed to be the work of Tirechan, the author of the annotations on the life of Saint Patrick in the Book of Armagh;" the litany of Angus the Culdee; the Confessions of Saint Patrick and his Epistle to Coroticus, both of which Mr. Skene believes to be genuine documents; the lives of Saint Patrick, and the lives of St. Columba, especially that by Adamnan, and the old Irish life. Of this last work a translation is given in an Appendix, prepared by Mr. W. H. Hennessey from three existing MSS.—the oldest being contained in the *Leabar Breac*, a MS. of the fourteenth century; the second, of the fifteenth century, being contained in the *Book of Lismore*; and the third, probably also of the fifteenth century, being one of the Gaelic MSS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Of the material preserved beyond the bounds of the Celtic Church itself, the most important beyond question is to be found in the Ecclesiastical History of the Venerable Bede. For the later portions of the history, the later Irish annals, civil and ecclesiastical, and the older Scottish historians, with such original documents as the Breviary of Aberdeen, and the Chartularies of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberbrothoc, and the Isle of May, &c., are the chief authorities.

What was this old Celtic Church as described in these documents? That the Christian religion was known and professed over a great part of Scotland before the time of St. Columba is certain. But the historic Celtic Church in Scotland commences with the mission of St. Columba to Iona in 565. Mr. Skene considers this Church as all along identical with the Irish Church in all the points that were characteristic of it, and in fact as forming a part of it. By the withdrawal of the Roman power from Britain, these islands became separated from the continent of Europe. The first contact of British Christianity with Continental Christianity, after the period of the Roman occupation, occurred in the year 590, when Columbanus and his followers went on their mission to Gaul. It was found that the island Christians differed from the Church abroad in two things, considered of great importance at that time—viz., the proper day for the celebration of Easter, and the mode of tonsure; a change in these matters having been introduced on the Continent during the period of isolation of the British Church consequent on the withdrawal of the Roman power from Britain.

The Catalogue of the Saints divides the history of the Church in Ireland previous to the year 666 into three periods, each continuing for four reigns. In the first period, the saints were all bishops, having one head, Christ; and one chief, Patricius. They observed one mass, one celebration, and one tonsure from ear to ear. They celebrated Easter on the fourteenth moon after the vernal equinox. They rejected not the services of women. The second order was of Catholic presbyters. They had one head, one Lord; they celebrated different masses, had different rules, one Easter, and one tonsure like the preceding. They refused the services of women. The third order had holy presbyters and few bishops. They dwelt in desert places. They had different rules and masses, different tonsures, and a different paschal festival.

It was during the second or monastic period that St. Columba arrived in Scotland upon his great mission. Monasticism, we are told, was introduced into Ireland through two different channels—viz., from Whithorn in Galloway, and from Bretagne and Wales. But the monastic Church of Ireland, and of Iona, which was a copy of it, had peculiar features which adapted it to the civil polity of the time. The monastery was a Christian colony, composed of the brethren who adopted the monastic habit, and presided over by an abbot, who was usually a presbyter, rarely a bishop. The monasteries were divided into groups, "each group recognising the monastery over which the founder of the group personally presided, or which contained his relics, as having jurisdiction over those which emanated from him or followed his rule." The abbot was not selected by his brethren; but was chosen, like the head of the tribe, from the family of the patron saint or founder of the monastery. The same order of things was naturally continued by St. Columba in Iona; for the civil polity of Dalriada was identical with that of Ireland. The monastery of Iona held jurisdiction over all the monasteries founded by St. Columba himself and his followers and successors; and it was presided over for many generations by a presbyter-abbot, which was the correct ecclesiastical designation of St. Columba himself, selected from the family to which the founder belonged. It is in consequence of the fact that St. Columba, a presbyter himself and nothing more, presided over the monastery of Iona that the Columban Church has been maintained to be a Presbyterian Church. It is to be feared that if the Church was Presbyterian, it must be held to have been widely different from the Presbyterianism of our day. It was strictly a monastic Church. There were bishops; but the usual relation of bishop and presbyter was reversed. Mr. Skene explains this peculiarity by drawing a distinction between "the power of mission and that of orders. The former is the source of jurisdiction and the latter of the functions of the episcopate. . . . Now the mission and the jurisdiction of which it is the source were not in the bishop, but in the monastery, and that jurisdiction was necessarily exercised through the abbot as its monastic head. There was episcopacy in the Church, but it was not diocesan episcopacy." It was not an unusual thing to have in these monasteries a resident bishop for the performance of episcopal functions; and we have it on record that inferior officers combined the functions of a bishop with their proper duties.

The Church of Iona, in consequence of the energy and piety of its founder and of his fellow missionaries and immediate successors, rapidly extended itself among the Picts north and south, and penetrated as far as Northumbria, where was founded the famed monastery of Lindisfarne. By this time the Church of the Southern Scots of Ireland conformed to Rome, which had been slowly but surely in the intervening period becoming the acknowledged head of the Churches of the Continent. In Northumbria, also, the Iona missionaries came in contact with members of Augustine's mission to England in 597. The old controversy regarding Easter and the tonsure was revived, with the result that Bishop Colman, refusing to be convinced, returned home, carrying with him "part of the bones of the most reverend father Aidan," founder of the monastery.

Adamnan, the ninth abbot of Iona, and biographer of St. Columba, proceeded to Northumbria for the sake, apparently, of obtaining the deliverance of some captives. While there he adopted the Roman rule, and endeavoured to persuade his brethren on his return to do the same. He was only partially successful; for we find that after his death there were two parties among the brethren for about fifty years—those which conformed, and those which refused to conform to Rome—and that each party elected an abbot of its own views. We have, on two or three occasions, two rival abbots in Iona. By this time the Northern Scots of Ireland had conformed to Rome. The Strathclyde Britons did the same. King Naitan, too, adopted the Roman rule, and enforced it within his territories. Those who refused to comply were driven across to Drumalban. The anti-Roman party was, in consequence of this act of Naitan, strengthened; but was shortly afterwards outnumbered, through the energy and influence of Ecgberct, a Saxon priest who was exiled in Ireland and came to Iona, and finally through the exertions of two saints of the names of Modan and Ronan; so that Iona also conformed to Rome.

Alongside of the mission of St. Columba to Iona, and nearly corresponding with it in date, must be placed the less important but still famous mission of Kentigern, of whose history and activity we have not, unfortunately, so reliable a record.

After the family of Iona were expelled from Pictish territory, and after they had conformed to Rome, two events occurred—one of which powerfully affected the position of Iona as head of the old Celtic Church, and the other the character and organisation of that Church. The one was the frequent ravages of Iona by the Danes, which necessitated the removal of the shrine and relics of St. Columba to Ireland; and, after the accession of the Scottish dynasty in the person of Kenneth MacAlpin to the throne of the Picts, the transfer of the parent establishment of the Columban Church from Iona to Dunkeld, into which a portion at least of the relics of St. Columba was conveyed. The other was the appearance in Scotland of the famous order of Culdees or, as we say in Gaelic, the *Cuildich.* For two hundred years after the accession of Kenneth the Columban Church was cherished and fostered by the kings of Kenneth's race. The shrine of St. Columba was restored from Ireland to Iona; but the chief seat of the Scottish Church, as it now came to be called, was successively at Dunkeld, at Abernethy, and at St. Andrews. But when Malcolm Canmore ascended the throne, and took the pious Margaret to wife, the old Celtic Church, with its peculiar customs and strange language, began to wane. For about a century it preserved a flickering existence; and early in the thirteenth century it came to an end, "leaving no vestiges behind it, save here and there the roofless walls of what had been a church, and the numerous old burying-grounds to the use of which the people still cling with tenacity, and where occasionally an ancient Celtic cross tells of its former state. All else had disappeared; and the only records we have of their history are the names of the saints by whom they were founded preserved in old calendars, the fountains near the old churches bearing their name, the village fairs of immemorial antiquity held on their day, and here and there a few lay families holding a small portion of land, as hereditary custodiers of the pastoral staff or other relic of the reputed founder of the Church, with some small remains of its jurisdiction."

It has been observed by a distinguished author, the Rev. Dr. M'Lauchlan, of Edinburgh (The Early Scottish Church, pp. 248-9), that "it is a remarkable thing, with what readiness the liberty-loving Saxon succumbed to the pretensions of Rome on all religious questions. Nor is it uninstructive," the author continues, "to observe how certain features of character adhere persistently to a nation; for to this day the Englishman, with all his love of civil liberty, is usually as indifferent to ecclesiastical liberty as any man out of the pale of the Church of Rome." It is no doubt true that the observance of the Roman method of computing Easter and the Roman tonsure were introduced into the community of Iona by Saxon influence. It is also the case that the external influence, at all events, which brought the old Celtic Church to an end was exerted by a Saxon queen. But we doubt whether the Saxon has shown himself so indifferent to religious liberty as he is here represented to be. The Saxon—or the Englishman, if you will—has, during his long and successful history, shown himself a believer, or at all events a follower, of two principles. He has great respect for law and order, and he has an instinctive aversion to legislating upon abstract principles. It is difficult for us to see now, and probably it was difficult for the Saxon to see then, the reasonableness of the course pursued by the Iona ecclesiastics. The questions in dispute were not questions which, except by a perversion of language, could wound the conscience of the most sensitive. Was it reasonable that this handful of clerics, in this out-of-the-way corner of the world, would oppose their judgment to the unanimous voice of the Western Church, upon questions which depended for their solution more upon astronomical calculations and sartorial æsthetics than upon Biblical interpretation and conscientious convictions?

In the sixteenth century, Englishmen did not show themselves indifferent to religious liberty; but it is just possible that they learned to some purpose the lesson which the Church for ten centuries had been but too plainly teaching them. There had been various civil revolutions in England. There had been no ecclesiastical controversy in which the nation had been successful. When the Reformation had become a necessity, it may have occurred to these cool, practical Englishmen, who never made an unnecessary change, and who, in building their constitution, never proceeded farther than the exigencies of the hour demanded, that future difficulties might be avoided if they should retain the determination of the contract between Church and State in their own hands. These men had struggled successfully with kings and princes. They had expelled kings and overthrown dynasties. But the Church defied their mightiest efforts. It was above them and beyond them. To these matter-of-fact Englishmen its "liberty" was too great. The liberty of the subject within and without the Church would, they thought, be safer if the Church was not altogether so independent as it was. So thought the Englishmen of the sixteenth century; and it is difficult to read the history of the Church for five hundred years before the Reformation, and even for the last fifty in these isles, without admitting that the Englishman had reason for his conduct.

There is not a more interesting chapter in the history of the Celtic Church than that which treats of the Culdees. The very name, if we look at the various accounts given of it, is a mystery. In Gaelic we invariably say *Cuildich.* It has been held that the name is derived from the Gaelic word *cuil*, a recess; and that it is, like most Gaelic names, descriptive. Its true meaning, it is held, is recess-worshippers, hermits. *Gille Dê*, the servant of God, has been suggested as the proper etymology of *Cuildich.* The Irish word *culla*, a cowl, has been thought to be the origin of the word. Another author suggests the Greek *Kelleōtai*, while some of the best authorities give *ceile De*, *cultores Dei*, as the correct meaning of the term. The phrase recess-worshippers is sufficiently descriptive of the habits of the Culdees to entitle us to accept the etymology which derives the word from *cuil.* But the MS. authority must settle the question. The oldest form of the name is *Cele De* in Irish, and

Keledei in Latin. How the word came to be afterwards pronounced so very differently we cannot tell. After an exhaustive analysis of all the evidence that exists regarding the origin of this religious order, Mr. Skene sums up as follows: "The result, then, that we have arrived at is, that the Culdees originally sprang from the ascetic order who adopted a solitary service of God in an isolated cell as the highest form of religious life, and who were termed *Deicolae;* that they then became associated in communities of anchorites, or hermits; that they were clerics, and might be called monks, but only in the sense in which the anchorites were monks; that they made their appearance in the eastern districts of Scotland at the same time as the secular clergy were introduced, and succeeded the Columban monks, who had been driven across the great mountain range of Drumalban, the western frontier of the Pictish kingdom; and that they were finally brought under the canonical rule, along with the secular clergy, retaining, however, to some extent the nomenclature of the monastery, until at length the name of *Keledeus*, or Culdee, became almost synonymous with secular canon."

The last chapter is devoted to the learning and the language of the old Church of Iona. The Church was pre-eminently a mission Church. It not only trained and sent forth missionaries to found monasteries over the length and breadth of the land, but it made provision "for the cultivation of learning, and for the training of its members in sacred and profane literature." It attracted students from abroad. Many of its members were scholarly men, as well as earnest and energetic missionaries. The great founder of it was himself a conspicuous example of the man of action and the man of letters. In the old Irish life, the following quatrain shows the value which St. Columba attached to his mother-tongue:—

Thrice fifty noble lays the Apostle made,
Whose miracles are more numerous than grass:
Some in Latin, which were beguiling;
Some in Gaelic, fair the tale.

We believe that our modern Churches, in the training of ministers, could not do better than adapt the principles of the great training school of Iona to modern requirements. What would St. Columba say to the professional training which Highland clergymen of the present day receive? If you were to submit to him the names of the various classes at university and college, the syllabus of the course of study in these classes, the various examinations by universities, examining-boards, and presbyteries, and afterwards to describe to him the ordinary routine of a clergyman's life in a Highland parish, he would probably tell you that absurdity could not well go farther. In all the long, wearisome course of study, and in all the long array of examinations and trial sermons, there is not a single word about the language which alone ninety-five per cent of the future minister's hearers can understand. St. Columba might well say to those who administer our Royal Bounties, and Sustentation Funds, and Baird Bequests of the present day: "When the world was thirteen hundred years younger than it is now, I had a more rational scheme than yours for training Highland clergymen; and so far as I can see, to judge by the only test you nineteenth century divines will allow—the test of results—my scheme worked to better purpose."

The native literature of the old Celtic Church consisted, as might be expected, chiefly of lives of saints and hymns. St. Columba was himself a poet of no mean order; and probably the fact might have had its influence on his followers. We find, at a later stage, among the community the *Scribhnidh*, or scribe, the *Fearleiginn*, or lector, and the *Scolog*, or student—a word which is now applied to an unmarried farm-servant.

There is no evidence of written literature in Scotland previous to St. Columba's time. In the first volume of Mr. Skene, it was held—and, we think, proved—that the Picts were Celts and spoke Gaelic. When St. Columba entered the Pictish territory he and the inhabitants could probably understand each other. Only on two occasions do we hear of his having had occasion to employ an interpreter. But the influence of the Columban Church must have been great in assimilating the dialect of the Picts and the cultivated language of the missionaries. The written literature, or, at all events, all that is now preserved of it, Ossian apart—whose name, by the way, does not appear within the four corners of this volume—is until the sixteenth century identical. But the spoken dialects and the popular literature of Ireland and Scotland appear at the present day to hold the same relations to each other that they did in St. Columba's time, and in the Dean of Lismore's time. An educated man finds an Irish book perfectly intelligible; but an Irishman and a Highlander can converse only with difficulty. If you read the popular song of one country to the native of the other, it is practically unintelligible to him. If it were not for the connecting bond of the Columban Church between the countries, the two languages would have shown by this time a great divergence. But while the language of the Clergy was the cultivated language common to both countries during the long period of one thousand years, and while this language influenced the spoken language of both countries, and arrested, to some extent, the change through which spoken dialects pass so rapidly, all the evidence we possess tends to show that the spoken language of Scotland and the language of popular song preserved its own continuity, and a pretty wide divergence from the written language, during the whole of that long period. St. Columba could with difficulty be intelligible to a Pict. The popular poetry by Scotch authors in the Dean of Lismore's book exhibits the same extent of divergence from the poetry attributed to Irish bards in the same collection. When Alexander M'Donald published, in 1751, the first volume of Scottish Gaelic poetry, it, too, showed the same divergence from the Irish of the time. The Ossianic Ballads, whose genuineness is not questioned, combine both the features of the popular and cultivated language. We have not, unfortunately, popular Gaelic prose except of very late date. But if we believe, as probably we may, that the Gaelic tales collected and published by Campbell in 1859 changed but little in their phraseology and idiom for a century or two, we have abundant proof of the existence of Scottish Gaelic as a distinct type of speech, and containing within it a popular literature which in ease and grace cannot be surpassed.

We have only to add that this excellent volume is illustrated by three beautiful maps, and contains, in addition to the appendix already mentioned, two other appendices, one, "The Rule of Saint Columba;" and the other, "Catalogue of Religious Houses at the End of the Chronicle of Silgrave, *c*. A.D. 1272, so far as it relates to Scotland."

A N

GAIDHEAL.

"*Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein*
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."—Oisean.

VI. Leabh.] DARA MIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1877. [69 Air.

LITREACHAS NAN GAIDHEAL.

xi. Rob Donn.

Gheibhear eachdraidh beatha Rob Dhuinn air a deagh sgriobhadh ann am Beurla anns an leabhar a chuir an t-Olla Mac-Aoidh a mach anns a' bhliadhna 1829 fo'n ainm "Orain le Rob Donn, Bard ainmeil Dhuthaich Mhic-Aoidh." Thugadh seachad clo-bhualadh ùr agus saor, le beagan atharrachaidh, de'n leabhar luachmhor so o chionn sè bliadhna. Thug *Reid* cunntas aithghearr air a' Bhard 'n a leabhar fein (*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica,* 1832); agus sgriobh Mac-Coinnich, ann an "Sar-obair nam Bard Gaelach" mu 'bheatha agus mu 'chliu. Cha mhor d'ar Baird Ghaidhealach a bha cho tric air a thoirt fa chomhair Ghall agus Shasunnach ri Rob Donn. An uair a chuireadh a mach a leabhar anns a' bhliadhna 1829, chaidh òraid fhoghainteach a sgriobhadh anns an aon is ainmeile de na cuairteirean Sasunnach (*Quarterly Review*) air a' Bhard agus air a Bhardachd. Tha cunntas cubhaidh air fein agus air a chliu anns an leabhar urramach a chuir an t-Olla *Blackie* a mach an uiridh air "Canain agus Litreachas nan Gaidheal Albannach;" agus is e Rob Donn is steigh do aon de na h-oraidean a leughadh air beul-thaobh Comunn Gaidhlig Inbhirnis agus a gheibhear clo-bhuailte anns an leabhar a chuir an Comunn a mach airson na bliadhna a dh'fhalbh. Am measg nan Gaidheal a tha chomhnuidh 'na dhuthaich fein, fhuair Rob Donn urram neo-chumanta. Rè a bheatha bha meas mor air aig iosal agus aig uasal. Aig a thòrradh thiunndaidh an sluagh a mach mar aon duine a nochdadh an speis do'n Bhard. Agus leth-cheud bliadhna an deigh a bhais, chruinnich a luchd-cinnidh airgiod agus chuir iad suas carragh-cuimhne, ann an cladh Bhaile-na-cille, far a' bheil Rob Donn 'na luidhe; agus ghearr iad cliu agus iomradh a' Bhaird anns a' chloich, an Gaidhlig, am Beurla, an Greugais, agus an Laidinn.

A' bheil Rob Donn airidh, am measg nam Bard Gaidhealach, air a' chliu a fhuair e? Tha mi meas nach d'fhuair Rob Donn fathasd urram nach bu mhaith a thoill e; ged fhuair e uair no dhà mi-chliu nach do thoill e idir. Ach bha nithean 'na chrann-chur a tha ann an tomhas 'g a dhealachadh o na Baird Ghaidhealach ainmeil eile. Cha toir sinn breth chothromach air a chumhachd no air aite mar Bhard gun bhi gleidheadh nan nithean so air chuimhne. Feudaidh mi cuid diu ainmeachadh.

Bho bhreith gu bhàs b'e Rob Donn Bard ainmeil Dhuthaich Mhic-Aoidh. Agus faodar a radh gur h-e aona Bhard na duthcha ghreadhnaich sin o'n a tha eachdraidh againn oirre gus an diugh. Bha gaisgich ann roimh na Fiantan; ach cha do ghleidh a' Bhardachd Ghaidhealach an euchdan no an ainmean air chuimhne. Bha, ma dh'fhaodte, Baird an Duthaich Mhic-Aoidh roimh Rob Donn, ach cha do ghleidh na Gaidheil an orain no an ainm air chuimhne. 'Na dhuthaich fein tha e seasamh mar Bhard 'n a aonar. Tha e gun athair gun mhac 'n a dhreuchd,—gun sinnsearachd, gun sliochd. Cha b'iongantach ged bhiodh muinntir a dhuthcha mor as agus gaolach uime; cha robh Bard ainmeil aca ach e. Bha agus tha Clann-ic-Aoidh 'n am fine ainmeil airson iomadh deagh bhuaidh. Bha agus tha iad ro chinneadail. Bha aon no dhà de'n fhine a choisinn beagan cliu mar Bhaird a chomhnuidh ann an cearnan eile de'n Ghaidhealtachd. Ach b'e Rob Donn an aon Bhard a dh'eirich gu cliu ard; agus bhuineadh esan do'n duthaich. Rè a bheatha b'e peata an t-sluaigh e; agus mur biodh barrachd tuigse aige na tha aig a' chuid mhor de pheatachan agus de Bhaird, bhiodh dol cumanta nam peatachan air—bhiodh e millte.

A rìs bha Rob cho fortanach, ged nach do chuireadh a Bhardachd an clò gus leth-cheud bliadhna an deigh a bhais, agus gu'n do ghabh fear-cinnich aig an robh buaidhean ard agus eolas farsuing, agus a bha 'n a lan-sgoileir Gaidhlig, os laimh an leabhar ullachadh agus beatha agus cliu a' Bhaird a sgriobhadh. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach ann a chionn agus gu'm b'e duine ainmeil agus ministeir —bha an Dr Mac-Aoidh anns an àm ann an Sgireachd an Lagain— a chuir a mach an leabhar gu'n do rinneadh na h-uiread dheth. Tha e air a radh gur h-e *Sir Walter Scott* a sgriobh an òraid anns an *Review* a dh'ainmich mi cheana; agus cha'n 'eil e idir mi-choltach nach e. An uair a bha an corr de Bhreatunn a' cur na h-uiread de urram air Rob Donn cha b'iongantach ged chuireadh a luchd-cinnich an guaillean ri cheile airson cuimhneachan buan a chur suas do'n Bhard. Chaidh so a dheanamh anns a' cheart bhliadhna anns an do chuireadh a Bhardachd ann an clò.

Ach ged bha Rob Donn cho measail 'n a dhuthaich fein rè a bheatha, agus ged chuireadh urram mhor air an deigh a bhais, cha d'fhuair e fathast urram dhligheach am measg nan Gaidheal nach buin d'a Shiorrachd fein. Cha'n ann a chionn gu'm bu duine bochd e no gu'n robh inbhe anns an t-saoghal iosal. Bha so fior gun teagamh. Cha robh e ach 'n a bhuachaille. Ach ged nach 'eil moran dhaoine na's deise a thoirt urram do mhuinntir a tha ann an inbhe ard na Gaidheil na h-Alba, cha bhiodh e farasta aite ainmeachadh anns am faigh Bard an t-urram a tha dligheach d'a bheatha agus da' bhuaidhean cho ullamh agus a gheibh e 'n ar measg-ne, cia air bith cho iosal agus a bhios a staid. Tha so fior gu sonruichte mu Rob Donn fein. Is tric a dh'eirich do'n Bhard mar a dh'eirich do'n Fhaidh, gur h-e a dhuthaich fein a dhiult urram dhligheach dh'a. Ach cha do thachair so ach ainmig do Bhard Gaidhealach agus cha do thachair e idir do Rob Donn. Bithidh e 'n a chliu bhuan do uaislean Dhuthaich Mhic-Aoidh gu'n d'aidich iad gu saor gu'n robh am buachaille-bhò airidh air aite urramach 'n am measg, agus gu'n d'thug iad urram dhligheach dh'a; agus bithidh e 'n a chliu bhuan do Rob Donn nach do rinn e riamh ni neo-airidh air a dhreuchd mar Bhard a chum an t-aite so a chosnadh no ghleidheadh. Bha Rob Donn ann an inbhe cho ard ris a' chuid mhor d'ar Baird Ghaidhealach, agus ann an cuisean saoghalta na b'fhearr dheth na bha moran dhiu.

Cha robh focal sgoil aig Rob Donn; ach anns a' char so cha robh e air leth air cuid de na Baird is airde cliu 'n ar measg. A mach o Mhac-Mhaighstir-Alastair agus o Dhughall Buchannan cha robh Bard ainmeil Gaidhealach againn aig a' robh a' bheag de sgoil. Cha robh focal sgoil aig Màiri-nigh'n-Alastair-Ruaidh, no aig Iain Mac-Codrum, no aig Donnachadh Ban, no aig Ailean Dall. Ach mur an robh sgoil aca bha foghlum aca, agus bha iunnsachadh aca. Chaill iadsan agus gu sonruichte chaill sinne moran a chionn nach b'urrainn iad leughadh no sgriobhadh. Ach cha'n fheud sinn a smuaineachadh gu'n robh an duine nach b'urrainn leughadh anns an àm ud 'n a dhuine aineolach mar tha an duine nach urrainn leughadh an diugh. Is gann a chreideas mi gu'm faigh thu buachaille no sealgair an diugh, air feabhas a sgoil, cho foghluimte no idir cho iunnsaichte ri Rob Donn agus ri Donnachadh Ban. Bha gu nadurra buaidhean neo-chumanta aig an dà Bhard. Ach a thuilleadh air so bha foghlum aca nach faighear a nis ach á leabhraichean; agus bha am buaidhean air an giullachd air dhoigh nach 'eil comasach le leabhraichean—'n ar measg-ne co-dhiu. C'aite a' bheil an diugh anns a' Ghaidhealtachd sgoil anns am faigheadh Rob Donn a leithid de iunnsachadh agus a fhuair e ann an tigh Iain-'Ic-Eachainn agus am measg uaislean Dhuthaich Mhic-Aoidh, no foghlum a leanadh ris rè a bheatha cosmhuil ri Bardachd agus Seanachas a dhuthcha? Cha'n e a mhain gu'n robh eolas aig na daoine so air Bardachd agus air Eachdraidh agus air deas-ghnathan nan Gaidheal, ach bha fiosrachadh earbsach aca mu thimchioll cuisean agus modhriaghlaidh na rioghachd 'n an latha fein nach faigh thu aig moran de sgoilearan no aig cuid de mhaighstirean-sgoil ar latha-ne.

Theirear gu bheil moran de Orain Rob Dhuinn salach, neo-ghlan; agus cha'n eil teagamh nach do chuidich so a chliu mar Bhard a lughdachadh. Tha mi de'n bheachd gu'n do chuireadh an eucoir thróm air Rob Donn anns a' cheum so; ach thugadh seachad a' bharail cheudna cho tric, agus leo-san a bha airidh air barail a thoirt seachad, agus gu bheil e freagarrach fheoraich a' bheil an fhirinn innte. Tha an diteadh tróm; agus ma tha Rob Donn ciontach, bu choir am peanas a bhi tróm d'a reir. Cha bu mhaith leam dol a dhion na h-uile focal a gheibhear ann am Bardachd Rob Dhuinn, no radh gu'm bu choir a dhoigh chainnt a leantuinn an comhnuidh ro dhlù; ach tha mi earbsach nach gabh e dearbhadh gu bheil a smuain no idir a theagasg, neo-ghlan. Cha'n e mhain so ach saoilidh mi gu bheil e fior nach faighear, a mach o Ughdair nan Laoidh, ma gheibhear eadhon iadsan an comhnuidh, Bard ainmeil Gaidhealach, ach Oisean 'n a aonar, a tha cho glan 'n a smuain, agus cho fior agus cho fallain 'n a theagasg ri Rob Donn. Ma chreideas tu gu'm b'e Rob Donn a b'ughdar do iomadh rann 'us focal a chluinneas tu ann am beul cuid d'a luchd-duthcha, bha e gun teagamh neo-ghlan 'n a smuain agus 'n a chainnt. Ach tha e gann leam a chreidsinn gu faighear cuid d'a Bhardachd 'n a leabhar mar a chuir e fein ri cheile i, ged tha an Dr Mac-Aoidh ag radh gu'n do sgriobhadh i o bheul a' Bhaird fein; agus cha chreid mi idir gur ann d'a bhuineas na rannan agus na radhan a chluinnear gu tric air a luaidh ris.

Ach gabh a' Bhardachd mar a gheibhear 'n a leabhar i. Tha an t-Olla Mac-Aoidh ag aideachadh gu'n d'fhag e cuig no sè de Orain Rob Dhuinn gun chlo-bhualadh airson an sailche no am beag luach. Tha mi meas gu'n do ghabh an duine ainmeil so air fein dleasdanas nach buineadh dha. Is ann do'n Bhard fein a bhuineas a radh co-dhiu a theid no nach teid roinn shonruichte d'a shaothair a chumail air ais o'n t-sluagh. Ach ma tha thusa a' gabhail os laimh dol a chruinneachadh saothair Baird as deigh a' bhais cha tig e dhuit teachd eadar coguis a' Bhaird agus còir an t-Sluaigh, agus a radh, "Tha an t-oran so no an t-oran ud eile salach, neo-airidh air a' Bhard. Na'm biodh e fein beo dh'aontaicheadh e leam. Fagaidh mi iad so a mach." 'S e do dhleasdanas-sa na gheibh thu de fhior shaothair a' Bhaird a thoirt seachad air a cheart doigh air am faigh thu i, no gu'n ghnothuch a ghabhail ris an obair idir. Tha an Dr Mac-Aoidh a' faotainn coire do chainnt cuid de na h-Aoirean; ach tha e a deanamh tur-dhealachadh eadar a' chainnt agus an teagasg. Tha mi meas nach do ghleidh na breitheamhnan a thainig an deigh Mhic-Aoidh an dealachadh so air chuimhne. Cha ruigear leas moran geill a thoirt do bharail *Reid*. Cha robh eolas aige air a' Bhard agus cha dubhairt e ach mar a chuala e. Ach tha e iongantach leam gu'n deachaidh Mac-Coinnich cho fada air seacharan ann an "Sar-obair nam Bard Gaelach" an uair a dhit e Rob Donn; agus a leig e ciontaich mar bha Donnachadh Ban agus Ailean Dall ás. Tha an t-Olla *Blackie* a' tighinn thairis air a' chron cheudna; ach tha mi de'n bheachd nach 'eil an deagh bhreitheamh so ach ag innseadh beachd dhaoine eile.

Tha Rob Donn ag uisneachadh focail gu tric nach gnathaichear 'n ar measg-ne an diugh ann an cuideachd; agus tha cuid d'a rannan nach biodh e freagarrach, a reir cleachduin ar latha-ne, a leughadh le guth ro ard. Ach ma tha Rob Donn gu bhi air a dhiteadh air a shon so; gheibh se e fein ann an deagh chuideachd. Leis an tomhas cheudna bhuineadh tu air falbh moran de'n Bhardachd is fearr agus de'n teagasg is fallainne ann an litreachas gach sluaigh; agus as a' Bhiobull fein thigeadh caibideal no dhà. Bhiodh e na b'fhearr air gach doigh na'n taghadh Rob Donn a' chainnt air uairean mar nach do rinn e; ach cha'n e focail de'n t-seorsa so a dhearbhas neo-ghloine smuain no mi-fhallaineachd teagaisg. Dh'uisnich Rob Donn doigh chainnt a latha agus a dhuthcha fein. Feudaidh sinne, 'n ar fein-dhiongmhaltachd, ar sron a chasadh no ar ceann a chromadh an uair a leughas sinn cuid d'a rannan; ach bha na miltean 'n a dhuthaich cho moralta agus cho beusach ris an aon is fearr againn, a chuala agus a sheinn agus a dh'iunnsaich a chuid Oran, gun sron a chasadh no ceann a chromadh. Feudar coire fhaotainn do Rob Donn a chionn nach robh a chainnt cho ard os cionn cainnt a luchd-duthcha agus a bha bhuaidhean os cionn am buaidhean. Ach ma dhiteas tu Bard air a leithid so de aobhar, cha'n aithne dhomh co a sheasas. Bhiodh e cho mi-sheadhar beum a thoirt dh'a a chionn nach gabhadh e neapacain a sheideadh a shroine, no a chionn gu'n itheadh e sgadan le choragan, an aite cleachdadh ar latha-ne a leantuinn anns na cuisean so; agus a bhiodh e dhuit a chronachadh a chionn gu'n do labhair e mu chuid de nithean air an ainm an aite labhairt orra, mar a ni sinne, air an sloinneadh.

Ach is ni tur-dhealaichte bho chainnt a' Bhaird a smuain agus a theagasg. Mur dearbh thu air gu bheil e gabhail toilinntinn ann an cainnt neo-ghlan, cha dearbh thu, bho chainnt, neo-ghloine smuain no teagaisg. Cha'n 'eil mi meas gu'n abair neach gu'n robh tlachd Rob Dhuinn ann am focail shalach. Bha an duine e fein, a reir gach cunntais a tha againn air, comharraichte 'n a ghiulan. Bhe e 'n a fhoirfeach anns an Eaglais agus fo mhor mheas aig a' Chleir. Cha choisneadh aon an t-urram so 'n a latha agus 'n a dhuthaich a bha fuasgailte 'n a chaithe-beatha no a bha neo-ghlan 'n a chainnt. Agus saoilidh mi gu'n dearbh a Bhardachd firinn, duinealas, agus fallaineachd a theagaisg. Is e Orain shùgach, àbhachdach, agus Aoirean is trice a gheibhear 'n a shaothair. Tha tair agus dimeas air a dheanamh air uairean air cuid de na dhuisg a spid no chorruich airson eucailean agus faillinnean nach b'urrainn doibh a leasachadh. Tha so r'a chronachadh. Ach cha'n fhaighear am feart so ann an Aoirean Rob Dhuinn idir cho tric agus a gheibhear e anns na h-Aoirean Gaidhealach an cumantas. Gheibh sinn Rob Donn gu tric a' deanamh culaidh-mhagaidh agus a' toirt tamailt do dhaoine a chuir mi-thlachd air. Cha'n 'eil so ri mholadh. Ach anns a' cheum so cha do pheacaich Rob Donn mar a rinn na Baird Ghaidhealach gu tric. Tha an Dr Mac-Aoidh ag innseadh dhuinn, agus bha comas aige air eolas fiosrach fhaotainn mu'n Bhard nach robh aig aon eile a sgriobh mu dheidhinn, gur e olc agus cionta agus euceart nan daoine a leadair e le theangaidh a dhuisg corruich a' Bhaird. Cha'n 'eil aon d'ar Baird, saoilidh mi, a sheas an comhnuidh cho dileas agus cho danarra air taobh na corach agus an aghaidh na h-eucoir, mar a bha e fein a' tuigsinn coir agus eucoir, agus a sheas Rob Donn. Tha so feart nach faighear ro thric 'n ar Bardachd Ghaidhealaich; agus tha mi meas gur feart i, an uair a dh'amaisear oirre, is coir a chliuthachadh. Na h-uile urram do'n Bhard nach cumadh a theanga, an uair a bha e dearbhta gu'm b'e dhleasdanas labhairt, air ailghios Maoir no Moraire! Comhdaichidh a' bhuaidh so fein tuillidh pheacanna 'n a chuir Rob Donn, mar Bhard, riamh an gniomh.

Is ann le'n Aoirean agus le'm Marbhrannan a tha na Baird Ghaidhealach, mar is trice, a' dearbhadh fallaineachd no mi-fhallaineachd an teagaisg. Dh'aoireadh iad an ciontach rè a bheatha; agus mholadh iad an t-ionracan, mar bu trice, an deigh a' bhais. Chaidh iad gu minic clì. Mhallaich iad an uair a bu choir dhoibh beannachadh; agus bheannaich iad an uair a bu choir dhoibh mallachadh. Ach bha Rob Donn fior air an dà thaobh. Co-dhiu ma chain e an uair a bu choir dh'a bhi 'n a thosd, cha do mhol e riamh an uair is e caineadh a bu fhreagarraiche. Rinn e moran Mharbhrannan; agus, a mach o aon no dhà, is ann moltach a tha iad gu leir. Cho fhad agus is leir dhuinn a nis, cha do chaoidh Rob Donn ach iadsan a bha airidh air cliu; agus anns a' Mharbhrann is moltaiche a rinn e—Marbhrann Iain-'Ic-Eachainn—tha e co-dhunadh mar so:

"'S tric le marbhrannaibh moltach,
A bhios cleachdadh 's na dùthchaibh-s',
Gu'm bi coimeasgadh masguill,
Tigh'nn a steach annt' 'n a dhrùchdaibh;
Ach ged bhith'nns air mo mhionnan,
Do'n Tì tha cumail nan dùl rium,
Cha do luaidh mi mu'n duine-s',
Ach buaidh a chunnaic mo shùil air."

Tha dà ni eile, a reir mo bheachd, a chuidich cliu Rob Dhuinn a lughdachadh a mach as a dhuthaich fein 'Se sin a Chanain agus a Rann. Tha moran d'a fhocail nach tuigear am measg nan Gaidheal an Iar agus a Deas. Ceart no cearr cha deachaidh a' bheag de Ghaidhlig Dhuthaich-ic-Aoidh, a mach bho Orain Rob Dhuinn fein, a chur ann an clò. Cha d'fhuair na Deasaich mar so moran eolais air Gaidhlig nan taobhan sin. Tha moran de rannan Rob Dhuinn nach tuig iad gu ro mhaith; agus cha ruigear leas iarraidh air a' bheag de leughadairean Gaidhlig dragh an iunnsachaidh a ghabhail. Thug an Dr Mac-Aoidh seachad, aig deireadh an leabhair "Clàr-mineachaidh, anns am faighear focail neo-àbhaiseach a' Bhaird nach tuigear gu maith, ach le a luchd-duthcha fein, air am mineachadh le focail a's gnathaichte air feadh na Gaeltachd; agus 's a' chainnt Bheurla." Na'm biodh an t-Olla Mac-Aoidh cho eolach air Gaidhlig an Taobh-deas agus a bha e air Gaidhlig an Taobh-tuath, dh'fhagadh e mach as a "Chlàr" iomadh focal a chuir e ann; agus chuireadh e ann iomadh focal a dh'fhag e mach. Tha an "Clàr," easbhuidheach agus mar tha e, ro fheumail do Dheasach a ghabhas os laimh Bardachd Rob Dhuinn a leughadh le curam agus le tuigse; agus air an aobhar so, tha e duilich gu'n dh'fhagadh a mach an "Clar-mineachaidh" as a chlo-bhualadh ùr, shaor a rinneadh de shaothair a' Bhaird o chionn ghoirid, agus a gheibhear a mhain a nis anns na bùthain. A thuilleadh air so, is ann do chuideigin no mu chuideigin air nach cualas iomradh a mach á Sgireachd fein a tha a mhor chuid de na h-Orain. Air ceann gach orain, gheibh sinn beagan fiosrachaidh mu'n aobhar mu'n deachaidh an t-oran a dheanamh, agus, ma dh'fhaodte, mu'n fheadhainn a tha air an ainmeachadh annta. Tha so 'n a chuideachadh mor a thuigsinn cuid de na rannan is fearr aig Rob Donn; ach cha'n 'eil ann, air fheabhas, ach cuideachadh lag. Buinidh na h-uiread d'a Bhardachd d'a dhuthaich agus d'a latha fein, agus nach 'eil e ach gann comasach do choigreach Orain Rob Dhuinn a leughadh le lan-thuigse; agus tha mi deanamh dheth gu bheil, airson a' cheart aobhair, moran de fhior luach a Bhardachd do-thuigsinn d'a luchd-duthcha fein an diugh.

A ris, is eigin aideachadh nach 'eil rann Rob Dhuinn an comhnuidh reidh, ceolmhor, co-dhiu do'n chluais Dheasaich, mar a tha rann nam Bard air am miann leis na Deasaich urram a chur. Gheibhear air uairean a rann cho mhilis, cheolmhor agus a dh'iarradh an aon is tormasaiche cluas; ach gheibhear i air uairean, agus sin gu minic, cam, crubach. Tha fios agam gu'm fairich an Deasach failinn anns an rann gu tric an uair nach 'eil failinn idir innte. Tha ceolmhoireachd na roinne a reir mar a dh'fhuaimeas tu na focail; agus tha dealachadh mor eadar cleachdadh an Deasaich agus an Tuathaich anns a' cheum so. Ach an deigh na h-uile ni, cha'n 'eil rann Rob Dhuinn a ruith cho reidh no cho ceolmhor agus a bu mhaith leinn. Bha cluas-chiuil mhaith aige. Rinn e gu tric am fonn cho mhaith ris an Oran. Ach cha robh uiread meas aige air fuaim nam focal agus a bha aig moran d'ar Baird. 'S e brigh nam focal agus maise an fhuinn ris am bu mho bha Rob Donn ag amharc; agus cha'n 'eil mi cinnteach nach e bha ceart. Creididh mi gu bheil barrachd meas againn air cuid de Orain 'n a thoilleadh iad, a chionn gu bheil fuaim na cainnt taitneach do'n chluais. A dh'aon ni cha tig Rob Donn a nios ri Mairi-Nigh'n-Alastair-Ruaidh, no ri Dughall Buchannan, no ri Donnachadh Ban, no ri Uilleam Ros, no idir ri Ailean Dall ann an ceolmhoireachd a roinne. Feudaidh e bhi gu'm faighear feartan is airde agus is fearr na fuaim thaitneach 'n a Bhardachd. Ach cha'n eisd Gaidheil an taobh an Iar agus a Deas ri Bardachd mur cord an fhuaim riu, agus cha'n 'eil teagamh nach do chuidich so an cumail gun a bhi cho eolach air Orain Rob Dhuinn agus a bu choir dhoibh a bhi.

D. M'K.

LITIR A CEANN-AN-TUILM.

’Fhir mo chridhe.—Fhuair mi mo chas aon uair eile air ùrlar mo thighe fein ann an Ceann-an-Tuilm agus cha bhi e soirbh a thoirt orm ’fhàgail ’an cabhaig, math ’s mar a chòrd mo thurus rium. Thug mi sgrìob air chuairt a measg mo chàirdean bho’n a chunnaic thu mi—fear no dhà dhuibh is aithne dhut fein gu math. Co a chiad fhear-eòlais a thachair orm ach “Mac-Mharcuis,” a bha uair a bha thu gle eòlach air. Bha mi ga ’smàdadh a chionn do leigeadh car air dì-chuimhn’, agus thug mi air a ghealladh a thoirt, ged nach fhaigheadh e ach “faothachadh gille-’ghobhainn,” gu’n oibricheadh e tinne reamhar cruadhach dhut, ’s gu’n cuireadh e’d ionnsuidh ’an ùine ghoirid e. Fhuair mi cuideachd gu fortanach crathadh de làimh an “Sgiathanaich” chòir, agus, dh’a innseadh dhutsa, bha mi cho mor asam fein ’s a bha Ruairidh Mór, am pìobaire, a fhuair pòg de laimh an righ. Chuir mi seachad latha no dha le d’ sheana charaide còir, Iain Macillebhain ann an Lag-na-h-amhunn, ’s chuir e moran bheannachdan leam ad ionnsuidh, ’s thug e dhomh an duanag thiamhaidh so gu ’toirt dut. Tha e ’g ràdh gu bheil còrr ’us dà-fhichead bliadhna bho’n a chual’ e ’bhi ga ’seinn. Is mi do charaide dìleas,

Fionn.

Ceann-an-tuilm,
Latha Lunasdail, 1877.

’S DUBH ’CHOISICH MI ’N OIDHCHE.

’S dubh ’choisich mi ’n oidhche,
Chum na maighdne ’bu bhòidhche ;
Chaidh mi còrr a’s naoi mìle,
Anns an tìr ’s gun mi eòlach.

’N uair a ràinig mi ’m baile,
Cha robh dad mar bu chòir dha ;
Bha na mnathan a’ fuaghal,
’S bha na gruagaichean brònach.

Bha mo ghràdh-sa ’bu dìlse,
Na ’sìneadh ’s an t-seòmar—
Na ’sìneadh fo’n uinneig,
Far nach cluinn’dh i mo chòmhradh :

Na ’laidhe air déilidh,
Na ’léinidh fhuair, reòdhta ;
A falt mar an dìthean
’Bhios ag cinntinn ’s an eòrna.

’N uair a chuireadh i cìr ann,
’S ann a chìteadh fiamh ’n òir air ;
Bha i maiseach a’s béusach,
Bha i spéiseil neo-spòrsail.

’Fhir a chruthaich an saoghal,
Cum mi gun fhàs gòrach ;
Cum mo chiall rium ’s mo thuigse,
Gus an tig thu ga m’ fheòraich.

’S dubh ’choisich mi ’n oidhche,
Chum na maighdne ’bu bhòidhche ;
Chaidh mi còrr a’s naoi mìle,
Anns an tìr ’s gun mi eòlach.

——o——

AN COCHRUINNEACHADH MUILEACH.

A ghàidhil ionmhuinn.—Is ann le mòr-ioghnadh a léugh mi mu ’n cho-chruinneachadh mhòr de sheann òrain Ghàidhlig a dh’ fhàgadh mar dhìlib aig Gàidheal suairce de mhuinntir Mhuile. Tha ’n clàr innsidh a’ leigeil ’fhaicinn gu’n robh eólas farsainn aig an neach a sgrìobh an leabhar, air na bàird a bha ainmeil ’s an linn sin, agus air sàr obair nam bàrd a bha marbh còrr ’us ciad gu leth bliadhna romh ’n àm ’s an do sgrìobhadh an leabhar. Bha gach òran a th’ ann air an dianamh fada romh ’n àm ’s an d’ thàinig a’ Bhéurla oirnn á Sasunn agus bho Ghoill na h-Alba. Air an aobhar sin tha iad saor bho gach truailleadh a rinn a’ Bhéurla air ar cànan aosmhor, agus bithidh iad ro luachmhor do gach aon a tha ’g iarraidh eòlas fhaotainn air a’ Ghàidhlig a’s fhèarr, agus air eachdraidh ioma gaisgich a bha ainmeil na ’latha agus na ’linn, agus a dh’ fhàg a chliù aig a’ ghineal dh’ am bu chòir a ghleidheadh.

Bha uair ann, ach 's fhada bho n' uair sin tra a bha iomadh leabhar-òrain agus eachdraidh air an sgrìobhadh gu grinn, aig seann teaghlach Ghàidhealach, ach a nise, mo chreach, is sinn a dh' fhaodas a ràdh :—

> "Och, mo dhiùbhail mar thachair,
> Thàinig dìl' air an aitreamh."

Thug am bàs, fòirneart, agus imrich gu dùthchannan céin, bhuainn móran de na leabhraichean a bhiodh féumail dhuinn gu eòlas fhaotainn air eachdraidh na Gàidhealtachd 's air

> "A' chànain de 'n d' thug sinn ar gràdh,
> 'S nach tuigear a h-àicheadh leinn."

Is mise 'tha 'n comaine 'n duine-uasail a tha 'tairgsinn an leabhar so 'chlò-bhualadh. Bu mhiann leam cuideachadh a thoirt dà le m' cheann, le m' pheann, 's le m' sporan. Their mi ris e thoirt leis an leabhair gu clò-bhuailtear aig am beil eòlas air a' Ghàidhlig. Bheir esan dha beachd air an t-suim a ghabhas e air son an obair a chur an clò agus a cheangal. An sin faigheadh e paipeir air a chlò-bhualadh ag innse miad agus prìs an leabhair; agus biodh àite aig bonn a' phaipeir air son ainm gach aon a tha 'g aontachadh an leabhar a ghabhail 's a phàigheas air a shon. An sin iarradh e 'mach gach Gàidheal, agus gach Comunn Gàidhealach, agus ma tha boinne de dh-fhuil an fhìor Ghàidhil na 'n cuislean, cuiridh iad an ainm sìos, oir 's e 'n gnìomh a bheir dearbhadh air a' chùis. An uair a thòisicheas e mar so air iarraidh ainm gach Gàidheal, cuiridh mise m' ainm a sìos airson dithis dhiubh.

NIAL CAIMBEAL.

* * *

AM BÀL GÀIDHEALACH,

LEIS A' BHÀRD MAC-GILLEATHAIN.

BEAGAN bhliadhnaichean 'an deaghaidh do'n bhàrd tighinn do'n dùthaich so, bha *bàl* aig na Gàidhil 'an tigh Dhaibhidh Mhurraidh 'am Merigonish. Cha'n fhaodadh duine 'bhi aig a' bhàl ach fear a labhradh Gàidhlig. Fhuair am bàrd cuireadh. Phaidh e gu math an luchd-cuiridh leis an òran so a sheinn aig a' bhàl.

LUINNEAG.

BITHIBH aotrom 's togaibh fonn,
Cridheil sunndach gun 'bhi trom,
'G òl deoch-slàinte na bheil thall,
Ann an tìr nam beann 's nan gleanna.

Fhuair mi sgeula tha leam binn,
Dh'ùraich gléus air téud mo chinn,
'S bidh mi nis a' dol g'a sheinn,
Ged 'tha mì 's a' choill 'am fallach.
Bithibh aotrom, &c.

Gur h-e'n sgéul a fhuair mi'n dràst,
'S a dhùisg m' inntinn suas gu dàn,
'Bhi ga m' iarraidh dh'ionnsaidh 'bhàil,
'Th' aig na Gàidhil tùs an Earraich.

'Nuair a théid an Comunn cruinn,
Bidh iad sìobhalta le loinn,
Cliùiteach, ciallach, fialaidh, grinn,
'S bheir iad caoimhneas do dh-fhear-aineoil.

'Nuair a shuidheas iad mu'n bhòrd,
Bheir iad tacan air an òl,
'S fiodhall-théud bho'n gléusar ceòl,
'Cur nan òganach na'n deannaibh.

Cha bhi sgrubaireachd mu'n chlàr,
Ann an cuideachd ghasd' mo ghràidh,
Aig am beil an inntinn àrd,
'S nach gabh tàmailt bho na Gallaibh.

'Nuair a theid an fhiodh'll na 'tàmh,
Bheir iad treis air cainnt nam bàrd,
'Dhùisgeas fonn neo-throm na'n càil,
Anns a' Ghàidhlig is glan gearradh.

'Chànain ghasda, bhlasda, bhinn,
'S i 'bha'n cleachdadh aig na suinn
A dhearbh an gaisg' 'am feachd an rìgh,
'S ioma tìr 's an d' thug iad deannal.

Luchd nam breacan cha robh fann,
Bha iad fuasgailteach 's gach am ;
'Nuair a ghluaiseadh iad bho'n champ'
Chuirte' 'n ruaig 's bu teann an leanachd.

'S ann ac' fhein tha'n t-éideadh grinn :
Breacan-guaille, féileadh cuim,
Osan gèarr mu'n chalpa chruinn,
'S boineid ghorm os cionn na mala.

Stàillinn ghlas mar ealtainn giar,
'Chleachdadh anns na baiteil riabh,
Leis na gaisgich nach tais fiamh,
'S nach biodh riamalach gu tarrainn.

Bha iad fìrinneach gun fhoill,
'N àm dol sìos 'us pìob ga 'seinn,
Ruisgte' brataichean ri croinn
Aig na saighdearan nach mealladh.

'S bho'n a chinn sibh féin bho'n drèam,
'Dh'àraicheadh fo sgéith nam beann,
'Bhuannaichd anns an Eiphit geall,
'S a chuir Frangaich as an t-sealladh ;

Ged tha sibh an tìr nan craobh,
Cuimhnichibh am béus, na laoich,
Leoghainn bhorb, bu fhairge fraoch,
'S iad nach aomadh as a' charraid.

Ged tha sìbh 'an Albainn ùir,
Caithibh an oidhche le sunnd,
'S an deoch-slàinte 'thig air tùs
Olaibh i gu 'grunnd gu fearail.

Olaibh air na Gàidhil thréun,
'Rachadh acfuinneach air ghléus,
'S a tha fuasgailteach gu féum,
Sealgairean air féidh nam beanna.

Soiridh bhuam do'n t-slaugh a null,
'Tha 's an tìr 's an robh mi'n tùs ;
'S tric a dh'fheuch iad bàt fo shiùil,
'S iad ga 'stiùireadh dh'ionnsuidh cala.

Bho'n nach ruig sinn orra 'n dràst,
Lion bho 'grunnd, a' chuach, gu 'stràc,
'S cuir mu'n cuairt i nuas gun dàil,
Ann an onoir àird nam feara.

A. M'L. S.

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

Coin. "Fhir mo ghraidh, an d'thainig thu, oir cha robh duil agam riut gu maireach, ach is minic a thig toilinntinn gu'n duil ris. Am bheil urachd idir agad o sin is fhiach aithris?"

Mur. "Cha'n 'eil naigheachd sam bith agam, a' Choinnich, ach gu'n robh mi air bainnis gle chridheil a'n raoir, a chumadh suas gus an d'eirich a' ghrian air mhaduinn an diugh, agus uime sin cha robh co'-chomunn sam bith eadar do charaid 'Morpheus' agus mi fein re na h-oidhiche, agus och mo chreach, a' choinnich, cha'n fheairrd an gnothuch sin."

C. "Chual mi gu'n robh do choimhearsnach Alasdair Mac Sheumais Ruaidh gu bean fhaotuinn 's na laithibh so, ach cha robh duil agam gu'n robh an gnothuch co fagus. Tha thu 'g radh gu'n do chuir thu fein agus 'Morpheus' cul r'a cheile a'n raoir; cha'n 'eil teagamh agam, uime sin, nach b'fheairrd thu roinneag bheag dhe'n chu a ghearr thu a'n raoir, oir a reir coslais cha'n urrainn an ceann a bhi 'na aite fein an diugh. Rachamaid a choimhead air Seonaid dh'fheuchainn an dean i cobhair oirnne."

M. "Cha'n 'eil a bheag a' cur as domhsa, a' Choinnich, agus air an aobhar sin, cha'n 'eil feum agam air ni sam bith o Sheonaid choir, aig an uair thrath so dhe'n la."

C. "Bheir sinn an tigh oirnne co dhiubh, a' Mhurachaidh, oir tha teas na greine mor, agus gheibh sinn fionnaireachd an tighe taitneach."

M. "Is rag an duine nach gabh comhairle; uime sin rachamaid a chur failte air mo bhan-ghoistidh."

C. "Ach, mo dhi-chuimhne, ciamar a tha'n greidhear Griogaireach agad? Tha mi'n dochas nach do theirig a chuid bardachd fhathast, ach gu'n cluinn sinn tuilleadh dheth. Gheall thu, a' Mhurachaidh choir gu'n leigeadh tu ris dhomh nithe araidh mu eachdraidh Chloinn Ghriogair; am bheil e 'nad' chomus a' bheag dheth a dheanamh a nis?"

M. "Tha eachdraidh a' Chinnich ghaisgeil sin, co fada, farsuing, agus iomadh-ghnetheach, 's nach 'eil e am chomus ach beagan a thoirt seachad a'n sud 's an so."

C. "Is maith beagan fein do neach mar tha mise aig am bheil daimhealas agus cairdeas ris an fhine sin, oir bu bhain-Ghriogairich mo dhithis sheanmhathar."

M. "Tha mi 'gad thuigsinn, a' Choinnich, oir is minic a chual sinn gur tiughaidh fuil na uisge, uime sin, do bhrigh gu'm bheil an fhuil rioghail sin a' ruith 'nad' chuislibh, cuiridh mi an ceill beagan mu'n doigh air an do bhuineadh ris an dream chalma sin. Tha e air a radh, ma ta, gu'n d'thainig am Fine Griogaireach a mach air tus o Ghriogair an treas mac aig Ailpean, aon de righribh na h-Alba, o cheann corr is aon cheud deug bliadhna air ais. O so thugadh Clann Ailpein mar ainm orra. Uime sin, o cheann iomadh linn air ais, bha moran fearainn aig a' Chinneach chliuiteach so air criochaibh Earraghaidheil, ann an Siorrachd Pheirt, agus mu'n cuairt do Loch Catrine, agus air taobh tuath Loch Laoimain. An uair a thug na claidhean coir seachad air uachdaranachd an fhearainn, ghleidh na Griogairich an coir fein air gach seilbh a bhuineadh dhoibh, ach b'eigin doibh sin a dheanamh le faobhar a' chlaidheimh, agus cha'n ann, mo chreach! gu'n mhoran reubainn, sgrios, agus doirteadh fola, chum iad fein a dhionadh."

C. "Mo lamhsa nach ann, ach bha'n Cinneach gaisgeil, dealasach, agus treun, agus cha'n ann gu'n fhios ciamar a dhealaicheadh iad ri'n coirichibh fein."

M. "Abair sin, a' Choinnich, ach an deigh sin, cha b'fhurast doibh seasamh an aghaidh seoltachd, foill, agus chuilbheartan an naimhdean fein, a bha guineach agus gamhlasach thar tomhas agus tuigse."

C. "Tha thu ceart, a' Mhurachaidh, ach bha e 'na bhochduinn do Chloinn-Ghriogair, gu'n robh iad riamh tuilleadh 's simplidh, sochaireach 'nan nadar fein. Bha iad gu'n teagamh mu 's baoghalta, neo-amhurasach, agus aon-fhillte 'nan giulan do ghnath."

M. "Cha'n 'eil teagamh idir air sin, agus Ochan! is searbh a dh'fhuiling iad air son sin. Bha iad ag earbsadh ri ceartas agus ri cumhachd a' chlaidheimh, an uair a bha treubhan seolta, sanntach ceithir thimchioll orra, a' gnathachadh foill, agus a' faotuinn coirichean sgriobhta air na fearannaibh aig Cloinn Ghriogair, mar so a' gabhail seilbh orra gu h-eucorach, agus a' sgiursadh nan oighreachan dligheach air falbh. Bha na Griogairich gu treun agus gu nadurra a' cur an aghaidh nan cuisean droch-bheartach agus eucorach so, agus thug iad gu tric le'n treubhantas fein, buaidh air an luchd-saruchaidh. Ach bha e 'na bhochduinn dhoibhsan, gu'n d'rinn an naimhdean innleachd le casaidibh breugach a chuir dh'ionnsuidh an righ, agus ard-uachdarain na tire 'nan aghaidh, a' deanamh mach nach robh annta ach fine buaireasach, droch-mheineach, foirneartach, a bha 'cur gach lagh' agus reachd iomchuidh gu'n dulain. Leis na nithibh euceartach so, uime sin, dh'fhas am fine urramach so, na'n sluagh garg, cudochasach, agus neo-mhisneachail, gus an do cho-eignicheadh iad mu dheireadh gu bhi 'cur an laithean trioblaideach seachad gu'n suim 'nan cridhe do riaghailt no do lagh duthchail!"

C. "Mo thruaigh! a' Ghoistidh, am bheil fad o'n thoisich na cuisean cruaidh agus cianail sin?"

M. "Tha, uine mhor, corr is tri cheud bliadhna. Ri linn na Banrighinn, Mairi, rinneadh da reachd le Comhairle na rioghachd aig Struidhla 'sa bhliadhna 1563, a thoirt ughdarrais do Shir Ian Caimbeul, Ghlinnurachaidh, agus do dh'uaislibh eile, gu Clann Ghriogair a ruagadh le teine is claidheamh, agus gu cur as doibh, eadar bhun agus bharr, leis gach inneal agus innleachd nan comus. Le solas cridhe ghnathaich iad air bal an t-ughdarras so, agus ghlac iad gach cothrom agus innleachd chum an dream chalma so a chur a'm mugh. Cha b'fhurast, gidheadh, am Fine gaisgeil agus cruadalach so a chur gu dith, agus a smaladh as. Ach an uair a theid 'neart thar cheart,' is mor an sgrios a ni e. Ged a thugadh o'n Chinneach ainmeil so na h-oighreachdan a b'fhearr a bh'aca, gidheadh, bha daingnichean laidir' aca, anns an robh iad 'gan druideadh fein suas, agus a' cur nan naimhdean gu'n dulain. Gidheadh mu dheireadh, thug an dubh-eigin orra teachd-an-tir a sholaireadh far am faigheadh iad e. Bha iad, mar so, air an co'-eigneachadh gu bhi frionasach, diorrasach, agus comadh ciod a dheanadh iad. Anns a' bhliadhna 1589, air doibh a bhi gu trom air an claoidh, agus a thaobh dioghaltais, rinn iad greim air Iain Drummon, a bha 'na fhorsair do'n righ, agus aig an am a' gleidheadh na frithe ann an Gleann Artnigh. Ghrad-ghearr iad an ceann dheth, agus thug iad am mionnan thairis air claiginn fuiltich an Drummonaich, gu'n seasadh iad daimheil d'a cheile gu bas, agus gu'm biodh iad dileas d'am fine fein dh'aindeoin co' theireadh e! Dhuisg so suas corruich an righ, agus ghrad chuireadh a mach, le ordugh an righ agus a luchd-riaghlaidh, litrichean teine agus claidheimh an aghaidh nan Griogaireach gu leir, agus an aghaidh gach neach a bheireadh caidreamh no fasgadh dhoibh air son fiu aoin oidhche! Bha so cruaidh da rireadh, agus cha b'fhurast le dian-spiorad nan Griogaireach thruagha cur suas leis. Ach ciod a bha 'nan comus a dheanamh? Bha iad air an ruagadh, air an greasadh do na coilltibh, agus air an druideadh suas anns na daingneachaibh aca anns gach aite."

C. "Mo thruaigh mise, a' Mhurachaidh, nach uamhasach searbh agus ainiochdmhor a bhuineadh riutha, ach ciod a dh'eirich dhoibh a ris?"

M. "Lionadh e leabhar sin innseadh, a' Choinnich. Re bliadhna na dha an deigh sin dh'fhas iad co garg agus eudochasach 's gu'n robh iad comadh ciod a dheanadh iad, oir bha iad ann an cruaidh-airc agus eigin, a dh-easbhuidh loin, sgeudachaidh, agus gach goireis a dh'fheumadh iad. Cha'n e mhain gu'n robh na Caimbeulaich naimhdeil dhoibh, le Mac Chailein Mhoir air an ceann, ach bha mar an ceudna Coghunnaich Luis anabarrach dian agus diorrasach nan aghaidh. Mheudaicheadh an naimhdeas so a bha eatorra le droch gniomh a rinneadh le Sir Humphri, Ceann-cinnidh nan Coghuinneach, tighearna Luis. Thachair aig an am so, gu'n do thuit an oidhche air dithis do chloinn Ghriogair, ann an ait araidh air oighreachd Luis, agus chaidh iad a dh'iarraidh chairtealan air tuathanach a bha goirid o'n aite 'san robh iad, ach dhiult e na daoine bochd a ghabhail a steach. Air do'n oidhche a bhi garbh agus anradhach thar tomhas, ghabh iad fasgadh ann an tigh-mach a bhuineadh do'n tuathanach, far an do las iad teine, agus an do mharbh iad caor air son loin dhoibh fein. Anns a' mhaduinn dh' innis iad do'n tuathanach mar a rinn iad, agus thairg iad dha luach na caorach. Air ball, thionndaidh e a chul, agus cha'n eisdeadh e riutha, ach air da cuideach fhaotuinn, thugadh iad an lathair Shir Humphri, a ghrad thug binn am bais a mach, agus chrochadh an dithis Ghriogaireach bochd air craoibh an la sin fein! Dhuisg so suas dian-chorruich na Fine gu leir, agus runaich an Ceann-cinnidh aca tighearna Ghlinn-Straidh grad dhioghaltas a dheanamh air tighearna Luis agus air a chuideachd gu leir. Ann sin, chruinnich MacGriogair ceithir cheud gaisgeach calma dhe'n fhine aige—chuireadh iad fo'n lan-armaibh—agus gu'n dail sam bith a dheanamh bhruchd iad sios air criochaibh nan Coghunnach.

Chual Sir Humphri gu'n robh iad a' tighinn, agus ghairm e cuideachd a' chuid daoine leis a' chrann-taraidh co h-ealamh 'sa bha 'na chomas. Dh'eirich air ball na h-uiread de na Greumaich, agus de fhineachaibh eile air a thaobh, agus rinn e suas comhlann a bha dubailt ann an aireamh ri feachd Chloinn Ghriogair. Air doibh a bhi deas air gach taobh, chomhlaich na gaisgich a' cheile ann an Gleann-Bhroin goirid o Lus. Thoisich an la, agus ma thoisich bha e garg! Cha b'fhad, gidheadh, gus am facas gu'n robh na cuisean a' dol gu soilleir an aghaidh thighearna Luis, dh'aindeoin lionmhorachd a chuid daoine. Bha moran each aige a mach, ach bha iad a' tuiteam, agus a' dol fodha 'sa bhoglaich far an do chuireadh an cath. Bha na marcaich a' tuaiteam fo chosaibh nan each, gu'n chumhachd aca gu eiridh. Bha Clann Ghriogair air bhoil le mireadh-chatha, agus clis mar bhoisge an dealain, a' smaladh sios nan naimhdean air gach taobh. Bha chomhstrith dian, ach cha robh i fad. Chunneas gu'n robh a' bhuaidh air taobh nan Griogaireach. Bhuaileadh na naimhdean le h-eagal, gidheadh chog na Coghunnaich gu treum. Rinn na Griogairich sgathadh agus marbhadh eagallach nam measg, ach cha do chaill iad fein ach fior neoni dhe'n cuid daoine. Bha Sir Humphri fein ann am mor-chunnard a bheatha aig aon am, ach theasairgeadh e le luathas an eich air an robh e'n a shuidh."

C. "Ma ta, a' Ghoistidh choir, mo bheannachd agad air son do naigheachd, ach bha na h-amanna sin cianail d'a rireadh, agus is muladach an t-ana-ceartas, a rinneadh air na Griogairich thruagha, le'n naimhdibh fealltach fein."

M. "Cha'n e sin a mhain, a' Choinnich, oir cha chual thu fathast a' chuid a's miosa dhe'n ghnothuch. Cha bu leoir na dh'fhuiling iad 'san am a chaidh seachad, ach rinneadh casaidean eucorach nan aghaidh, chum corruich an righ agus a luchd-riaghlaidh a dhusgadh suas gu cur as doibh gu buileach. An deigh baiteil a' Ghlinn-Bhroin, bha clach mhor am fagus do'n raoin air an do chuireadh an cath, ris an abradh iad 'Leachd a' Mhinisteir;' agus ma's fior an sgeul, chruinnich na h-uiread fhicheadan oganach aig a' chloich so, a thainig á Oil-thigh ann an Dunbreatuinn, no ait eigin eile, a dh'fhaicinn a' chatha. Chunnaic Ceann-Cinnidh nan Griogaireach na h-oganaich, agus air eagal gu'n eireadh cunnart sam bith dhoibh, chuir e iad fo churam duine treun' a bha'n sin, ris an abradh iad Dughall Ciar Mor. An uair a chaidh teas na h-iarghuill seachad, dh'fhoighneachd MacGriogair de Chiar Mor, cait an robh na h-oganaich? Tharruing Dughall a mach an sgian-dubh aige, dearg le fuil, agus thubhairt e, 'Cuir a' cheist rithe sin, agus innsidh i air ball an fhirinn.' Chuir e gach mac mathar de na h-oganaich gu bas leis an inneal sgaiteach sin a bha na laimh, a' nochdadh cruadhais a chridhe fein."

C. "Ochan, mo chreach! a' Mhurachaidh, bha sin thar tomhas aingidh, seadh bha e ifrinneach. Cha'n e sin a mhain, ach air a dheanamh le Griogaireach! Och nan Och! N'am bu Coghunnach e, no Greumach, no Caimbeulach cha bhiodh ioghnadh orm, ach a bhi air a dheanamh le Griogaireach! Tha naire orm, a charaid, agus cha b'urrainn mi a bhi air taobh cinnich a cheadaicheadh gniomh co sgreaduidh."

M. "Air do shocair, a' Choinnich, air do shocair, agus dean foighidinn gus an cluinn thu an t-iomlan. Cuiream an ceill duit le solas, nach 'eil dearbhadh sam bith gu'n do thachair a leithid riamh. Cha'n 'eil anns a' chuis so, ach gniomh a chuireadh gu h-eucorach as leth Chloinn Ghriogair, chum droch cliu a thogail orra 'san am, agus chum an deanamh iomraiteach air son dortaidh fola air feadh na rioghachd. Cha d'rinneadh an gniomh fuilteach so le Dughall Ciar Mor, no le Griogaireach eile riamh; oir nam biodh iad ciontach dheth,bhiodh iad air an tarruing air a shon air beulaobh Ard-chomhairle na rioghachd. Is leoir na rinn iad, ach tha na rinneadh orra mile uair ni's mo! Goirid an deigh la Ghlinne Bhroin, chuireadh aon fhichead deug banntrach a chaill an companaich 'sa chath sin, suas gu Struidhla, dh'ionnsuidh Righ Seumas VI. B'iongantach an sealladh iad, oir bha gach aon de na bantraichibh sin 'na suidh air gearran ban, le sleagh 'na laimh, air an robh leine a' companaich an crochadh, dearg le fuil! Shuidhicheadh an da fhichead deug leine air beulaobh an righ, agus chuir iad faiteachas air a chridhe. 'N aon fhocal, dh'fhas na cuisean co searbh, is nach robh a' chridhe aig mac mathar de Chloinn Ghriogair an ainm fein aiteachadh. B'eigin doibh ainmean eile a ghabhail d'an ionnsuidh fein, agus fantuinn o cheile, oir n'am faighteadh ceathrar dhiubh cuideachd a mach no 'stigh, chuirteadh gu bas iad! Bha iad mu dheireadh gu searbh air an claoidh, air an ruagadh, agus air an geurleamhuinn le'n naimhdibh fein, a bha gach la a' deanamh chasaidean eucorach nan aghaidh ris an righ, chum gu'n cailleadh iad na fearannan farsuing a bha iad o chein a' sealbhachadh. Bha Mac Chailein Mhor, Diuchd Athoil, Morair Hundaidh, agus moran eile le seoltachd a' cur as doibh."

C. "Ach c'ait an robh na h-oighreachdan aig Cloinn Ghriogair o shean, oir cha'n 'eil moran aca an diugh?"

M. "C'ait nach robh iad, a' Choinnich? Bha ach beag gach cearnadh, gleann, srath, agus beann, eadar taobh tuath Raineach deas gu Dunbreatuinn agus Comhail, mar a ta Gleann-Liobhainn, Gleann-Lochaidh, Gleann-Falloch, Gleann-Urachaidh, Gleann-Strathaidh, Gleann-Dochart, Srath-Faolain, Braidealbain, Bochudair, agus moran aitean eile mar sheilbh aig an Fhine rioghail so, ach a nis chuireadh iad gu criochan cumhann. Tha, gidheadh, aon chomhfhurtachd aca a nis. Fhuair iad buaidh air an naimhdibh fein, agus cheaduicheadh dhoibh an ainmean fein a ghnathachadh a ris."

C. "Ro cheart, a' Mhurachaidh, fhuair iad buaidh ann an seadh air an naimhdibh, ach cha d'fhuair iad am fearannan fein air ais. Cheaduicheadh dhoibh an ainmean fein a ghnathachadh a ris, ach tha iomadh aitim agus treubh 'san rioghachd a bha 'nan Griogairich an toiseach, a thionndaidh gu ainmean eile a chleachdadh, agus nach do dhealaich ris na h-ainmean coimheach sin, agus a nis nach dealaich, ged a dh'fheudadh iad sin a dheanamh."

M. "Tha sin uile mar a thubhairt thu, a'Choinnich, ach comadh co dhiubh, is taitneach eolas a bhi againn air eachdraidh Fine co urramach agus cliuiteach."

C. "Mile taing dhuitse, a'charaid, oir thug thu fios domh air eachdraidh chinnich mo dhithis sheanmhathar nach cual mi riamh; agus bu chinnteach iad aig nach robh coimeas a thaobh an aireimh, an cumhachd, an cruadail, agus an dilseachd."

M. "Ud! Ud! is fhurast a thoirt fa'near agus a thuigsinn, a' Choinnich, gu'n robh dàimh agad ris a' chinneach ghaisgeil sin, oir tha e soilleir gu'm bheil deur beag dhe'n fhuil rioghail a' ruith ann an cuislibh Choinnich Chiobair."

C. "Biodh sin mar a dh'fheudas,

a' ghraidh nam fear, leigidh sinn leis na Griogairich choir' a nis ; cha'n 'eil fios, gidheadh nach feud Murachadh Ban eachdraidh a thoirt dhuinn la eigin an deigh so, air a' ghaisgeach chalma agus theo-chridheach sin Rob Ruadh MacGriogair ! Cha'n 'eil fios ciod a dh'fheudas teachd mu'n cuairt ; ach aig an am, rachamaid a dh'fhaicinn am bheil goireas freagrach sam bith aig Seonaid air ar son. Thig air t-aghaidh, a' Ghoistidh, agus thugamaid ceann-shuas an tighe oirnn."

Alasdair Ruadh.

ORAN
DO LACHANN DHEARBHAIG.

Fonn—O, 's e Lachann mo ghràdh !
E, 's e Lachann mo ghràdh !
'S e Lachann mo ghràdh thar gach duine,
O'n a chuir e'n ceap-sgiupach 'an àird !

'Nuair 'thàinig mi'n toiseach do Dhearbhaig,
Le m' sheanair 's le m' sheanmhair gle òg,
'S nach b'aithne dhomh duine anns a' bhaile,
Bha mulad 'us fadal ga m' leòn ;
B'e dùrachd mo chridhe 'bhi dhachaidh,
Ged bha mi gle cheart anns an àit ;
Ach riamh o'n a chunnaic mi Lachann,
Cha'n iarrainn dol dachaidh gu bràth.
O, 's e Lachann mo ghràdh, &c.

'N uair thàinig e feasgar Di-sathuirn,
Bha farum 's a' bhaile bha àrd,
A' chlann a' ruith as an t-sealladh,
'S na mnathan cha'n fhaigheadh iad àit ;
Ach ceann ma choinnimh gach uinneig,
O ìochdar gu mullach na sràid,
'Sann thòisich 'us ghread iad am basan
'N uair ghlaoidh Peigidh Chaluim, *hurràh!*
O, 's e Lachann mo ghràdh, &c.

Am fear tha 's a' Chachalaidh chòmhnuidh,
'S ann thig e le mòrchuis nach gann,
Us gabhaidh e seachad na tighean
Le bata ga 'chrathadh na 'laimh,
Ach òigear cha d'thàinig do'n bhaile,
Riamh o'n a ghabh mi ann tàmh,
A chuirinn 'an coimeas ri Lachann,
'S cha tig, tha mi 'm barail, gu bràth.
O, 's e Lachann mo ghràdh, &c.

Cha'n fhan thu le caillich a chòmhnuidh,
Tha mòran dhiubh breòite gun stàth ;
'S am pailteas de chaileagan teann ort
A chumadh 's a' Gheamhradh thu blàth ;
'S ma's miann leat te dhiubh 'bhi agad,
Thig dìreach tarsuinn an t-sràid,
'S o'n dh'fhéumas tu'm bliadhna bean-tighe
Dean cabhag 's bi'dh agad mo làmh.

O, 's bi'dh againn *hurràh!*
E, 's bi'dh againn *hurràh!*
Nach cualas 'am Muile a leithid,
'S nach cuimhne le duine do'n àl !

SEANN LEABHRAICHEAN GAIDHLIG.

(*Air a leantuinn.*)

'S a' bhliadhna 1655, air 31 la de Dheireadh an Fhoghair, shuidh Seanadh Earraghàidheal, 's am measg ghnothuichean eile chuir iad rompa na Sailm a chur an Gaidhlig. Is ann air Seanairean Dhunomhain a thàinig an ciad leth-chiad. A rithist, 1657, 1658, 1659, roinn an Seanadh orra fhein iad mar a leanas :—

1-20	Mr Eobhan Camran,	ministeir	Dhunomhain.
20-40	Dùghall Caimbeal,	„	Chnapadal.
40-50	Alastair Mac-Gilleathain,	„	Shrath-Churra.
50-60	Gilleasbuig Mac-Callum,	„	Ghlinn-Aora.
	Iain Mac-Dhunnachadh,	„	Chille-Mhàrtainn.
52-60	Dùghall Caimbeal,	„	Chnapadal.
	Gilleasbuig Reid,	„	Lismór.
60-70	Màrtainn Mac-Lachainn,	„	Chill-Daltain.
61-85	Iain Stiùbhart,	„	Chinngarth.
81-100	Alastair Mac-Gilleathain,	„	Shrath-Churra.
100-150	Dùghall Caimbeal,	„	Chnapadal.
	Dunnachadh Caimbeal,	„	Chlachan-Dìseart.

An uair a bha an ciad Leth-chiad ullamh chuireadh Mr Roibeart MacDhunnachaidh do Ghlaschu a dhfhaicinn gu'm biodh iad ceart air an clòbhualadh; ach dh'earbadh ri Mr Dughall Caimbeal, Chnapadal, agus ri Mr Iain Camran, Chillfhionan, an ullachadh mu choinneamh a' chlotha. Air 27 la de'n cheitein 1658, dh' òrduich an Seanadh an reic. Is e 1200 dhiubh fhéin 's de'n Leabharcheist a chuireadh an clò. Chuireadh an ciad eile ('s iad so), an clò an Dùnéideann, agus thug Mr Iain MacLabhruinn* bho 30 Nov. 1693, gu deireadh an ath Earraich 's a' bhaile sin a' freasdal do'n chlòthadar.

“An Ceud Chaogad do Shalmaibh Dhaibhidh, ar a dtarring as an Eabhra, a meadar dhàna Gaoidhilg, le Seanadh Earraghaoidheal. Neoch a dórduigh an seinn a neaglaisaibh, agus a detaghlichaibh, a ghnathuigheas an chanamhain sin is na criochaibh ceudna, Col. iii. 16. Biodh focal Chriosd na chomhnuidhe ionnuibh gu saidhbhir sa nuile ghliocas ar dteagasg, agus ar munadh dhaoibh a cheile a Salmaibh, agus a bhfonnaibh molta De, agus a gcainticaibh spioradalta ag deanamh ciuil don Tighearna le gras ann bhur gcroidheadhaibh. Do chuireadh so a gclo a Nglasgo, le Aindra Ainderson n' Mbliadhanna ar Dtighearna, 1659.” Miadachd gach slios 4 òirlich air fad agus 2$\frac{3}{8}$ air liad.

“DO CHUM AN LEGHTHORA.

A ta focal De, a Leghthora Chriosduidh, ag teagosg gur cuid egin don adhradh agus do na ghloir is dleasdànach dhuinne a thabhairt do Dhia; a mholadhsan do sheinm a gcainticaibh Spioradalta le gras ann ar ngcroidheadhaibh. Agus do bhrigh nach fedar sin do dheanamh le tuicse an a canamhain choigridh. Uime sin do rinn sinne ar ndithcheall Sailm Dhaibhidh a chur a Meadrachd dána gaoidhilg, a gcoinne is gu biodh gleus ag an daoinaibh sin dan canamhain an ghaoidhilg, Tighearna do mholadh, le canntaireachd cheolmhuir ina dteangaidh duthcha fein, amhlaidh mar ata se ag cinneadhaibh eile. Ar an adhbhar sin, ata sinne ag earail ortsa agus ar mhead is a ghnathuighas an teanga ghaoidhilg, an chuidse do na salmaibh (iodhon an ceud chaogad diobh) ata ar teachd amach, do ghnathughadh chum gloire Dhe agus maith ar nanma fein, agus fos a gcoinne gu deanadh Dia sinne do threorughadh ann sa chuid eile chur amach, amhlaidh mar ata runn aguinn. Achd deagla gu gcuirfar an tsaothair bhegsa ann a neimh-shuim le cuid dhaoinaibh, arson gu bfuil cuid chron innte, ar an adhbhar sin, tabhair fa near gu raibh iomdha ní ag deanamh na hoibairse ro-chruaidh orain, arson. 1. Gu bfedar na Sailmsa a chur ann sa ghne Meadrachd sin ata comhuighach anosach don teangaidh Ghaoidhlig, chum gu biodh iad freagrach do na fonnaibh gallta. 2. Tuig nach raibh iad riamh roimhe so (ar fios duine) ar a ngcur an sa ghne Meadrachdsa ann a bfuil iad anois. 3. Tuig fos gu budh dleas duinn leanmhuinn ris an cheud-chanamhain (iodhon an Eabhra) comhdhludh is a bfeidar linn, is uime sin do roghnaidh sinn na focail sin amhain is fearr no cheile thigeadh ris an adhbhar, agus is foigse don cheud-chanamhain sin. 4. Tabhair fa near mar a ngceudna gu bfedar focal aon siolaidh a chur ann an deireadh na linn, an gcoitcheannas, chum gur blaiste rithadh an rann sin do dheanamh, iodhon na focailsa *ta*, *la*, *gna*, *brath*, *fad*, *grad*, *stad*, *De*, *me*, *re*, *leir*, *geur*, *neart*, *feart*, *ceart*, &c. Uime sin na glacadh iongnadh thu, arson ge bfuil na focail sin ar an gnathughadh gu tric ann san leabharsa. 5. Achd fos tuig gur bfeda ar uairaibh focail do dhearradh, cuid as an tosach, cuid as an deiradh agus cuid as a meadhon: deagla gn biodh an lin na bfhaid no thigeadh dhi bith. Achd chum gu deanadh tu so aithniughadh, a nuair ata focal ar a dhearradh as a thosach tuig gu bfuil an comharthasa(') ar a chur re tosach an fhocail, *Salm* 3. 8. lin. 1. '*Sle* arson *Is le*, '*Smairg* arson *Is mairg*, &c. Mar sin a nuair ata focal ar a dhearradh as a dheiradh ata an comhartha sin fein ar a chur gu hard re deireadh an fhocail. *Sal.* I. 1 *lin.* 3. *Comhairl'* arson *comhairle*, *Tighearn'* arson *Tighearna*, &c. Agus an tan ata focal ar a dhearradh as an mheadhon, ata an comharthasa (˜) ar uairaibh gu hard eadar na siolaidh ata ar an tarruing re cheile. *Sal.* 39. 6. lin. 1. *Samhlug˜hadh*, is coir an focal sin do sheinm mar fhocal da shiolaidh, mar gu nabradh tu *Samhluadh.* Achd ar uairaibh eile rinn sinn cuid don fhocal fhagail a muigh ar fad. *Sal.* 39. 4. lin. 1. *Toir* arson *Tabhair.* Agus ar uairaibh ni bfuil comhartha sambith ar an fhocal is coir a dhearradh, is ni mo ata cuid ar fhagail a muigh, achd fedfuidh tu sin aithniughadh ar fuaim na liné, ma bheir tu fa near gu bfuil ochd siolaidh ann san cheud lin, agus se san dara lin.

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* Athair Prof. M'Laurin a bha'n Duneideann.

Anois, a Leghthora, deunse dithcheall ann san obair bhigse bhuiliughadh gu maith, agus guidh air an Tighearna e fein do bheannughadh an tshoisgeil anns na tirthaibh gaoidhlachsa, agus lasair sholleir lán teasa do dheanamh don tsraid bhig do lasadh cheana ionta. Grasa maille riot."

An clóbhualadh 1705, 's an Fhacal ris an Léughadair, tha :—

"Non vox, sed votum ; non musica
chordula, sed cor ;
Non clamans, sed amans sonat in
aure Dei.

se sin ren a rádh.

Cho né nguth binn, acht guidhe thrèun ;
Cho tèud, acht croidhe ceart ;
Cho ghlaodh, acht grádh ni fuaim gu gèur,
A ngcluasaibh Dhè na bhfeart."

"An ceud chaogad do
SHALMAIBH DHAIBHIDH
a Meadrachd Gaoidhilg.

SALM I.

Beannaigh an duine sin nach gluais
a ngcomhairl' dhaoine daoi,
An 'slighe fhiar na mpeacach bao
na sheasamh fos nach bí,
A ngcathair fanoid luchd an spors'
nach togair suidh gu brath
2. Achd gabhail toil do naomhreachd De
ga smuaintiug adh oidhch, is la.

3. Mar chraoibh is amhluidh beithann se
gcois aibhne fas ata,
Do bheir na haimsir toradh trom,
gun duille chall no blath.
Is soirbhidh leis gach ni da ndean.
4. Ni hamhluidh sin ata
Na daoine peacach : achd mar mholl,
dol leis a ghaoi, no cha.

5. Is uime sin ni sheasmhunn suas
na haingidh ann san bhreith,
No peacaidh ann a ngcomann naomh
na mfirenadh gu seth.
6. Oir fiosrach Dia ar slighe ghloin
na mbfirenadh ar fad :
Achd slighe fhiar na mbpeacach bao,
dimhiltar i gu grad."

"Psalma Dhaibhidh
A n Meadrachd.
[*Roibeart Kirke.*]

SALM I.

Beannuight' an dujne sin nach gluais
a ngcomhairle na ndaoj,
Nach seas a nsligh' luchd uilc, 's an áit'
luchd fochaid fós nach suigh.

2. Achd a nlagh Dé da bfuil a thlachd,
ga smuaineadh oidhch is ló.
3. Bi sé mur chraoibh ar suighiughadh
re taobh na naibhne mór,
Na haimsir jomchubhaidh bheir seach
a toradh pailt nar bfeadh,
Cha chríon a duille dhíobhail brídh ;
gheibh soirbh gach ní má ngabh.

4. Ni hamhluidh sin 'ta luchd an uilc,
achd mar an moll atáid,
Do fhuaduightear gach taobh le gaoi,
ga sgaoileadh ann sgach áit.

5. Bhridh sin cho seasamh na drochdhaoin'
san bhreathamhnas bhios ceart,
Nó peacaigh ann a ngcoimh thional
na mfirénidh, gu hait.

6. Ojr 'sfjosrach Dia air slighe ghloin
na mfirénidh a mfeast :
Achd fiar sligh luchd na haingidheachd
dimhiltar í gan cheist.

Psalma Dhaibhidh an Meadrachd. Do reir an phriomhchanamain. Le Ma : Raibeard Kirk, minisdir Shoisgeil Chriosd aig Balbhuidier. Maille re ughdarras. A bfuil neach gu dubhach inar measg? deanadh se urnaidh ; Abfuil neach ar bioth subhach? Sinnadh è Sailm. Ebisd: Sheum. Caibid. 5. Rainn. 13. Ar a ngcur a ngclò ann Dun-Eidin le M. Sémus Kniblo, Iosua van Solingen agus Seòn Colmar, 1684, 18mo 1681." A' bhliadhna so chuireadh an clò as ùr, air chost Hon. Robert Boyle : "Tiomna Nuadh ar Dtighearna agus ar Slanuigheora Iósa Críosd, ar na tharruing go fírinneach as Greigis go Goidheilg. Re Huilliam o Domhnuill. A Lunnduin, ar na chur a gcló ré Robert Ebheringtham, an bliadhain daóis an Tighearna 1681." 4to 365 slios. Is e miadachd an leabhair so 8 òirlich air fad agus $4\frac{3}{4}$ òirlich air liad. Tha roimhràdh, am Béurla 's an Gàidhlig, ann—'s a' Bhéurla $9\frac{1}{2}$ slios, 's a' Ghaidhlig $4\frac{1}{2}$ slios. De'n roimhràdh cha do chlòbhualadh ach 200, air chor's nach tachrar air ach ainmig. Is ann 's a' chorra-litir a tha e. Mearachdan, agus eile, a bh'anns a' chiad chlòbhualadh chuireadh ceart móran diubh 's an fhear so.

Ceithir bliadhna an deaghaidh so, 1685, chuireadh an clò : "Leabhuir na Seintiomna ar na ttarruing go gaidhilg tre chúram agus dhúthracht an Doctúir Uilliam Bedel, roimhe so Easbug Chille móire a Néirinnn, agus anois ar na ccur a ccló chum maithios puiblidhe na Tiresin—The Books of the Old Testament translated into Irish by the care and diligence of Doctor William Bedel, late bishop of Kilmore in Ireland, and for the public good of that nation. Printed at London, Anno Dom. 1685." 4to 1142 slios. Gheabhar corr uair an seann Tiomnadh so agus an Tiomnadh Nuadh fo'n aon cheangal. Is ann 's a' chorra-litir a tha e. Chuireadh mu 500 an clò dhiubh ; ach chuireadh 200 dhiubh fhein 's de'n Tiomnadh Nuadh do'n Ghàidhealtachd. 'S a' bhliadhna 1690 thàinig e rithist a mach 's an Litir-Ròimhich fo chùram Roibeart Kirke, gu féum nan Gàidheal.

Ged nach robh Bìobul aca gu sin cha robh Seanadh Earraghàidheal na'n tàmh. Shuidh an Seanadh air an dara latha de Gheamhradh 1660, agus chuir iad rompa am Bìobal a chur an Gàidhlig. 'S an àm bha cuid de na ministeirean a thionndaidh pàirt deth air son am féumalachd fhein. Chuir Mr Mac-Calmain, ministeir Chill-Easbuig-Chaorraill 'an céill do'n t-Seanadh gu'n do chuir esan an Gàidhlig—Iob, na Gnathfhacail, Ecclesiastes, agus Dàn Sholaimh ; agus chuir Mr Dughall Caimbeal, ministeir Chnapadal, Leabhraichean Mhaois an Gàidhlig. So mar a roinn an Seanadh eatorra na leabhraichean :—

Leabhraichean Mhaois,	Mr Dùghall Caimbeal, . .	min.	Chnapadal.
Iosua, . . .	Alastair Mac-Gilleathain, .	,,	Shrath-Churra.
Breitheamhna, . .	Gilleasbuig Mac-Gilleathain,	,,	Chille-Mhaodain.
Rut, ...	Iain Camran, ...	,,	Chill-Fhionain.
1 Samuel, . . .	Roibeart Mac-Dhunnachaidh,	,,	Dhalavich.
2 Samuel, . . .	Iain Mac-Dhunnachaidh, .	,,	Chille-Mhàrtainn.
1 Righ, . . .	Dàbhaidh Mac-Shìm, . .	,,	Chill-Eathain.
2 Righ, . . .	Dùghall Darroch, . .	,,	Cheann-loch.
1 Eachdraidh, . .	Nial Camran, . . .	,,	Ionar-Chaolain.

2 Eachdraidh,	Gilleasbuig Mac-Callum,	min.	Ghlinn-Aora.
Esra,	Eachann Mac-Ghilleathain,	,,	Morbhainne.
Nehemiah,	Martainn Mac-Gillebhrà,	,,	Chill-Niniain.
Ester,	Gilleasbuig Mac-Calmain,	,,	Chill-Easbuig-Chaorraill.
Job,	,,	,,	,,
Sailm,	Pàdruig Caimbeal,	,,	Ionaraora.
Gnàth-fhocail,	Gilleasbuig Mac-Calmain,	,,	Chill-Easbuig-Chaorraill.
Ecclesiastes,	Dughall Caimbeal,	,,	Chnapadal.
Dàn-Sholaimh,	Iain Stiubhart,	,,	Chinngarth.

1688. A'bhliadhna so chuireadh an clò: "FOIRCEADUL AITGHEAR Cheasnuighe Leis na Deich Aitheanta, Urnaidhe an Tighearn agus an Crèd. Urnaidhe fos jomchudhbhaidh air clóin agus altacha roimh agus tarèis bhigh malle re rannadh arigh don Sgcriobduire an a bfuil na cinn is aird don Chreideamh Criosduighe, air a ccur sis go soillear. A Lvnndvin, air na chur a gcló re Robert Ebheringam, an bhliadhain daois an Tighearn, 1688." 8vo 24 slios.

Chuireadh an leabhar so ri cheile leis an oid'-ionnsaich Laurence Charteris an Dunéideann, agus chuireadh an Gaidhlig e le Sir Hugh Caimbeal Chaddell, ach chaidh e romh lamhan Roibeirt Kirk an àm a chur an clò. Chuireadh 600 an clò dhiubh gu feum na Gàidhealtachd, air chost Hon. Robert Boyle. B'e Boyle so mac òg Earla Chorcaigh. Rugadh e 25 Jan. 1626. An deaghaidh ionnsachadh fhaotainn aig an tigh thug e greis an Leyden; agus chuir e cuairt air an Roinn-Eòrpa. Thill e 's chaidh e dh-Oxford 1657, agus 'n uair a thàinig Righ Tèarlach II gu àite fhein, chaidh e dh'fhuireach a Lunnainn. Ann an sin dh'éug e, 30th Dec. 1691, agus thiodhlaiceadh e an St Martins. Chaith e neart de 1000 Punnd Sasunnach ris a' Ghàidhlig.

—o—

NA TRI FAÌNNEACHAN, &c.

O CHIONN fada an t-saoghail, ma's fhìor na chuala mi, bha iomadh rud a' tachairt a bha ro iongantach. Bha buidsich agus bana-bhuidsich ann a thionndadh le buille de shlachdan draoidheachd carragh cloiche gu h-òr, agus duine gu riochd aon a dh'ainmhidhibh an achaidh, no eadhon gu sgonn maide. Bha iomadh dòigh ann air bacadh a chur air tinnis 's air a' bhàs fhéin. Bha dòighean ann air muinntir a chumail òg a ghnath, agus air an deanamh aoidheil, ciùin, tlachdmhor anns na h-uile ni air chor a's gu'm biodh sìth agus sonas a ghnàth a' riaghladh 'nam measg. Dheanadh iad so gu léir le fàine druidheil a chur air meur neach, no le trusgan-sìthe a chur uime. Bithidh sinne a tha beo 's an linn as-creidmhich so gle mhall gu creideas sam bith a thoirt do sgeul faoin de'n t-seorsa, ach tha, aig a' cheart àm, iomadh leasan maith ri fhaotainn uaith. A bharrachd air sin bithidh sinn ullamh air a bhith 'g ràdh nach robh anns an t-sluagh am measg an d'éirich na beachdan faoine so ach sluagh dorcha, borb, amaideach, aineolach. Tha eagal mòr orm gu'm bheil sinne, moiteil 's mar a tha sinn as ar cuid foghluim, mòran ni's fhaide air ais ann an iomadh ni na iadsan. Innsidh mi sgeula beag no dha a nochdas gu soilleir cho glic 's cho tùrail 's a bha'n seann sluagh so.

Bha duine uasal ann aon uair aig an robh fàinne ro luachmhor a bheireadh air duine sam bith aig am biodh e gu'm biodh speis mhòr aig na h-uile neach dheth. Aig àm a bhàis thug se e do'n mhac bu docha leis air chùmhnanta gu'n gleidheadh se e gus am fàgadh se e mar an ceudna aig a' mhac bu docha leis aig àm a bhàis, agus mar sin air aghaidh fhad 's a bhiodh mac a' tighinn an ionad an athar. A bharrachd air a so, am mac a gheibheadh am fàinne 'sann aige bhiodh riaghladh an teaghlaich agus a chòir-bhreth, eadhon ged a b' e b' òige de'n teaghlach. An déigh do'n fhàinne a bhi air a liubhairt a nuas o athair gu mac fad iomadh ginealaich thachair mu dheireadh gu'n robh e aig athair aig an robh triuir mhac a bha anns na h-uile ni anabarrach umhail, agus dleasnach. Bha e cho miadhail orra na'n triuir 's nach robh fhios aige co aca d'an tugadh e'm fàinne. Mu dheireadh thall 's e bhuail 's a' cheann aige gu'n rachadh e far an robh an t-òrcheard 's gu'm tugadh e air dà fhàinne eile dheanamh cho coltach 's a b'urrainn da ris an fhàinne bhuadhach. 'S ann mar so a bha. Rinneadh an dà fhàinne, agus bha iad cho coltach ris an fhàinne bhuadhach 's nach robh e'n comas do dhuine bha beò eadardhealachadh air an t-saoghal a chur eatorra. 'N uair a bha e air leabaidh a bhàis dh'iarr e a mhac bu shine a thoirt 'na làthair, agus air dha comhairlean maithe a thoirt air agus a bheannachd fhagail aige thug e dha fear de na fàinneachan. Chuir e fios air an dara mac agus air an treas mac agus rinn e'n t-aon ceudna riutha. Beagan ùine na dhéigh sin dh'eug e. Thiodhlaic a chuid mac e, agus an déigh do gach ni bhi thairis dh'innis am mac bu shine gu'n d'fhuair esan am fàinne o athair, agus mar sin gur ann aige bha còir air gach ni a dh'fhàg 'athair. Bha mòr-ioghnadh air a dhithis bhraithrean an nuair a chuala iad so, ach 's ann a bha'n t-ioghnadh orra nuair a dh'innis gach fear mar a thuirt 'athair ris. Thug gach fear 'fhàinne fhéin a làthair, ach cha robh e 'nan comas a dheanamh a mach co aig a bha'm fàinne buadhach. Bha'n dithis a b'òige 'g am meas fhéin a h-uile buille cho maith còir air aon dad a dh'fhàg an athair ris an fhear bu shine. Mu dheireadh thall chaidh na fir cho fada thar a chéile 's gu'n tug iad a' chùis an làthair a' bhreitheamh. Thug gach fear a thaobh fhéin de'n chùis air aghaidh le innseadh mar a thuirt 'athair ris. Cha chreideadh fear seach fear dhiu gu'n tug an athair fealag asda; ach bha gach fear car ann am beachd gu'n d'thug a bhraithrean ionnsuidh air a char a thoirt as le fàinne meallta thoirt air aghaidh. Ach an déigh na h-uile rud bha leithid a dh'earbsa aca 'na chéile 's nach b'urrainn doibh so a lan chreidsinn. Bha'm breitheamh e fhéin ann an iom-chomhairle nach bu bheag mu'n chùis, ach mu dheireadh thug e breth mar a leanas: "Cha'n urrainn domhsa dheanamh a mach cia e'm fàinne ceart, agus mar sin cha'n urrainn domh ràdh co aige tha còir air a bhi 'na cheann thairis air an teaghlach. Ma tha e fior gu'm bheil buaidh shònraichte anns an fhàinne cheart a chum an neach aig am bheil e a dheanamh ionmhuinn ann an sealladh nan uile dhaoine, tha e mar an ceudna cheart cho fìor nach urrainn gu'm bi a' bhuaidh shònraichte so anns an dà fhàinne eile. Tillibh dhachaidh, agus sguiribh dhe'r n-aimhreit. Creideadh gach fear agaibh gur h-ann aige fhéin a tha'm fàinne ceart, agus a chum sin a dhearbhadh dh'a fhein 's do mhuinntir eile, deanadh e strì a chum e-fhéin a dheanamh ionmhuinn leis na h-uile. An neach a bheir barr agus is mo choisneas de ghràdh muinntir eile dearbhaidh e gu soilleir gur ann aige a tha'm fàinne ceart." Lean iad a' chomhairle ghlic agus mhaith so a thug am breitheamh orra, agus rinn iad strì feuch co bu ghràdhaiche 's bu neo-fhéineile gus mu dheireadh thall an deachaidh gach aimreit a bh'eatorra mu na fàinneachan air dichuimhne. Chaith iad am beatha gu réidh agus gu sona maille r'a chéile.

Bha aon uair ann an aon de dhùthchannaibh na h-airde-near duine uasal a bha ann an suidheachadh ro àrd 's a' rìoghachd. B'e a b'fhaisge ann an inbhe air an rìgh fhéin. Ciod sam bith tubaist a dh'éirich dha thachair gu'n d'rinn e dol as an rathad air choreigin a choisinn dha diomadh agus corruich an righ. Thug an rìgh òrdugh teann cruaidh e bhi air a ghleidheadh 'na phrìosanach fhad 's bu bheò e ann an seòmar beag am mullach tùir àird. Rud nach b'ìoghnadh bha a chridhe gu briseadh le bròn. Bha e cruaidh leis deadhghean an rìgh a chall, ach bu shuarach leis sin seach a bhi dealachadh r'a mhnaoi 's r'a phàisdean. Chunnaic e air a shon sin nach deanadh bròn feum sam bith dha, agus gu'm b'fhearr dha an oidhirp a b'fhearr a' b'urrainn da dheanamh air teicheadh as an tùr. Cha robh e furasda dha idir teicheadh. Cha'n fhaigheadh e ìos gun fhios, a chionn gu'n robh luchd-faire a ghnàth aig dorsaibh an tùir agus na'n tilgeadh se e fhéin síos leis an uinneig bhiodh e grad mharbh 'nuair a bhuaileadh e shìos. Bu duine e aig an robh mòr eolas mu thimchioll iomadh ni. Bha e ghnàth a' deanamh feum de shùilibh 's de chluasaibh. Bha e a' gabhail beachd air gnathannaibh gach creutair bheò air am b'urrainn dha a bheag a dh'eolas a chur. Ann an àm na trioblaid rinn an t-eolas so feum mòr dha—thug e comas dha air teicheadh as an tùr. 'S ann o ghnàthannaibh daolaig, an creutair beag suarach sin air am feudadh na h-uile neach a bhi gle eolach, a dh'fhoghlum e an dòigh air am faigheadh e teicheadh.

Air feasgar àraidh thàinig a bhean gu bonn an tùir, 's thòisich i ri gul 's ri caoidh. Labhair e rithe mar so, "Ma 's maith leat mise a bhi air mo chur air mo chomas, grad sguir dhe d'bhròn, agus rach dhachaidh agus na tig air ais gus am faigh thu na nithean so: daolag dhubh bheò, rud beag de sheann ìm, ceirsle bheag de shnàth grinn sìoda, ceirsle de shnàth cainbe, ceirsle de chòrd maith làidir, agus cuairteag mhaith de bhall." Ghrad dh'fhalbh a bhean dhachaidh, agus fhuair i na h-uile ni dhiu so. An ath oidhche thàinig i leo gu bonn an tùir. Dh'iarr e oirre rud de'n ìm a chur air ceann na daolaig, agus ceann an t-snàth shioda a cheangal m'a meadhon, agus a cur air balla an tùir 's a h-aghaidh a chur rathad mullach an tùir. Rinn a bhean so. Nis tha e 'na chleachdadh aig an daolaig a bhi sìor dhol air aghaidh air an rathad air am faigh i fàileadh làidir sam bith as a cionn. Nuair a chuireadh a h-aghaidh ri barr an tùir, air dhi a bhi air a tarruing le faàleadh an ime 'bh'air a ceann, choisich i suas air a' bhalla gus mu dheireadh an d'ràinig i an uinneag far an robh am prìosanach. Fhuair e mar so greim air an t-snàth shioda, agus 'nuair a fhuair, cheangail a bhean ceann na ceirsle cainbe ris. Tharruing e thuige e, agus na dhéigh sin an còrd, 's mu dheieardh am ball. Cheangail e'm ball ris an uinneig, agus mar so leig e e-fhéin sìos leis an uinneig. Fhuair e mar so a shaorsa troimh an eòlas a fhuair e air cleachdadh na daolaig.

Bodachan-a'-Ghàraidh.

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AMAIDEACHD AGUS NEO-BHUANNACHD NA FEIRGE.

Tha rabhadh agus deagh chomhairle chum buannachd do na h-uile, agus 'se dleasnas nan uile géill a thoirt do gach ni a labhrar no 'léughar, chum an earaileachadh agus an stiùireadh gu'n dleasnas a dheanamh mar chréutairean air an do bhuilicheadh réusan agus tuigse. Thugadh iadsan uile géill do so, d'am bheil e 'na thlachd a bhi 'faotuinn eòlais de gach gnè, o mhios gu mios, o bhriathraibh taitneach a' "*Ghàidheil.*" Na'm biodh iadsan a rugadh agus a dh' àraicheadh ann an tìr nam beann dìleas dhaibh fein, agus deigheil air gach eòlas fhaotuinn ann an cànain Oisein agus Fhinn, dh'òrdaicheadh iad an "*Gàidheal*" á Dunedin, agus an "*t-Ard-Albannach*" á Inbhernis, teachd a thaoghal orra gach àm anns an téid iad a mach air an cuairtibh. Dùisgeadh na Gàidheil suas, ma ta, faiceadh iad, le taingeileachd, gach strith a ta 'ga dheanamh chum an athleasachadh, agus glacadh iad gach cothrom chum fiosrachadh fhaotuinn air gach ni a ta féumail agus freagarrach chum an leas féin.

Tha e nàdurra do mhac an duine *Fearg* a ghabhail, agus cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil na Gàidheil ceart co buailteach do dh'fheirg ri sluagh sam bi eile. Ach theireamaid ris gach Gàidheal, "Na gabh uair air bith fearg." Direach, smuainich air, agus chith thu nach 'eil corruich no fearg chum maith sam bith. Cha'n 'eil tlachd no buannachd ann. Gun ghuth a thoirt gu'm bheil fearg na ni a tha air a thoirmeasg le Facal Dé, cha'n 'eil e chum féum ann an co'-chomunn sam bith. Tha e 'deanamh an duine 'na amadan, a' gabhail uachdaranachd thairis air a réusan, agus a' toirt na tuigse aige gu buileach air falbh. Is nì gun leisgeul fearg. Tha cuid de pheacannaibh ann aig am bheil samhlachas leisgeil, no seòrsa toilinntinn 's an àm a ta làthair, ach cha'n 'eil sin idir aig feirg. Cosmhuil ri mionnan agus ri toirt ainm Dhé ann an diomhanas, cha'n 'eil fearg chum feobhais no buannachd do dhuine sam bith. Is claoidh agus is dòruinn i do gach neach air am faigh i buaidh. An uair a théid ànradh na corruich seachad, an sin chìth an duine gur amadan e fein, agus gu'n d'rinn e fein 'na amadan ann an sùilibh sluaigh eile mu'n cuairt da. Co e an tì sin aig am bheil spéis do dhuine crosda, frionasach, iargaltach,—duine nach dùraig neach dol 'na char, agus nach urrainn neach sam bith a thoileachadh? Cò a roghnaicheadh e mar chompanach ann an gnothuichibh saoghalta, no eadhon mar choimhearsnach, na'n gabhadh e seachnadh? Tha e 'na chùis-ghràine do gach neach mu'n cuairt da, agus ag cumail nan uile a thig 'na fhochair, anns a' cheart staid ìnntinn sin anns am biodh iad 'n àm doibh a bhi 'nan suidhe am fagus do nead nan connspeach, no do gharaidh nan uilebheist! Cha'n 'eil duine feargach chum maith sam bith do'n t-saoghal, cha'n e nach féud e maith a dheanamh air amannaibh, ach tha'm maith sin air a chomh-chothromachadh leis an olc dhe'm bheil e ciontach. Le feirg tha'n duine air a thruailleadh, tha feartan na h-inntinn aige air am milleadh, agus tha e, eadar bhun agus bhàrr air fhàgail éucomusach air eadhon a ghnìomhara saoghalta fein a ghiùlan air an aghaidh gu freagarrach. Tha fearg 'ga dheanamh gu tric 'na chulaidh-bhuairidh, agus 'na chaoir-theine a ta 'fadadh lasraichean na h-aimhreite air gach taobh mu'n cuairt da. Is tric tha casfhearg a' tarruing an duine gu gnìomhara maslachail agus mìllteach a dheanamh. Nach minic a thug fearg air duine a làmhan a dheargadh le fuil neo-chiontaich an ti a bha na 'chuspair d'a chorruich? Nach tric a thuit e ann an ciont, le neart corruich, a tharruing e gu bhi 'na chreich mhuladaich do laghannaibh a dhùthcha fein? Nach minic, ann am buillsgean na feirge a chuir fear, pòsda a bhean fein gu bàs cabhagach, agus a dh'fhàg e a chlann féin gun mhàthair? "*Marbhaidh fearg an t-amaideach, agus bheir tnù bàs an duine shuaraich.*" Is cunnartach olc am ball an duine feargach ann an cuideachd sam bith, agus is mòr an t-aobhar a th'ann air là buidheachais a dheanamh dhe'n là sin air an toirear air falbh i. Uime sin gabhadh gach neach a léughas na briathra so *a "Ghàidheil"* comhairle Dhàibhidh, an uair a thubhairt e "*Leig fearg dhìot, agus tréig corruich; na biodh campar ort air aon chor, chum uilc.*" Agus thubhairt an duine glic, "*Is an-iochdmhor corruich, agus mar thuil tha fearg: ach co is urrainn seasamh a'm fianuis tnù?*" Agus tha Solamh 'gad chomhair leachadh, a léughadair, ag radh, "*Na dean suas càirdeas ris an fheargach; agus maille ri fear na h-àrd-chorruich na h-imich; air eagal gu'n ionnsuich thu a shlighean, agus gu'm faigh thu ribe do t-anam.*"

Faiceadh na h-uile, ma ta amaideachd agus neo-bhuannachd na feirge. Ma tha e air a dhearbhadh le facal Dé, agus le eachdraidh an t-saoghail, gu'm bheil fearg gun fhéum, gun stà, gun leisgeul, agus a thuilleadh air sin, gu'm bheil e sgriosach, gràineil, agus mìllteach, car son a tha e idir air a cleachdadh leò-san air an do bhuilicheadh ciall agus tuigse?

SGIATHANACH.

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SEALG AN TUIRC-FHIACLAICH.

AIR bruachan aibhne àraid 'an Canada, tha bailteacheas Ghàidheal a chaidh air imrich á Tìr-nam-beann. Tha fonn a' chòmhnaird a tha 'chòir na h-aibhne anabarrach feartach, torach, ach leis gu'm beil an Geamhradh ro fhada, cruaidh, cha'n 'eil an luchd-àitich, mar na Goill air a' Mhachair 'an Albainn, a' sìor-chur ris an tuathanas; ach a thaobh an t-iasg 's an ianlaith a bhi gu math pailt, bidh iad ri móran iasgaich 'us seilge.

Latha bha 'sid, ma ta, thug dithis dhiùlnach lùthor, a choille orra a shealg, gach fear na 'chulaidh-sheilg, le 'mhusg 's le 'bhiodaig. Chùm iad an gabhail ri taobh uillt a bha 'ruith as a' mhonadh air taobh-niar na h-aibhne—cuilidh a bha fios aca a b'ionad-tathaich do'n torc-fhiaclach. B'annsa leotha an torc na gin de luchd-àitich na frìdhe; agus ged a bha an t-ainm gu'n robh iad air leth làidir, allta, cha robh teagamh aca nach leagadh iad co-dhiù dithis diubh, ach an sealbh ga'n cur na'n caraibh. Cha d'éirich an t-sealg leotha idir; agus leis an torc a mhàin a bhi aca 's an amharc, leig iad diùbh gach seòrsa eile, 's beagan romh dhol-fotha na gréine, an uair a thug iad an aghaidh ri baile, cha robh aca a thoradh an saoithreach ach aon choileach-frangach. Ach, ciod air an d'thàinig iad, an uair a bu lugha an dùil ris, 's bu làn-aighir e, ach sloc domhainn de uamhaidh—fail-mhuc, 's cuain mhór uirceinean leth-àraichte ann, 's gun an t-seann chàraid a stigh. Bha fiach-an-t-saothair 'an so gun teagamh; agus le sgoltadh-beairte thuirt Dònull ri Tormaid: "A Thormaid, bho'n is tusa is lugha, rach a stigh agus cuir bhàrr an t-saoghail na h-uirceinean, agus fanaidh mis' ag aire 'n doruis." Shìn Tormoid a mhusg do Dhònull, 's rùisgear a bhiodag 's gabhar a stigh 'an comhair a chinn air a mhàgan. An uair a bha e mu leth an rathad bhuail an t-eagal e, agus glaodhar air 'ais: "Air ghaol an iochd, a Chònuill, cùm a mach na *seana*-bhéisdean." "Na cuireadh sin cualag ort," osa Dònull.

Ged e bha bial na h-uamha cumhang bha farsuinneachd mhòr na 'ceann-shuas, agus mu'n gann a bha Tormoid a stigh thòisich e air lannadh as nan uirceinean. Coma cha luaithe a dh'inntrig e na'n dàil na 'chunnaic Dònull an t-uile-bheist mór ud a' tighinn 's e 's a' bhéuchaich ag casadh fhiaclan 's a shùilean na'n caoiribh dearga. Dh'fhan Dònull na 'bhalbh-thosd seach Tormoid a dhol gu mìthapadh, 's chuir e 'mhusg air an làn-togail; ach los am peileir a bhi na bu mharbhtaiche, leig e leis tighinn mar uidhe céuma no dhà dha; 'an sin tharrainn e an t-iarunn-leigidh 'an dùil an eanchainn a spòltadh as. Ach, am fortan ga'r teasraiginn! dhiùlt i aingeal, no las am fùdar-cluaise mhàin, cha chuimhne leam co aca. Cha robh ùine ri 'call, thilg Dònull a mhusg an aodunn an tuirc, agus thugar na buinn. Leis gu'n cuala an torc téis nan uircean cha do lean e Dònull ro fhada, agus tillear na 'dheann do'n gharaidh. Cha mhór fear nach cailleadh a mhisneach 's a' chàs so; ach cha b'e sin do Dhònull e: bha Tormoid an geall na b'fhiach e. Cho luath 's a chunnaic e gu'n do thill an t-uile-bheist, thionndaidh e 's shìn e air; ach leis an eagal a ghabh e gu'n riasladh an torc e, bha e fada bhuaithe mu'n d'thug e 'n aire, air chor agus gu'n robh e gu math air thoiseach air, ach cha d'fhàg e téud gun righeadh. Leig e éibh no 'dhà as, agus ged a bha 'chabhag ann cha d'rinn e dìochuimhn' air cobhair aslachadh as na h-àrdaibh. Cha robh an ùrnaigh ach goirid, gun teagamh, ach bha i brìgheil—"O Thighearna! Tormoid bochd! Tormoid bochd!" ghlaodh e le àirde 'ghuth 's e 'sileadh nan diar. Ach a dh-aindeoin 's mar a chaidh e air a thapadh bha 'bhéist-chaothaich roimhe aig a' gharaidh, 's thugar a stigh air. Bha'm bial tuilleadh 's cumhang gu faighinn a stigh na 'sheasamh, b'éudar dha dol ann air a bhroinn mar a chaidh Tormoid ann, air chor's mar so gu'n do chaill a chasan-deiridh an greim. 'S an t-sàs-a-chnaige so ràinig Dònull, 's gramaichear 'n a 'earraball mór, fada, 's cuirear car no 'dhà dheth mu 'dhà làimh, agus a' propadh a chas ris a' bhruaich, thòisich e air a tharrainn le 'uile neart.

Cha robh fios aig Tormoid air car de na thachair air a' bhlàr-a-mach, agus ghabh e iongantas uamhasach as an dall-dorchadas a thàinig air a chlisgeadh. Dh'fheith e car tacain 'an dùil gur Dònull a bha 'g iomairt chleas air, ach leis nach robh lias-soilleireachaidh idir a' tighinn, ghlaodh e àirde a chinn: "Haoi! Chònuill, 'd é 'tha cur stad air an t-solus?" Bha anail Dhònuill na 'uchd, 's e 'n greim ro nàistinneach, gu feart a thoirt air ceist a bha 's an àm cho leamh leis. An deaghaidh géill 'as dubh-ghéill a thoirt, chaill Tormoid 'fhaighidinn, 's ghlaodh e rithist na bu sheachd àirde. An fhreagairt a thug Dònull air 's tric a chualas i; ach tha mi 'creidsinn nach robh riabh 's nach bì tuille coimeas di ann: "A Chònuill, ma thà"—os a Chònuill! "'d é tha 'cur stad air an t-solus?" "*Ma bhristeas am feaman bidh fios agad air sin,*" osa Dònull.

Lean Dònull ri 'ghreim gu duineil, agus cha b'fhada gus an robh beoithichill aige ri buaidh a chosnadh. An uair a theannadh an torc ri dol air 'aghart, thàirneadh Dònull air ais e; agus trath a theannnadh e ri tilleadh, chuireadh e 'ghualainn ri 'chéirean 's dh'fhùcadh e air 'aghart e; agus chùm e 's a' chàs so e gus an d'fhuair e cothrom air a bhiodaig a shàthadh fo'n chrom-aisne 's 'n a mharbh e e.

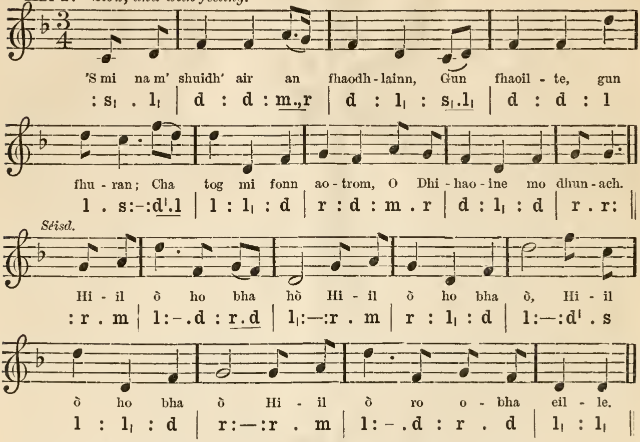
Bha luach an saoithreach aig an dithis dhiùlnach air an sgrìob, 's bha obair aca na closaichean a thoirt gu baile. Chùm iad annlann fad a' Gheamhraidh ris na teaghlaichean aca, agus 's ioma gàire a thug e orra fhéin 's air càch a bhi 'g aithris mar a bh'eadar iad fhéin 's an torc.

eadar. le CLÉIT.

CUMHA IAIN GHAIRBH MHIC GHILLE-CHALUIM RARSAIDH.

LE 'PHIUTHAIR.

KEY F.—*Slow, and with feeling.*


'S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhaodh-lainn, Gun fhaoil - te, gun
: sˌ . lˌ | d : d : m.,r | d : lˌ : sˌ.lˌ | d : d : l
fhu - ran; Cha tog mi fonn ao - trom, O Dhi - hao - ine mo dhun - ach.
l . s:-:d'.l | l : lˌ : d | r : d : m . r | d : lˌ : d | r . r: ||
Séisd.
Hi - il ò ho bha hò Hi - il ò ho bha ò, Hi - il
: r . m | l:-.d : r.d | lˌ:—:r . m | r : lˌ : d | l:—:d' . s
ò ho bha ò Hi - il ò ro o - bha eil - le.
l : lˌ : d | r:—:r . m | l:-.d : r . d | lˌ : lˌ ||

'S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhaodhlainn,
Gun fhaoilte, gun fhuran;
Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,
O Dhihaoine mo dhunach.

SÉISD—Hi-il ò ho bha hò,
Hi-il ò ho bha ò
Hi-il ò ho bha ò
Hi-il ò ro hò bha éile.

Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,
O Dhihaoine mo dhunach:
O'n a chailleadh am bàta,
Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh.

O'n a chailleadh am bàta,
Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh:
Gille-Calum a b'òige,
'S Iain mòr—mo sgial duilich!

Gille-Calum a b'òige,
'S Iain mòr—mo sgial duilich!
'S i do ghuala bha làidir,
Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu.

'S i do ghuala 'bha làidir,
Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu;
Cha'n 'eil h-aon ann an Albainn,
Nach toir ainm air do spionnadh.

Cha'n 'eil h-aon ann an Albainn,
Nach toir ainm air do spionnadh:
'S ann an clachan na tràghad,
'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bho'n uiridh.

'S ann an clachan na tràghad,
'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bho'n uiridh:
Gun sìod' air do chluasaig,
Fo lic uaine na tuinne.

Gun sìod' air do chluasaig,
Fo lic uaine na tuinne;
'S tu gun bhoinn air do léinidh,
Cha'n 'eil féum air a cumadh.

'S tu gun bhoinn air do léinidh,
Cha'n 'eil féum air a cumadh:
Cha'n iarr thu gu 'fuaghal,
Bean-uasal no cruinneag.

Cha'n iarr thu gu fuaghal,
Bean-uasal no cruinneag:
Tha do chlaidheamh na' dhùnadh,
Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag.

Tha do chlaidheamh na 'dhùnadh,
Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag;
Co 's urrainn ga 'fhuasgladh,
'S nach gluais thu e tuille.

Co 's urrainn ga 'fhuasgladh,
'S nach gluais thu e tuille;
Do chuid chon air an iallaibh,
'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh.

Do chuid chon air an iallaibh,
'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh;
Do fhrìth nam beann àrda,
No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuilinn.

Do fhrìth nam beann àrda,
No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuilinn;
'S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhaodhlainn,
Gun fhaoilte, gun fhuran.

THE GAEL,
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

VOL. VI. SEPTEMBER, 1877. No. 69.

THE CELTIC OF BRITTANY.

THE following extract, taken letter for letter from the version of the New Testament at the present day in use among the inhabitants of Basse Bretagne, will, we think, prove interesting to our Gaelic readers. The old Breton language may be new to many of them, but few, we are of opinion, will have much difficulty in spelling their way through the specimen of it which is here submitted.

JOHN iii. 3-5.

3 Jesus a respontaz hag a lavaraz dezan ; E gouirionez, e gouirionez e lavaran d'id, ma na vez un den ganet a-nevez, na hell ket goueled rouantelez Doue.

4 Nicodemus a lavaraz dezan ; Penaos ec'h hell un den beza ganet, hag hen coz ? hag hen a hell mond e cov e vam un eil goueich, ha beza ganet ?

5 Jesus a respontaz ; E gouirionez e lavaran d'id ; Ma na vez un den ganet a zour hag eus ar Spered, na hell ked antren en rouantelez Doue.

A cursory glance at this extract will enable the reader to recognise a large proportion of the words as unmistakable Gaelic ; and by a little pardonable ingenuity the whole passage might, without violence to the language as spoken, be cast into a form which would read not unlike the living Gaelic of Cowal or Sutherland.

Such loan words as *respontaz*, which are common to almost every language in Europe, need no explanation. *Hag* is palpably *ag-us*, and *dezan* is *da-san*. *E gouirionez* looks a rugged nut for Celtic jaws to crack ; but it is softer than it looks, and cut up like young hopeful's little portion of beef-steak, it may, we think, be safely swallowed as *a gu fh-irion-ach*, after the process of linguistic change which may be traced in the common expression *da'r 'ireadh*. *D'id* is evidently *duit*, *to thee ;* and *a nevez* passes not unnaturally into *as nuadh*. *Penaos*—to such as are familiar with the well-known change of *C* into *P*, as *ceithir* into *pedwar* and *cuig* into *pimp*—makes good Gaelic in the form of *ce naos*, cionnas, *how*. *Hag hen coz* is a tempting morsel for the punster, but we forbear, and set it down gravely as *agus e a-os-da*. *A zour* has puzzled us ; it looks so like *as uire*, *anew*, that one is very apt to fall into the pit. The sense is *water*—"born of water and of the Spirit." What will be said to *as b-ur-n?* Making all allowance for the vagaries of the letter *Z* in all languages, and its evident peculiarity in Breton, it is still with but little confidence that we make the suggestion, and we do so only in the hope that some one will try his hand and find a better word. *In water* is *en dour ; the water*, *an dour ; on the water*, *wer an dour : a zour*, in the same way, is probably a contraction for *as dour*. Cf. Welsh, *dwfr*. *Antren*, *enter*, is plainly a loan word from the Latin through the French ; but we have ourselves often heard its Gaelic equivalent, *inntrinn*, in the sermons of some preachers in Ross-shire. Our extract would thus make a rough-and-ready kind of Gaelic as follows :—

3. Jesus a respontaz agus a lavaraz dasan : a gu firinneach a gu firinneach a lavaram duit, ma na bhitheas (mur bi) aon duine gionta as-nuadh nach eil cead gu e [*shuiled*] rioghachd Dhé.

4. Necodemus a lavaras dasan. Cenaos am bheil aon duine gionta agus e aosd? agus am bheil modh an comh a vam (mhàthair) uine eil gu [*teid*] agus a bhi gionta.

5. Jesus a respontaz: a gu fìrinneach lavaram duit: ma na bhitheas (mur bi) aon duine gionta as bùrn agus as an Spiorad nach eil cead inntrinn an rioghachd Dhé.

The studious among our readers will, we hope, provide themselves with such books in this interesting old language as they can procure. In course of a raid upon the bookstalls of the Quartier Latin, we had this summer no difficulty in lighting upon copies of the BARZAZ-BREIZ and the New Testament. With Irish and Manx our Celtic students are already familiar. For ourselves, so far as we have gone in the study of Breton, we have found it very much easier than Welsh; and the former promises to prove a useful stepping-stone to the easier study of the latter. A good many words we have found common to Welsh and Breton, which have either passed away entirely from the Scotch Gaelic, or left but a faint trace behind them. Such, for example, is the word *nos, night*, which will be found in the verse immediately preceding our extract, John iii. 2, both in the Welsh and Breton Testament. And although in Scotch Gaelic this word has been superseded by *oidhche*, a pretty distinct trace of it still remains with us in *an nochd, to-night.*

To the grammatical manipulation of Breton words we would also point the Celtic student, as furnishing a rich field of inquiry, in which we have already lighted upon some striking instances of a close resemblance in the usages of Gaelic and Breton; as, for example, the formation of the plural in *Oberiou an Ebestel*, the Acts of the Apostles, and *Levriou an Destamant.* The definite article, like the Gaelic, is *an;* with the preposition *to* it is *d'an;* but the plural is *d'ar.* New Testament is Testament Nevez, but THE Testament is An Destamant, the T being softened into D. The first, second, and third Epistles of John are Kenta Lizer Ian, Eil Lizer Ian, and Trede Lizer Ian. On the title-page the book professes to be rendered into Breton from the *Vam-Skrid Gregach, the Greek Mother-writ.*

There now, we have, it is hoped, treated the readers of *The Gael*, not so much, like our old friend Skolastikos, to a brick as a specimen of the house he fain would sell to best advantage, as to a *cuach* of right honest uisgebeath, and that only as a whet to the contents of a portly cask which has at least

Age and flavour
To bespeak your favour.

D. T. M.

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THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER (COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE).*

IT is well that the Prophecies of *Coinneach Odhar* should be printed once for all in a permanent form, and Mr. Mackenzie deserves our gratitude for having executed this desirable piece of work. The author tells us that he had on the 18th of March, 1875, a paper on the subject of the Seer and his predictions before the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and that, "at the time the manuscript was passing through the hands of the printer, a few extra copies of the Prophecies were thrown off from the press, forming a pamphlet of sixteen pages." These copies having been disposed of, the author printed the paper, with considerable additions from various correspondents, in a series of articles in the *Celtic Magazine*, of which he is editor, and while this second manuscript was passing through the hands of the printer from month to month, additional copies were thrown off, which are now published in a separate form. We cannot otherwise explain how the lengthy footnotes in the December number of the Magazine, purporting to be information received subsequent to the writing and printing of the main text, should appear in the same form, and for a similar reason in the volume published in the following May. The volume extends to fifty-two pages, bound in limp cloth, and published at Two shillings—a high price, one must admit. The volume, being an exact transcript of the Magazine articles, is subject, in point of form, to the great disadvantage of being without order or system of any kind. Fulfilled and unfulfilled predictions, various versions of the same prediction, and remarks by various correspondents more or less relevant, are all mixed together, so that even in the space of fifty-two pages one is apt to get somewhat confused.

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* The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer (Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiche). By ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Editor of the *Celtic Magazine.* Inverness: A. & W. Mackenzie *Celtic Magazine* Office.

There are two ways in which a book of this kind could be put together in a form useful to the public. All the prophecies attributed to *Coinneach Odhar* might be gathered together. Those already said to be fulfilled could be separated from the unfulfilled prophecies, and both could be printed without note or comment beyond the facts relied upon to establish the fulfilment of the first class. This could be done upon a few pages of print and sold for a few pence. But *Coinneach Odhar* and his prophecies deserve from Highlanders greater consideration than this. We think the prophecies which go under his name might with advantage be carefully studied, examined, and sifted. An attempt might be made to distinguish between those which were uttered by Coinneach himself and those which in course of time came to be ascribed to him. All the written records of the prophecies, and especially records written before the fulfilment of the prophecies, if any, ought to be word for word collected. The testimony of the oldest living men acquainted with these prophecies regarding the exact form in which they first heard them might be collected and given as far as possible with names and dates. Mr. Mackenzie's tractate occupies a middle course, and we are of opinion that it would possess equal interest and more value if either the more simple or the more elaborate plan had been adopted.

As the matter stands, the prophecies as now recorded possess a twofold interest. As a register of unfulfilled predictions, their value is great. We possess a number of these in unalterable type, and can wait their fulfilment with composure. We will consider the version given here as the true version, and will decline to accept an amended edition when the question of the fulfilment of any of them is raised. To those who have attempted to follow the development of myth and fable, and the inordinate tendency of the human mind in a certain stage of civilisation to exaggerate fact, multiply wonders, and cluster them all round one prominent personality, the story of *Coinneach Odhar* and his predictions supplies material at home and of late date, which usually has to be sought in times and places far distant. Not only are many of the predictions widely divergent in the various versions of them, but some of them are curiously inconsistent and contradictory the one part of the other. Again, his tragic death is told in widely different ways and with varying incidents of place and circumstance by different narrators; and even of the manner in which he became possessed of his miraculous gift we have in the text three accounts more or less different, and in the preface a fourth, sent to the author at a later date, totally different from the other three. It would, of course, be absurd to conclude from all this that the seer did not come by a violent death, and that he was not gifted with the faculty of seeing into the future; but it is about equally absurd to conclude without reliable evidence that any one of these variant narratives give in their detail or even in their main features historic fact.

The question of the actual possession of the gift of prophecy, as distinct from extraordinary penetration and sagacity, by *Coinneach Odhar*, or by any other so-called prophet, is an interesting and important question. Various considerations, such as the extent to which apparently the power extended and the purposes to which it was applied, would have to be taken into account. But above and beyond this, as a preliminary to the discussion of the question, something like strict proof would have to be forthcoming regarding the actual form in which some of the more remarkable of these predictions were known before their alleged fulfilment. Whether this condition can now be supplied or not we do not know. It is not attempted in this volume, and, therefore, the material for forming a judgment as to *Coinneach Odhar's* claims to the title of prophet are awanting. He has long enjoyed the honour, and we would not willingly deprive him of it.

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IRELAND: UR OF THE CHALDEES.*

It would be out of place to pass judgment on the merits and demerits of a book published four years ago. At the pace at which people are living now, the public, rightly or wrongly, will have made up their minds in four weeks, often in four days, instead of in four years, regarding books of greater pretension than the volume of Mrs. Wilkes. The book is beautifully got up; and in its 207 pages there is a great deal of interesting reading, and not a little curious information. Conjoined with this there is no doubt a large amount of statement, supposition, and speculation, regarding which, to say the least of it, we would wish for additional evidence.

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ORAIN AGUS FUINN GHAIDHEALACH.†

About three years ago, a happy thought occurred to the then conductors of this Magazine—viz., to give in each number a popular Gaelic song with music. The practice has been continued ever since, and has of late been adopted by periodicals and newspapers of more or less similar aims. The present collection is, we understand, in the main a reprint of the music and songs which for some time back appeared from week to week in the *Highlander* newspaper. It is to be noted that while in the *Gael* the aim has been to give a Gaelic song with music, the purpose of the editors of this collection, as expressed on their title-page, has been to give "Popular Gaelic Melodies, with Gaelic and English Words." There are twenty-nine such melodies, containing among them some of the most popular of our Gaelic airs. The words are a secondary consideration, and in the prefatory note we are referred for the words of the songs to "well-known collections of Gaelic poetry." The verses selected from the various songs and the English translation accompanying them, show upon the whole good taste and sound judgment. The melodies are, so far as we are able to judge, well arranged and correctly written. A praiseworthy attempt "to supply those who love Gaelic singing with a cheap, portable, and correct collection of popular Gaelic melodies."

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* Ireland: Ur of the Chaldees. By Anna Wilkes. London: Published for the Author by Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill. 1873.

† Orain agus Fuinn Ghaidhealach. Popular Gaelic Melodies, with Gaelic and English Words (Sol-fa Notation). Edited by W. S. Roddie & L. M'Bean. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart; Glasgow: W. Love, Argyle Street; London: F. Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row.

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DR. O'GALLAGHER'S SERMONS.*

NOT merely Irishmen, but Celtic scholars wherever situated, must feel grateful to Canon Bourke for his numerous and able contributions to Celtic, and especially Irish, literature. Only twenty months ago (*Gael*, vol. iv. No. 68) we had before us a valuable work, written in English, on "The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language," which we are glad to learn has since gone through a second edition. We have now from the same author an excellent edition, with an interesting biography, of the Sermons of Bishop O'Gallagher. These sermons were printed by the Bishop himself in the year 1736, and they speedily became very popular among the Irish Roman Catholics. In 1820, or eighty-four years after their first publication, the eighteenth edition was issued, under the editorship of Edward O'Reilly, the author of the Irish and English Dictionary. The sermons are seventeen in number; and, with the exception of a few, such as those "On the Assumption of our Blessed Lady;" "On Confession;" "On Penance," we think they may be preached from most Gaelic pulpits without their orthodoxy being called in question—unless, perhaps, the numerous Latin quotations would arouse suspicion. With the doctrine of the sermons, however, we take nothing to do. The author of them appears to have been an able, faithful, and energetic man, who lived in times of trouble and danger to those professing his faith in Ireland. But, so far as we have been able to read them, the sermons do not breathe a spirit of rebellion or revenge. One of them, indeed, is on the necessity of loving our enemies—a harder thing to do then and there, than here and now.

The Gaelic is printed in modern Roman characters, with the dot (.) or diacritical point over the aspirated letters, instead of "h" following the letters as is our practice. We would have wished that Father Bourke, when he found that the so-called old Irish characters are really Roman characters, and, therefore, discarded them, had adopted the modern Roman characters in their entirety. But to this dot, instead of the letter "h," he clings as to an article of faith. This small matter apart, we congratulate him upon the excellent edition he has given of these sermons, and on the excellent vocabulary, so far as we are able to judge, which he has appended to the volume.

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* Sermons in Irish-Gaelic by the Most Rev. James O'Gallagher, Bishop of Raphoe, with literal idiomatic English translation on opposite pages, and Irish-Gaelic Vocabulary; Also, a Memoir of the Bishop and his Times. By the Rev. Canon Ulick J. Bourke, M.R.I.A., President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper Sackville Street. 1877.

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LEABHAR NA H'URNUIGH CHOITCHIONN.[*]

The Book of Common Prayer was translated into Gaelic for the first time by Patrick Stewart, of Foss, Perthshire. It was published after Mr. Stewart's death in Edinburgh by J. Moir, in the year 1794. It was republished by Lewis Grant, Inverness, for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in 1819. In 1851 a third edition was published for the Society by Robert Grant & Son, Edinburgh. This edition contained the English as well as the Gaelic, and was printed in double column, Gaelic in the one, English in the other. The same arrangement is followed in the present edition. Each successive edition contained some additions and improvements. In the present edition, which, we understand, has been prepared by the Rev. Donald Mackenzie, B.D., Incumbent of St. John's, Ballachulish, Argyllshire, the improvements and additions are considerable. We find, for example, that the headings on the top of each page are given in English as well as in Gaelic; that the new lectionary is adopted instead of the old calendar; and that the following prayers and services are translated for the first time—Forms of Prayer to be used at Sea; the Form and Manner of making, ordaining, and consecrating of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; A Form of Prayer with Thanksgivings for the twentieth day of June, being the day on which Her Majesty began her happy reign.

Upon comparing the edition of 1851 with that of the present edition, we do not find that the labours of the present editor in revising the old text have been of a very arduous nature. As mentioned already, some changes have been made, and a considerable amount of new matter has been inserted in this edition. Against this, we regret to find that the Gaelic version of the psalms in use in the Scotch Churches has been left out of the book, although by an editorial oversight the table of contents still includes them. It is not to be expected, and indeed it is not as a general rule desirable, that in a new edition any important changes should be made upon the translation of such a book as this. The first translator had the Irish version before him while executing his own. His translation was carefully revised in 1819, and again, we must suppose, in 1851. It appears to us, therefore, that an editor, however well qualified for the task, would not be justified in materially altering the translation now. If the translation is capable of improvement, as we believe it is, the task of amending it should not be intrusted to one man, or even to two. The Book of Common Prayer is not only a standard work in the Church, but it is also a classical work in the literature of England. It is most difficult to translate such a book well. Strict fidelity to the original, and a happy, vigorous idiom are indispensable. The thing can only be done as our translations of the Scriptures are done, by the combined efforts of many learned and able men. We are, accordingly, glad to find that the changes made upon the text of 1851 are few and unimportant, and that upon the whole we consider them improvements.

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[*] Leabhar na h-urnuigh choitchionn, agus frithealaidh nan sacramaidean, agus riaghailtean agus deasghnathachadh eile na h-eaglais: Do reir gnathachadh Eaglais Shasunn: Maille ris an T-saltair no Sailm Dhaibhidh, air am poncadh mar sheinnear no theirear iad an Eaglaisibh. Agus an riaghailt agus an doigh air ordughadh, agus coisrigeadh Easbuigibh, Shagartaibh, agus Dheaconaibh, Lunnuinn: An comunn airson meudachadh eolais a chreideamh chriosdail; reicte leosan na tighibh tasgaidh aig: 77, sraid mhòir na Bàn righ, Lincoln's Inn Fields; agus aig 4, sràid na Malairt Rioghail: agus cuideachd aig 48, Piccadilly. 1877.

But we regret to find that a large number of manifest typographical errors and faulty syllabification which found a place in former editions still disfigure the text of 1877. We are fully aware of the difficulty of getting Gaelic correctly printed. The difficulty no doubt is considerably increased when the editor is 600 miles away from the printing office, where neither compositor nor reader knows a word of the language. The only guarantee of correctness in such cases is, that proofs and revises be sent to the editor until he ceases to make changes. This process no doubt makes Gaelic printing an expensive business. It does so, and chiefly for that very reason private firms cannot print a copy of the Scriptures or of the Book of Common Prayer. But powerful and wealthy societies can do these things. We look to them for printing our Bibles and Prayer-books correctly. We regret to say that in the present case we look to them in vain. It is annoying to find the two last editions page upon page and line upon line the same, and along the column to meet such instances of syllabling as "athrai-chean," "shlu-aigh," "deanamaid." It would appear that some people's idea of Gaelic syllabification is simply to split up the word whenever you come to the end of a line. For example, within the compass of two columns we have not only "ard-aichibh" and "ardaich-ibh" correctly given; but also "ardaichibh" and "ardai-chibh," for no reason, apparently, except that the available space was exhausted at these breaks.

We find a few of the more glaring typographical errors in the edition of 1851 corrected in the edition of 1877. A larger number, we are sorry to say, have apparently been overlooked. The "Romhradh" alone contains quite a number of such manifest misprints as *robh* for *ro*, *faon* for *faoin*. *muthainneainn* for we know not what.

In the text we find such instances as *aoibneach* for *aoibhneach;* and in one instance we have noticed *guilain* for *giulain* faithfully kept in the editions of 1819, 1851, 1877. The edition of 1794 is in this instance correct; and the same word is correctly given in the four editions two lines farther on. These matters may be unimportant in some books. In the Prayer-book, as in the Scriptures, they are not unimportant. They could only have occurred with careless revising.

But it is chiefly in respect of the prayers translated for the first time that the labours of the editor of the present edition are to be judged. There are some good and happy translations in this portion of the work. The typographical errors are, as might be expected, more numerous than in the portion of the text printed now for the fourth time. In some cases we regret to notice instances of gross carelessness on the part of both printer and editor. "Urnuighean goirid *airson* doirionn" means "Short prayers *for* a tempest," and not "Short prayers *in respect of* a storm." Again, "Short prayer for single persons that cannot meet to join in Prayer with others, by reason of the Fight or Storm" is badly translated, and worse printed, as follows:—"Urnuighaean goirid; airson phearsaibh nan aonar, nach urrainn le aobhar Cogaidh no Stoirm, cruinneachadh an ceann chaich gu aontachadh nan uruigh."

We grieve to have to point out such blemishes as these in a translation which in many passages almost rivals, in force and grace of expression, its great original. We are of opinion that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge judged wisely when they selected the present editor to superintend the issue of a new edition of the Book of Common Prayer for the use of our countrymen; but they would have judged more wisely had they associated with him other equally competent men, and had they asked wealthy Highland proprietors of the Episcopal communion, instead of building churches where there are no people to fill them and no clergy to officiate in them, to bear the expense of providing the poor of their people with a Gaelic version of the Book of Common Prayer faithfully translated and correctly printed.

I'LL CEASE TO DEPLORE.

(CHA BHI MI GA D'CHAOIDH.)

Thy loss, my sweet maiden, I'll cease to deplore,
Thou hast left me to pine, but I love as of yore;
But should'st thou return my true love thou should'st be,
Receiving thy letter, I'd hasten to thee.

O bear ye my greetings to her that I prize,
Far over the ocean between us that lies;
Her neatly-arch'd eye-brows unshaded with gloom,
And breathe in its fragrance like roses in bloom.

When lately we parted how sad the farewell!
Our words were but few, but our thoughts who can tell?
When lost to my vision, afar on the brine,
I drank thee success in a goblet of wine.

Three times have I cross'd to the ship as she lay
Becalmed on the breast of the silvery bay;
My crew are the bravest that handle an oar,
Unawed by the tempest they laugh at its roar.

No ball-room can tempt me or raise my despair,
There is none in the dance that with thee could compare;
When climbing the mountains I gaze o'er the tide
To the land where my fair one has gone to reside.

Not the peacock such beauty and gracefulness shows
As the maiden whose presence would banish my woes;
She's fair as the lily and sweet as the rose,
And nothing can tempt me her name to disclose.

A N
G A I D H E A L.

"Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."—Oisean.

VI. Leabh.] TREAS MIOS AN FHOGHAIR, 1877. [70 Air.

LITREACHAS NAN GAIDHEAL.

XII. ROB DONN.

Fhuair Rob Donn, 'na dhuthaich fein, cliù agus urram nach d'fhuair Baird, ma dh'fhaodte, a b'airde buaidhean na esan. A mach as a dhuthaich fein, gu sonruichte am measg nan Gaidheal, cha d'fhuair e fathast an t-urram a tha dligheach dh'a. Cha'n fhiosrach mi gu bheil aon d'ar Baird Ghaidhealach, a mach o Oisean, a dh'fhag 'na dheigh uiread Bardachd ri Rob Donn; agus cha'n 'eil aon idir ann a rinn uiread oran ris. Feudaidh e bhi gur e is aobhar gu bheil na h-uiread dhiu a nis air sgeul nach robh e fein a lathair an uair a chuireadh a mach an leabhar, agus gu'n do ghleidheadh a chuid oran air chuimhne na b'fhearr na ghleidheadh saothair nam Bard nach do chruinnich an orain fein. Ann an coimeas r'ar Baird Ghaidhealach thar cheann, tha Rob Donn comharraichte airson giorrad agus aireamh a chuid oran. Cha'n 'eil, ma dh'fhaodte, Bard againn a thug seachad uiread fhuinn ris; cha'n 'eil aon idir aig a' bheil cho lionmhor atharrach steigh ris. 'S e Orain shùgach, Aoirean, agus Marbhrannan is trice a tha aige; ach cha'n 'eil teud de'n chlarsaich Ghaidhealaich nach do bhuail e. Cha'n 'eil inntinn air a lionadh le aillidheachd, maise, agus greadhnachas na tìre mar bha inntinn nan triuir Bhard a bu cho-aoisean dh'a — Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair, Dughall Buchannan, agus Donnachadh Ban; ach gheibh sinn uair no dhà dearbhadh nach robh gloir agus greadhnachas a' chruthachaidh foluichte o shuil no o chridhe. Cha'n 'eil Orain Ghaoil Rob Dhuinn cho lionmhor no cho blath ri Orain Ghaoil cuid d'ar Baird. Ach tha cuid diu so, agus aon gu sonruichte a rinn e d'a cheud ghaol—do "Anna bhuidhe nigh'n Domhnuill"—an deigh dh'i cul a chur ris, air nach toirear barr 'n ar canain. Saoilidh mi gu'n dearbh an ceathramh mu dheireadh de'n oran so gu'n robh cluas, cridhe, agus inntinn Baird aig Rob Donn:

"Ach cionnus bheir mi fuath dhuit,
Ged dh'fhuaraich thu rium,
'N uair 's feargaich' mo sheanachas,
Mu t'ainm air do chùl,
Thig t'iomhaigh le h-annsachd,
'N a shamhladh 'n am ùigh,
Saolidh mi's an àm
Gu'n dean an gaol sin an tùrn.
'S theid air a ràth,
Gu h-as-ur,
Is fasaidh e'n trà sin,
Cho àrda ri tùr."

Ach ged rinn Rob Donn iomadh Oran de'n t-seorsa so a dh'fhirinnicheas barail Iain-'Ic-Aoidh, Fear Mheilinnis,

"Leis gach breitheamh d'an eol dàn,
Bidh cuimhne gu brath air Rob Donn,"

cha'n 'eil teagamh nach e Aoirean agus gu sonruichte a Mharbhrannan agus Orain aotrom, shùgach, aighearach a ghleidheas ainm air chuimhne. Airson a leithid so de Bhardachd, cha'n 'eil, a reir mo bheachd, coimeas do Rob Donn am measg nam Bard Gaidhealach. Ann an cuid de fheartan Bardail, agus ma dh'fhaodte anns a' chuid is airde, cha tig e nios ris na Baird Ghaidhealach is ainmeile 'n ar measg. Cha choimeasar Rob Donn no aon eile d'ar Baird Ghaidhealach ri Oisean. Tha agus a reir coltais bithidh aite air leth aige-san ann an teampull na Ceolraidh Ghaidhealaich. Cha mho a choimeasar, a reir mo bheachd ann an ceartas, Rob Donn airson reachdmhoireachd smuain no neart cainnt ri Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair, no ri Donnachadh Ban airson snas cainnt no grinneas 'us ceolmhoireachd roinne; agus cha'n 'eil idir sealladh ard no smuain ghreadhnach Dhughaill Buchannain aige. Ach bha inntinn cho beo aige agus a bha aig aon de'n triuir; agus cha robh aon diu a bu gheire suil a dh'fhaicinn roimh chridhe cuise no roimh chridhe duine na Rob Donn. A thuilleadh air so saoilidh mi nach robh aon d'ar Baird ainmeil Ghaidhealach aig an robh an tomhas de thuigse nadurra a bha aig a' Bhard so; agus tha an seud ainmig so cho feumail do'n Bhard, mur 'eil na's feumaile, agus a tha i do neach eile. Chum am feart so, agus firinn a naduir, Rob Donn ceart 'na mholadh agus 'na chaineadh an uair a bha an cunnart mor gu'n rachadh e cli. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil a' chuid mhor de luach Aoirean agus Mharbhrannan Rob Dhuinn 'nam firinn. Mur biodh dearbhadh againn gur ann le rùn maith, neofheineil a rinn Rob a' chuid is mo agus gu sonruichte a' chuid is fearr d'a rannan, cha bhiodh meas cho mor againn orra agus cha toilleadh iad e. Ma chuireas tu firinn a thaobh, ma dh'fhuilingeas tu dhuit fein a bhi luaidh ri neach gach feart 'us rian maith no dona is aithne dhuit, saoilidh mi gu bheil e na's usa dhuit rann cheolmhor, reidh a dheanamh na bhitheas e ma ghleidheas tu an comhnuidh dlù ris an fhirinn.

'S e mo bheachd gur e an aon choire is mo a dhearbhar air Rob Donn mar Bhard gu'n do chaith e ro bheag dragh ri orain. Saoilidh mi gu bheil e fior, agus gur call mor do'n Bhardachd Ghaidhealaich gu bheil, gu'n robh an duine so comasach air a chuid oran fhagail na b'fhearr na rinn e, agus gu'n robh e comasach air obair a b'airde dheanamh na ghabh e os laimh. Tha e air innseadh dhuinn gu'n robh e deanamh oran o'n a bha e trì bliadhna a dh'aois g'a bhas; agus ged, ma dh'fhaodte, nach 'eil Bard Gaidhealach againn a ghleidh an comhnuidh ma choinneamh cudthrom agus soluimteachd dreuchd a' Bhaird mar a ghleidh Rob Donn, tha e fior gur gann a ghabh e barrachd dragh a' taghadh a steigh no 'rann no 'chainnt 'na thri-fichead bliadhna na ghabh e 'na thrì. Thigeadh ni no neach 'na rathad a bha toillteanach air cliù, air achmhasan, no air fochaid, agus ann an tiunndadh na boise bha an t-oran deanta agus cha robh an ath tilleadh ris. Cha rachadh e fad na coise a dh'iarradh steigh, agus cha smuaineachadh e dà uair airson focal a bu fhreagarraiche 'na cheile. Be gne inntinn an duine, a reir coltais, o oige a bhi beothail, ullamh, geur. Bha a Bhardachd ann an tomhas mor de aon ghne r'a radhan agus r'a fhreagairtean. Bha e teabaidh, beairrte, geur thar. tomhais, agus gheibhear am feart so 'na rann, ma dh'fhaodte, na's trice na gheibhear na feartan Bardail is airde. Ach a thuilleadh air so bha cridhe blath aige, agus bha nadur fior, misneachail, duineil aige a chum na feartan cunnartach ud eile fo smachd cubhaidh.

Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil Orain Rob Dhuinn ann an tomhas na's luachmhoire a chionn gu'n deachaidh cho beag dragh a chaitheadh riu. Tha sinn na's eolaiche air a' Bhard agus air a ghne inntinn a bha aige do bhrigh so. Is mor an luach a bhi faotainn toradh inntinn gheur blath o'n chridhe. Agus tha e air innseadh dhuinn gur gann a chaith Rob Donn os cionn uair no dhà—air a chuid bu mho—ri aon d'a chuid oran. Tha dearbhadh air gu'n do rinn e cuid de na h-orain is fearr ann an uine bu ghiorra na so. Ma dh'fhaodte nach 'eil aon d'a orain cho ainmeil ri "Marbhrann Eoghain" agus ri "Briogais Mhic-Ruairidh." Ged nach deanadh e riamh Oran ach an dithis so fein, bhiodh a chliù àrd am measg nam Bard Gaidhealach. Tha fios againn gu'n deachaidh "Marbhrann Eoghainn" a dheanamh ann a fior bheagan uine am bothan Eoghain fein mu'n d'fhag an anail e; agus gu'n do rinneadh "Briogais Mhic-Ruairidh" ann an iomlaid leth-uair an uaireadair—am feadh agus a bha am Bard a' coiseachd mu dhà mhile de astar. Ach ged gheibhear cuid de orain Rob Dhuinn fior mhaith, cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil, 'nan smuain, 'nan cainnt, agus 'nan rann blath an deifir air a mhor chuid diu. Ged chaidh orain a sgriobhadh o bheul a' Bhaird fein, cha'n 'eil e ro-choltach gu'n robh cothrom aig Rob Donn mar bha aig ar Baird ainmeil eile air a shaothair fhagail air an doigh a b'fhearr mar dhileab aig an t-sluagh. Sgriobh agus chlobhuail Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair agus Dughall Buchanan am Bardachd fein. Bha làn uine agus làn chothrom aca air a shonruchadh 'nan inntinn fein a chuid de'n saothair a bheireadh iad seachad do'n t-saoghal agus an doigh air an tugadh iad seachad e. Tha e air aithris gu'n do sgriobh an t-Olla Stiubhart, Ministeir Chill-fhinn, a dh'eadar-theangaich an Tiomnadh nuadh gu Gaidhlig, orain fein do Dhonnachadh Ban Mac-an-t-Saoir. Bha mar so làn chothrom aig an triuir Bhard so air amharc thairis agus thairis air an saothair fein mu'n do chuireadh fa chomhair an t-saoghail ann an leabhar i. Cha'n aithne dhomh call is mo do chliu Rob Dhuinn na nach d'fhuair esan an cothrom ceudna. Bha e fein agus a mhinisteir—an t-Olla Domhnullach—'nan deagh chairdean. Is tric a smuainich mi na'n sgriobhadh an duine so Bardachd Rob Dhuinn gu'm biodh i againn air doigh gu mor na's taitniche na tha i. Cho fada agus a thainig a chliù a nuas g'ar latha-ne ann am Bardachd Rob fein, bu duine tuigseach an Domhnullach, aig an robh inntinn fharsuing, cho maith ri ministeir dileas. Saoilidh mi na'n sgriobhadh am ministeir so Bardachd Rob Dhuinn gu'n cuireadh e stad air a' Bhard aig iomadh focal agus aig iomadh rann agus gu'n abradh e ris: "Stad ort, a Rob! A' bheil thu cinnteach nach gabhadh am focal no an rann so a leasachadh? 'S e do dhreuchd-sa a bhi seinn mar is e mo dhleasdanas-sa a bhi searmonachadh. Ach cuimhnich an uair a bhitheas tusa agus mise a' cnamh anns an uir, an uair a bhitheas mo shearmoinean-sa agus iadsan a chuala iad gu tur air di-chuimhne, gu'm bi t-orain-sa agus t-ainm cho caithreamach am measg an t-sluaigh agus a tha iad an diugh. Tha mise a'm fhear-teagaisg do mhuinntir na sgireachd so ann am latha fein. Is goirid gus am bi mo chliù agus m'ainm am measg nan nithean a bha. Ach tha thusa a'd fhear-teagaisg do d'shluagh cho fhad agus a bhitheas iad fein agus an canain beo air thalamh. Am feadh 's a dh'innsear sgeul no sheinnear oran ann an Gaidhlig, bithidh *Faolan* agus an *Geigean* agus *Iain Thapaidh* agus am *Boc Glas* agus *Mac-Ruairidh* agus *Eoghan* agus *Clann-Fir-Ruspainn* a' toirt foghluim agus toilinntinn do mhiltean do d'luchd-duthcha anns gach cearn de'n t-saoghal. Tha fios agam gur ann air taobh na coir, na firinn, agus nan deadh bheus a tha do theagasg agus a bu mhaith leat e bhi. Ach tha thu a' seinn airson nan linntean a thig a'd'dheigh. Cha bu mhaith leat fein no leam-sa gu'm biodh do chainnt no do smuain 'n an ceap-tuislidh do aon a leughas t-orain. Thoir an aire, ma ta, gu'm bi t-orain agus do dhain air an aiseag do'n t-sluagh anns an doigh anns am bu mhaith leat do chliù fein, cliù do shluaigh, agus cliù Bardachd do dhuthcha a bhi air an gleidheadh beo air feadh an t-saoghail re nan linntean ri teachd." Tha mi meas na'm biodh smuaintean de'n t-seorsa so fa chomhair inntinn Rob Dhuinn an uair a sgriobhadh a' chuid oran gu'n robh iomadh focal agus sreath agus rann air an atharrachadh a chum na cuid a b'fhearr.

A thuilleadh air so, saoilidh mi na'm biodh smuaintean de'n t-seorsa so aig a' Bhard an àm deanamh nan oran gu'm faighteadh moran diu na's fearr na gheibhear a nis iad; agus gu'm faighteadh 'na shaothair oidhearpan na b'airde na thug e riamh. Tha e gun teagamh fior gu'n do rinn Rob Donn ann am beagan mhionaidean na h-orain is fearr a dh'fhag e 'na dheigh. Ach is e mo bheachd gu bheil e cheart cho fior gu'm biodh eadhon iad so na bu taitniche na tha iad na'n caitheadh am Bard tuilleadh dragh riu; agus gu'n robh e comasach air saothair a b'airde na ghabh e riamh os laimh. Bha inntinn Rob Dhuinn, mar a dh'fheumas inntinn Baird a bhi, soilleir, geur, mothachail, agus bha i gun sonruichte beo, luath; ach cha do choisinn Bard riamh, air airde a bhuaidhean, a' chliù is airde gun inntinn a bhi air a smachdachadh le stri chruaidh agus fhoighidneach. Cha do rinn agus cha dean lamh no ceann mhic an duine gniomh a mhaireas gun dragh, gun spairn. Ann am fallus a ghnuis ithidh e aran, agus ann am fallus eanachainn ni e oran no turn sam bith eile a ghleidheas ainm air chuimhne. Tha an t-iarunn o'n teallach loisgeach, drillscach, ach buailear air an innein e agus fuaraichear anns an uisge e mu'm fas e 'na stailinn righinn, cruaidh. Thig an smuain is doimhne agus na focail is geire air uairean clis mar bhoisgeadh an dealanaich, ach ged lasas am boisgeadh an airmailt car tiota os cionn solas a' mheadhon-la, falbhaidh e mar thainig agus tha an dorchadas na's mo na bha e roimhe. Is e solus laidir, teth, cinnteach na greine a bheir beatha agus fas do'n t-saoghal. Bhiodh smuain Rob Dhuinn, fior agus geur mar is trice a tha i, na b'fhirinniche agus na bu gheire, agus bhiodh a chainnt na bu shnasmhoire, na bu mhaisiche, agus na bu cheolmhoire, na tha iad, na'n cnuasachadh e orain thairis agus thairis mu'n d'thug e seachad do'n t-sluagh iad. Agus gu sonruichte tha mi meas na'm biodh inntinn air a cleachdadh ri saothair dhian, chruaidh, gu'n d'thugadh e oidhearp na b'airde na thug e, agus gu'm faigheamaid o Rob Donn oran a sheasadh guala ri guala, mur biodh an ceann aige orra, ri "Beannachadh Luinge" Mhic-Mhaighstir-Alastair, ri "Latha Bhreathanais" Dhughaill Buchannain, no ri "Beinn Dorain" Dhonnachaidh Bhain.

Ann an aon ni, is e mo bheachd gu'n toir Rob Donn barr air ar Baird Ghaidhealach uile gu leir—anns na linnibh deireannach so codhiu. A mach o Oisean, saoilidh mi nach eil Bard Gaidhealach againn aig an robh beachd cho cothromach air oifig no dreuchd a' Bhaird ri Rob Donn. Cha'n 'eil mi ag iomradh air Ughdair nan Laoidhean Gaidhealach ann a' chunntas so. Ann am fior bhrigh an fhocail is gann a thoilleadh Ughdair nan Laoidhean Gaidhealach ainm Baird. Bha iad gu leir 'nan searmonaichean agus ghabh iad cothrom air baigh nan Gaidheal ri rann agus ri ceol a chum nam firinnean a bha iad a' teagasg 'nan searmoinean a chur ann an rann a los gu'n eisdeadh an sluagh riu na bu durachdaiche. Cha robh iad 'nam Baird ach, mar gum b'ann, le tuiteamas. Bha iad 'nan luchd-teagaisg, ach b'e brigh an teagaisg an Soisgeul a mhain. Ach a mach o Rob Donn is gann is aithne dhomh aon d'ar Baird ainmeil Ghaidhealach aig an robh beachd cothromach air a dhreuchd mar Bhard. Cha do ghleidh Rob Donn fein an comhnuidh fa chomhair a dhleasdanas mar fhear-teagaisg d'a shluagh. Ghabh e gnothuch air uairean ri nithean a bu choir dh'a sheachnadh. Rinn e culaidh-mhagaidh de chuid nach do thoill spid no fanoid. Cha do thagh e a chainnt an comhnuidh mar a dh'fhaodadh e. Cha do ghabh e uiread dragh r'a orain agus a bu choir dh'a. Ach ged bha e ann an doigh no dhà an deighlaimh, saoilidh mi gu'n robh beachd fior aige air a dhreuchd fein agus air a dhleasdanas mar fhear-teagaisg. Mar nach tric a thachair ghabh muinntir a dhuthcha fein ris an uair a thainig e d'an ionnsuidh. Thug iad urram dh'a a bha comharraichte. Ma dh'fhaodte gu'n d'thugadh an t-urram so dh'a le cuid bho eagal roimh a theangaidh sgoilte, agus le cuid eile bho thlachd d'a fein agus d'a dhoigh; ach cha'n 'eil teagamh nach d'fhuair agus nach do thoill e urram bho àrd agus bho iosal airson nam feartan inntinn oirdhearc a bhuileachadh air agus an doigh fhior, chothromach anns an do chleachd e iad. Bha beachd Rob Dhuinn mu thimchioll ciod a bha ceart no cearr ann an cleachdadh, ceutach no mi-cheutach ann an giulan, glan no salach ann an cainnt, ma dh'fhaodte dealaichte o'd' bheachd-sa agus o'm' bheachd-sa. Ach ni sinne gu maith ma ghleidheas sinn, 'nar teagasg agus 'nar n-eisempleir, cho dlù air an ni a tha ceart a reir ar beachd fein.

Tha mi meas, ma ta, gu bheil fior luach dhuinne an diugh ann am beatha agus ann an saothair an duine so, seachad uile gu leir air maise no mi-mhaise a' chuid rann. Thainig e d'a dhuthaich gun ordugh Righ no Cleir a' creidsinn gum robh aige-san teachdaireachd r'a liobhairt do'n t-sluagh. Shuidh e 'na bhreitheamh air giulan agus air cleachduin a luchd-duthcha, eadar ard agus iosal, bhochd agus bheartach. Cha robh ni d'an cuisean ris nach do ghabh e, air aon doigh no doigh eile, gnothuch. Cha robh inbhe ach iosal. Cha robh cairdean no storas aige. Cha robh do chul-taice aige ach a bhuaidhean àrd fein; agus nadur fosgailte, firinneach, neo-sgathach. An aite a bhi 'na phlaigh anns an duthaich, dh'fhas e 'na fhior chumhachd innte air taobh firinn, ceartas, agus deadhbheus os cionn gach Ministeir agus Moraire a bha iad ann. Chaidh aige air so a dheanamh le thalantan a bha lionmhor a chur bu buil mhaith. Bha e creidsinn gun robh dleasdanas air e leagail air na buaidhean a bhuineadh dh'a a chaitheadh air taobh firinn, ceartas agus coir, agus an aghaidh foirneart, foill, agus eucoir 'na latha agus 'na dhuthaich fein. Chaidh e gun teagamh air uairean clì. Ach sheas e thar cheann cho duineil re a bheatha ri firinn, a reir a sholuis fein, agus gu'n do bhuidhinn e cliu agus meas a luchd duthcha fein. Chuir e e fein an ceill mar fhear-teagaisg firinneach

—'na dhoigh fein fior shearmonaiche fireantachd—agus thug e air an t-sluagh gabhail ris mar aon agus creidsinn ann. Cha'n aithne dhomh aon d'ar Baird Ghaidhealach a ghabh a leithid so de dhleasdanas air fein; agus cha'n aithne dhomh aon ainmeil dhiu ach Dughall Buchannan d'an tigeadh e a ghabhail. Tha e tuillidh is fior mu mhoran diu nach ann air taobh firinn no coir a bha aon chuid am beatha no an teagasg. Dh'fhag Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair agus Donnachadh Ban Mac-an-t-Saoir Bardachd 'nan deigh a bheir toilinntinn do mhoran Ghaidheal nach faigh ach beagan blas air Orain Rob Dhuinn. Bha gibhtean Bardail aig an dà dhuine dealaichte bho Rob Donn—gibhtean ma dh'fhaodte a b'airde na a ghibhtean-sa. Tha iad fein agus sinne cho fortanach agus gu'n do sheinn iad mar bu trice mu aillidheachd a chruthachaidh agus gu'n do sheachain iad cuisean an coimhearsnaich. Bhiodh an cliù na b'airde na seachnadh iad cuisean an coimhearsnaich an comhnuidh. A reir coltais cha b'urrainn doibh ach a bhi moladh no caineadh; agus cha b'urrainn doibh moladh no caineadh ach a reir mar a bha tlachd no fuath aca fein. Is e cliù Rob Dhuinn gu'n do ghabh e mar a steigh cuisean agus gnothuichean a latha agus a dhuthcha fein; agus gu'n do sheinn e mu'n deibhinn gun mi-thlachd a chur ach air na h-eucoraich a mhain. Feudaidh e bhi gu'n abair cuid gu'n do dhearbh Rob Donn isle bhuaidhean leis na steighean a thagh e. Cha'n 'eil mi de'n bheachd so. Tha mi meas gur airidh cuisean an t-sluaigh—an aighear agus am bron, an gaol agus am fuath—air an seinn cho maith ri doighean fhiadh agus dath bheanntan. A dh'aon ni b'e gnothuichean a chairdean agus a choimhearsnaich steigh Rob Dhuinn. Ann a bhi g'a seinn dh'ardaich e dhreuchd agus chuir e urram air cho maith ri ach beagan d'ar Baird Ghaidhealach, agus cha d'thug e idir masladh air mar a rinn moran diu.

Cha'n 'eil mi ro chinnteach an d'iunnsaich na Gaidheil no luchd-duthcha Rob Dhuinn fein gu ro mhaith an leasan a tha a bheatha agus a Bhardachd cho soilleir a' teagasg. Cha'n 'eil cearn de'n Ghaidhealtachd air a' bheil sinn cho eolach ceud bliadhna roimhe so agus a tha sinn air Duthaich-'Ic-Aoidh bho orain Rob Dhuinn. Cluinnidh sinn gu tric, agus tha sinn gu tric a' creidsinn, gu'n robh daoine an là ud na bu chairdeile, na bu chaoimhneile, na b'fhirinniche, na bu bheusaiche, na bu chrabhaiche agus na bu chomhfhurtachaile na daoine ar latha-ne. Tha eagal orm gu bheil sinn ann an tomhas mor g'ar mealladh fein anns na cuisean so. Tha sinn ro dheas gu bhi cur barrachd luach air an tìm a bh'ann o shean na thoilleas i. A reir cunntais Rob Dhuinn saoilidh mi nach robh muinntir Dhuthaich-'Ic-Aoidh a bheag air thoiseach air mar tha iad an diugh. Cha robh Goill no caoraich mhaola aca. Bha uaislean na duthcha a' fuireach innte. Ach cha'n fhaic mi gu'n robh cairdeas no caoimhneas no firinn a bheag na b'airde 'nam measg na a shaoileas mi a tha iad fathast. Ma bha an sluagh na bu chrabhaiche no na bu naomha anns an àm ud, is ann air doigh nach tuigear gu ro mhaith an diugh. Bha Rob Donn 'na fhoirfeach anns an Eaglais agus 'na chompanach aig na Ministeirean a b'ainmeile anns an aite. C'aite a' bheil Seisein anns na tri Siorrachdan a ghabhadh 'na fhoirfeach an diugh e, no Ministeir a dh'aideachadh d'a shluagh gu'm b'e chleachduin a bhi leughadh a chuid oran?

D. M‘K.

AM FAIGH A' GHAIDHLIG BÀS ?

Tha móran sluaigh a'm beachd an diugh
Nach 'eil ar cànan slàn,
Nach fhad' a chluinnear fuaim a guth,
Nach téid i 'chaoidh ni's feàrr ;
Gu'm bheil an aont' a bh' aic' air ruith,
Nach tog i ceann gu bràth ;
'S a dh'aindeoin buaidh Mhic-'Ille-Dhuibh,
Gu'm faigh a' Ghàidhlig bàs.

Tha siol nan sonn 'g an cur air chùl,
'S am fearann 'g a chur fàs ;
Tha féidh us caoirich air gach stùc
Mu 'n robh na laoich a' tàmh ;
Tha cinneach eil' air teachd do'n ùir,
'S ag éiridh suas 'n an àit',
'Tha 'toirt am bòidean air gach dùil
Gu 'm faigh a' Ghàidhlig bàs.

An leig sinn eachdraidh chaomh ar tìr'
A sgrìobadh de gach clàr,
'S a' Ghàidhlig chòir a chur a dhìth
Le linn nach tuig a gnàths ?
An cànan aosda, glòrmhor, binn,
A dhùisgadh fuinn nam Bàrd,
Am fan sinn diomhanach gun sùim
Us daoi 'g a cur gu bàs ?

Dùisg suas, a Ghàidhlig, 's tog do ghuth,
Na biodh ort geilt no sgàig ;
Tha ciadan mìle dìleas duit
Nach dìobair thu 's a' bhlàr ;
Cho fad' 's a shiùbhlas uillt le sruth,
'S a bhuaileas tuinn air tràigh,
Cha 'n aontaich iad a'n cainnt no 'n cruth
Gu 'n téid do chur gu bàs.

A' chainnt a dh'fhoillsich cliù nam Fiann,
'S an gaisgeadh dian 's gach càs ;
Tha'n euchdan iomraiteach bho chian
Ag àrach miann 'n an àl ;
Na leómhainn threun' nach d'thug le fiamh
An cùlthaobh riamh do nàmh ;
Tha iomadh gleann, us cnoc, us sliabh,
A' luaidh air gniomh an làmh.

Cha'n eòl dhuinn ceàrn, an ear, no'n iar,
No fonn mu'n iath an sàl
Nach fhaighear cuid an sin dhe'n siol
A' liadachadh 's a' fàs,
'Tha 'g altrum suas, le dùrachd dion,
Gach sgialachd agus dàn
A bhiodh an sìnnsearan a' sniomh
'An tìr nan sliabh 's nam bàgh.

Ach 's geàrr a bhios an ùin' a' triall,
Gu 'm faic sinn, mar is àill,
A' Ghàidhlig mùirneach, mar ar miann,
'An cathair inbheich, àird,
A' sgaoileadh eòlais agus ciall
Bho 'h-ionmhasan nach tràigh ;
'S a' taisbeanadh le neart a rian
Nach téid i 'n cian so bàs.

'N sin togaidh i le buaidh a ceann,
Le aoibhneas ni i gàir,
A teudan gleusaidh i gu teann
Le cridhe taingeil, làn ;
Gu'n cluinn mac-talla feadh nan gleann
Gach doire 's allt 'cur fàilt',
'S an osag chiùin air bhàrr nam beann
A' giùbhlan fonn a dàin.

Ach buaidh us piseach air na laoich
'Tha seasmhach air a sgàth,
'Chaidh àrach ann an tìr an fhraoich,
Ge sgaoilt' an diugh an àl ;
Ged chaidh an sgapadh air gach taobh,
Cha chaochail iad an gnàths,
Cha'n fhàs an eachdraidh lag le aois,
'S cha'n fhaigh a' Ghàidhlig bàs.

N. Macleoid.

—o—

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

Coin. "Bithidh tu beo bliadhna eile, a' Ghoistidh choir, oir bha mi direach a' smuaineachadh ort, an uair a rainig thu an dorus. Gluais a steach, agus leag do sgios, gus an solair Seonaid ni eigin eile d'a deagh charaid fein."

Mur. "Na cuir dragh air mo Bhan-ghoistidh, no air neach eile 'san fhardaich, oir tha mi gu ro-mhaith, gu'n eigin, no uireasbhuidh, no ni sam bith a dhith orm, —seadh, gu'n phathadh, gu'n ocras, gu'n sgios,—gu'n ni a' cur dragh orm aig a' cheart am."

C. "Bu tu fein an duine sona, a' Mhurachaidh, oir is iomadh ni a tha 'cur dragh ormsa, ged nach bu mhaith leam geilleadh dhoibh, no aomadh leo ; gidheadh thig trioblaidean gu'n a bhi'gan iarraidh, agus tha iad gu minic trom air fuil agus feoil pheacach,—Ochan ! tha gu'n teagamh, a' charaid ionmhuinn."

M. "Ro cheart, a' Choinnich, gidheadh, ged a rugadh an duine chum carraid mar a dh'eireas na srada suas ; an deigh sin m'a chuireas e a dhochas anns an Ti uile-ghrasmhoir sin nach treig e, cha'n eagal da.

Tha gu'n teagamh cuimhne agad air mar a thubhairt Salmadair binn Israeil :—

> " Is lionmhor trioblaid agus teinn,
> Thig air an fhirean choir ;
> Ach asd' air fad ni Dia nan gras
> A theasairginn fadheoidh."

C. " A' cheart Salm leis an do thoisich seann Mhaighstir Domhnull coir an t-seirbhis a sheachduin gus an duigh ! Ach o'n is i an t-Sabaid a th'ann, a' Mhurachaidh, cluinneamaid an Laoidh air an d'thug thu iomradh an la roimh', oir tha uine agad air a h-aithris, mu'n d'thig trath searmoin."

M. " Tha'n Laoidh sin gu maith fada, a' Choinnich, tha i air a roinn na da earrainn. Tha 'cheud Earrann a nochdadh mar a thuit an duine gu staid amhghair agus truaighe trid a' pheacaidh, agus gu'n chumhachd aige e fein a leasachadh ; agus tha'n dara Earrann a' foillseachadh na h-innleachd grasmhoir sin, trid am feud an duine a bhi a ris air ardachadh gu staid sonais agus gloire, le'dhochas a chur ann an Criosd."

C. " Tha mi cinnteach gur airidh an Laoidh air eisdeachd le' foighidinn agus curam."

M. " Dean sin, ma ta, a' charaid, agus thoir eisdeachd."

EARRANN I.

1.

Air bhi do m' chridhe gleusda, deas,
Air truaigh an duine seinnidh mi,
Is air an t-slighe chum dol as,
Chaidh dheasuch' dha le Dia na sith'.

2.

Rinneadh an tus an duine ceart,
Ach mhealladh e le namh gu'n iochd,
Bhris e coimh-cheangal Dhe nam feart,
Is thuit 'na chiont' e fein 'sa shliochd.

3.

Air chuireadh cealg gu seolt' a'n gniomh,
Oir fathast aig' cha robh a fios ;
Is stiuireadh feall, mu'n cual e riamh
A r iomradh, nise chum a sgrios !

4.

Theich neo-chiont, 's gach ni maith 'san uair
Ri buaireadh dh'eisd, 'sa dh'ith e'm meas
Chaidh thoir measg dha ; 's na eiric fhuair
E'n t-eolas, nach robh chum a leas.

5.

Och ! chaill e iomhaigh Dhe nan gras,
A mhealtuinn is a chomunn caomh,
Is cosmhail ris a' mhealltair dh'fhas,
O'n am a bhris e'n aithne naomh !

6.

O ! ciod an nair a dh'oibrich e !
Is ciod a' chlaoidh, an sgrios, 'san truaigh,
Seadh, ciod am bas de iomadh gne,
Bas bhos a'n so, is thall de'n uaigh !

7.

'S moch thilgeadh e a mach o chrann
Na beatha, 'n garadh Dhe a dh'fhas,
Co dearbht' 'sa bheireas mathair clann,
'S co dearbht' a bheireas peacadh bas.

8.

Do'n uir ath-phillidh e gu luath ;
Tha 'oirdheirceas 'sa ghloir mar bhlath,
A sheargas osag reot o thuath,
'Sa thuiteas sios mu'n duin an la.

9.

Theid as d'a naimhdeas is d'a thnu,
D'a uabhar, strith, 's d'a uile mhais' ;
Taisgear a chorp gu'n snuadh, gu'n luth,
'S dheth nithear biadh na cnuimhe glais !

10.

Tha iomadh namhaid, amhghar, 's truaigh,
Gach am 'ga chuairteachadh gu'n chlos ;
Tha'n diabh'l, an saogh'l, 'san fheoil, gu cruaidh
A' cogadh ris, fhad 's tha e bhos !

11.

Ach ris tha namh nach fearr a' strith,
'S tha'n namh sin 'stigh do ghnath na chre ;
An cridhe cealgach thar gach ni,
'S do-leigheas ;—Co a thuigeas e ?

12.

Tha'n talamh malluicht' air a sgath ;
Droighionn is cluarain bheir e uaith ;
Is ithidh e fein a lon gach la
A'm bron, 's am fallus blath a ghruaidh.

13.

Is tric a ghearan is a chaoidh,
Is tric an osunn as a chliabh,
'S tric teanntachd agus airc 'ga chlaoidh ;
Bha chuis mar so, o'n tuisleadh riamh.

14.

Tha macnus, sannt, is cridhe tinn
Na misg' 'sna geocaireachd, 'sgach olc gu'n sgur,
Ga mhaslachadh air feadh gach linn,
'S ga isleach' anns gach tir gu tur.

15.
Tha inntinn alluidh, coirbte, dan,
Is dall, is mearachdach 'na beachd ;
Do ghnath 'na h-ionad-comhnuidh lan
Do thruaigh, do thruaill'eachd, is do pheac'.

16.
C'ait nis am bheil gach buaidh gu'n ghiomh,
Bha air mu'n d'chiontaich e 'san lios ?
A chonaltradh, 'sa chainnt gu'n fhiamh
R'a Dhia, 's ri h-ainglibh,—c'ait a nis ?

17.
Bha peac' 's fior chall a' sruthadh riamh,
On togradh tha 'sa chridhe chlaon ;
Na lochdan chuirear ann an gniomh
Dhiubh dhealbhadh 'n tus'san toil gach aon.

18.
Tha'n duin' 'na staid neo-iompaicht 'fein,
Do ghnath fo'n mhallachd is fo dhaors,
A' triall do ionad dorch na pein,
'S le innleachd fein cha'n fhaigh e saors'.

19.
Ged chuirteadh fireantachd na bha,
'S na bhios de naoimh 'sa chruinne-ce,
Ri maothran truagh chum gloir thoirt da,
Gloir leatha 'm feasd cha'n fhaigheadh e.

20.
Ged ghabhadh 'n t-aingeal 's aird' an gloir
Da ionnsuidh corp, le tlus 'na chre,
'S ged cheustadh e chum oirnne foir,
A bheag do fheum cha diongadh e.

21.
Mar ol' nan oighean glice, caomh,
Nach gabhadh roinn ri neach fo'n ghrein,
Tha maitheas gann nan Aingeal naomh ;
Tha feum air uile aca fein.

22.
Cha toirear diol' le peacach truagh,
Do cheartas teann an De bhith-bheo ;
Ged phiantadh chaoidh gach uile shluagh,
An t-an-fhiach mor cha'n ioctadh leo !

23.
Is naomh, is ceart 's is maith a lagh,
Tha beatha 'sruthadh uaith gu reidh
Ma choimhdear iomlan e ; gidheadh,
Is litir-ditidh dhuinne e.

24.
Oir leinn am feasd cha choimh'dear reachd.
Tha 'seideadh bagraidh, diomb, is craidh,
'N aghaidh gach tuislidh, ciont, is peac'
A's lugha th'ann, gu'n iochd, gu'n bhaigh!

25.
'S malluicht' gach neach nach cum le threis',
Gach tiot' gach uile phunc do'n lagh ;
Gu'n so, cha'n fhaigh e beatha leis,
Tha dhochas ann gu'n tairbh, gu'n bhlagh!

26.
Tha ceartas De uil' uamhunnach,
Is uime sin tha againn fios,
Fo'n lagh, gu'm bheil gach uile neach,
Fo chorruich, diogh'ltas, bas, is sgrios !

27.
Is uamhunnach an ni am bas
Do'n dream, do'n lagh nach faighear marbh ;
A muigh de throcair Dhe nan gras,
Dhoibh cuirear as, le leir-sgrios searbh !

28.
'S ni smuaintean air an gniomh o chein,
An sonas mor a chailleadh leo,
Is agartas an cogais fein
Am bioradh 'm feasd 's an lasair bheo !

29.
'S an t-slochd gu'n aigeal theid am pian',
Cha'n fhaigh iad fois no iochd a chaoidh ;
'S le h-uamhasaibh gu cian nan cian,
Ni 'n t-Uile-chumhachdach an claoidh !

30.
Cha'n 'eil dol as o 'laimh ro threin,
Cha'n fholuichear a bheag o 'ghnuis,
Didean cha'n 'eil o chorruich dhein,
'S o 'bhinn am feasd cha togar cuis !

EARRANN II.

1.
Eisdibh gach neach 's am bheil an deo,
Ri Soisgeul ciuin na slainte moir,
Gluaisibh da reir is mairibh beo,
Gu siorruidh ann an riogh'chd na gloir'.

2.
'S na h-ardaibh gu robh gloir do Dhia,
Air talamh sith, a chaoidh deagh-ghean,
Do dhaoinibh caillt',—oir shaor an Triath,
A shluagh, air 'n robh o shior a chean.

3.
Co luath 'sa bhasuich Criosd, 's a chuir
E crioch air 'obair, thoisich laoidh
Air neamh, riamh fathast nach do sguir,
'S nach sgur o linn gu linn a chaoidh !

4.
Gach neach a ghlanar nis' le fuil
A' chroinn, cha dean an lagh an cron ;
Oir choimhlion, 's dh'ardaich Criosd e uil',
'S air chuir e urram air an son !

5.
Mur fuil'geadh e 'nar cruth 'nar riochd,
Chum dioladh thoirt do cheartas De,
Cha'n fhaigheadh fiu aon anam iochd ;
Am feasd chum gloir cha rachadh e.

6.
Cha'n fhaigh neach trocair De gu brath,
Air son ni maith sam bith ann fein ;
A mach á Criosd gu'n eufachd tha
Deagh-ghniomh gach uile shluaigh fo'n ghrein!

7.

Ged robh bhur lochdan mor, is tric,
Ni 's mo na biodh orr' agaibh meas ;
Ach treigibh iad 's ni Aon-ghin Mhic
An Tighearn' De, an dubhadh as.

8.

Bheir e bhur ciontan, air am fuath's,
Air falbh trid toilltinneis a bhais,
Trid eadar-ghuidhe 'fhola shuas,
'S a bhos a'n so, trid buaidh a' ghrais !

9.

O ! aird', is doimhn', is fad, is leud,
A' ghraidh a nochdadh dhuinn le Dia
A'n Iosa Criosd ! cia mor a' mheud !
'S cia h-airidh uainn air gradh an Triath !

10.

'Nuair nach robh lamh a thearnadh ann,
No suil air bith a ghabhadh truas,
Ri daoinibh peacach, truagh, is fann,
Ghrad-thuirling Criosd o neamh a nuas:

11.

'So liontaibh, 's chuilbheartachd an naimh,
A bha 'gam foireigneadh 'nan lochd,
Ghrad-spion an Gaisgeach treun le' laimh
Uil'-chumhachdaich, na ciomaich bhochd!

12.

Thug e a bhuilleadh bais, le bhas
An-iochdmhor-fein, do namhaid De,
'S na h-Eaglais, 's dhaoine bh'aige 'n sas,
'S le gliocas diomhair chlaoidh se e !

13.

Ach dh'eirich Esan suas o'n uaigh,
Far'n robh e marbh gu tosdach, seamh,
'S air bas is ifrinn thug e buaidh,
'S gu glormhor chaidh e suas gu neamh !

14.

Far'm bheil e beo a nis gu sior,
A' deanamh eadar-ghuidh' do ghnath,
As leth nan daoine taght' is fior,
An dream a thug an t-Athair da.

15.

Co fior 'sa dh'eug an Tighearn Ios',
Air son nan creidmheach air a' chrann,
'S co fior cha d'leig e bheatha sios
Air son na dream nach creideadh ann.

16.

Co fior 's tha suim aig Dia na gloir,
D'a cheartas fein, 's do leas nan naomh ;
'S co fior, air duin' cha dean e foir,
Nach gabh ri Criosd mar leanabh caomh.

17.

Airsan gach neach nach faic am feum,
'Mar Fhaidh, mar Shagart, is mar Righ,
Mar fhirinn, bheatha, agus cheum
Gu'n toirt gus sonas, gloir, is sith ;

18.

Gach uile Annsan nach gabh tlachd,
Nach gradhaich e, nach geill d'a chainnt;
'Na neart nach toir gach beud fo smachd,
'S nach iarr gu'n amais iad air slaint';

19.

Labhraidh e fathast riu gu garg,
Is their e, Imichibh uam a' shluagh
Tha mallaichte ; ni teine 's fearg
'N sin iads' a chlaoidh am feasd gu truagh.

20.

'S a bhreth cha'n 'eil dol as aig neach
O bhas, air cheann an latha mhoir,
Nach measar naomh chum dol a steach,
Do'n bheatha shiorruidh, is do ghloir.

21.

Ma bhitheas sibhs' do'n pheac' fo chis,
Mur cuir sibh ann an Criosd bhur doigh;
Mur bi sibh air bhur breith a ris,
Gu cinnteach caillear sibh fadheoidh.

22.

Pillibh, ma ta, ri Dia air ais,
Is gluaisibh 'na thrath gu diadhaidh, coir;
'S fearr pilleadh 'n leth an athain chais,
Na tuiteam sios do'n doimhne mhoir.

23.

Grad-dheanaibh aithreachas ro shearbh,
As leth bhur seana chiontan fein ;
As eugmhais aithreachais, gu dearbh
Cha tearnar ciontach 'tha fo'n ghrein.

24.

Gu'n aithreachas, tha e a'n glaic
A' bhais, ach leis cha tearnar e ;
Ma leigeas e ri ni a thaic
Ach Criosd, cha ruig e flaitheas De.

25.

Annsan creidibh le creidimh threun ;
Oir slanuichear le gras na sloigh
A chreideas ann ; ni dheas lamh fein,
An teasairginn gu leir fadheoidh.

26.

Air doibh 'bhi air am fireanach',
Gu saor le gras, an slaint tha teachd
Tre'n t-saors' a ta an Criosd, an neach
A's e An Triath ar Fireantachd !

27.

'S e creidimh 'n t-inneal leis am bheil
An Spiorad a' cur ruinn na saors'
A choisinn Criosd ; ach neach cha'n 'eil,
An t-inneal fein a' toirt o dhaors'.

28.

Oir 's ann do Chriosd a bhuineadh riamh,
'S a chaoidh a bhuineas toillteanas ;
As eugmhais creidimh is deagh-ghniomh,
Cha d'theid, gidheadh, an ciontach as !

29.
'S co luath bhios teine mor gu'n neart,
Gu'n lasair, solus, agus teas,
S a bhios an creidimh fior is ceart,
Gu'n oibribh maith' ag eiridh as.

30.
Chuireadh gu soilleir leis an Triath,
Iad so a'm boinn, mar fhear is mhnaoi;
An ni, ma seadh, a cheangail Dia,
Na sgaoileadh duin' air bith a chaoidh !

31.
Tilgibh bhur lochdan uaibh gu grad,
Treigibh gach slighe olc is cham,
Le'r beatha rachaibh as gu'n stad,
Is fasaibh ann an gras gach am.

32.
Guidhibh air Dia tha iochdmhor treun
A Spiorad dhortadh oirbh a nuas,
A chum bhur gairm 's bhur taghadh fein !
A dheanamh cinnteach o so suas !

33.
" Gu'n lathaich luachair suas am fas ?
Suas seilisteir am fas gu'n sruth ? "
No'm fas duin' idir nuadh gu'n ghras ?
Cha'n fhas,—a'n gniomh, an smuain, no'n guth !

34.
Oir 's taitneach dha an urnuigh bhios
Gu balbh a stigh a'n cridh' na'n saoi ;
Ach dha 'na grainealachd 's 'na sgios,
Tha'n urnuigh 'thig o bheul nan daoi !

35.
Mach thugaibh buaidh trid fola 'n Uain,
Trid feartaibh 'n Spioraid thugaibh buaidh;
'S trid neirt is grais an De bhith-bhuain
Le'r 'n anmaibh rachaibh as o thruaigh !

36.
O ! teichibh dh'ionnsuidh Chriosd gu luath,
Mu'n tuit sibh sios 'n'ur ciont do'n uaigh ;
Do'n dream' ni so cha toir e fuath,
'S air chor sam bith cha tilg e uaith.

37.
Gluaisibh mar chloinn an De ro chaoimh,
Mar bhraithribh Chriosd, mar chreid-mhich fhior,
Mar theamp'laibh geamnuidh 'n Spioraid [Naoimh,
'S an gabh e tlachd is tamh gu sior.

38.
'N sin gheibh sibh sith is fois maraon,
'S ni gras ro phailt Iehobhaih Mhoir ;
Gras 'n Aoin 'na Thriuir 's an Triuir nan Aon,
Sibh sona 'm feasd, le slaint is gloir !

C. "Mo bheannachd agad, a' Mhurachaidh, is fearr sin, air doigh, na searmoin. Is cudthromach na teagasgan a ta air an leigeadh ris 'san Laoidh ghrinn sin. Tha i 'toirt gu'm chuimhne leabhar a fhuair Seonaid Bheag mar dhuais-foghluim 'san sgoile. Chuireadh a mach e le fear Milton, agus tha e' leudachadh mu 'Pharas air a chall,' agus a ris mu 'Pharas air ath-bhuannachadh.' Tha'n Laoidh a dh'aithris thu a' teagasg an ni ceudna. Mile taing dhuit, a' charaid choir,—feumaidh sinn bardachd Mhurachaidh Bhain a dhusgadh suas uair eigin an deigh so, oir tha'n Laoidh fhada sin gu nochdadh gu'm bheil deagh chuimhne, deagh thuigse, agus deagh mheomhair aig mo Ghoistidh fathast. Ach a nis, tiugainn, a' ghraidh nam fear, tiugainn do cheann eile an tighe, a dh'fhaicinn am bheil cuimhne aig Seonaid gu'm bheil ar leithid ann, mu'n d'theid sinn do'n Eaglais."

Alasdair Ruadh.

——o——

PÌOBAIRE AN DIÙC.

I. EARRANN.

Bha'n droch-thuiteamas ann—am fìor dhroch-thuiteamas, agus cho réidh 's a bha pìobaire 's gìomanach an Diùc ; cha do choinnich iad riabh 's a' Chlachan gun deoch-eòlais a bhi aca ; cha'n e sin, ach mar is dù do dhàimhich an uair a thachras iad —'s bhìteadh ag cur 'an umhail do'n dithis so cho ro-thric 's a thuiteadh dhaibh, le eòlas-chas, tachairt aig teintein dubh Beitidh Nic-Dhònuill 's a' Chlachan — cha b'fhóghnadh leotha, mu'n dealaicheadh iad, gun chuairt no dhà òl, 's eadh, "rud beag eile," air son deagh choimhearsnachd. Agus leis gu'n robh fios gu math aig Beitidh gu'n robh Iain Camran am pìobaire, agus Dònull Tolm an gìomanach—na h-aoidhean a b'fheàrr do'n tigh de na thaghladh eadar dha cheann na bliadhna, 's eadh, gu'n robh iad na'n sàr aithneadairean air mac-na-bracha, agus nach cuirteadh seachad iad le druaip no le iargainn, bheireadh i an t-seal-aire nach fhaigheadh iadsan co-dhiùbh ach an stuth a b'fhèarr, agus na stuip—an cron a bhiodh orra, na'm biodh a leithid ann, gur h-e a' ro-mhiad 's a chumadh iad. 'S e thàinig, mar bu dù gu'n tigeadh, as a' chompanas so 's á co-chomunn an òil, gu'n robh gaol mar a dhearbh-bhràthair aig Iain pìobaire air Dònull, agus bu mhinig a dhearcnaich Dònull do dh-Iain, 's iad 'an guaillibh a chéile 'an ciaradh nan tràth, no mar bu trice ri solus na gealaiche, a' tuisleachadh feadh a' mhaim a' dol dachaidh, nach robh gin dh'a ochdnar bhràithrean fhéin idir a chuireadh e'n coimeas ris, aig ro-mhiad na spéise a bh'aige dhà, 's e sin aig Dònull-gìomanach.

Breithnichibh fhéin, ma ta, an staid 's an robh Beitidh, anmoch feasgar mìorath Foghair, an uair a thill i stigh as a bhàthaiche bho bhleoghunn Blàraig, ri faighinn an dà ghoistidh so 's collaid aca ag cruaidh-chònnsachadh—fear air gach taobh de'n bhòrd 's an stòp air fhathast leth-fhalamh, agus na cuachan, agus an gnùis fhearail, chalma, air thuar is gann a léughteadh air sheòl sa bith ciùine ann ! Agus sin 'an làthair aithnichinn, uasal lòineagach, grìsionn, a bha Beitidh 'an dùil gu'm bu leth-chiallach e, a chionn e 'bhi bho chionn thrì seachdainean roimhe sin, a' plàsdadh dath air àirce de sheann chainbe, 's e, 's drochuair, ag ràdh Beinn-sluaigh ris, ach a dh-aindeoin sin, fear a bha i 'n ion a bhi sìbhealta, modhail dha, leis cho math 's a bha e 'pàidheadh air an t-seomar-mhór. Bha'n t-uasal so gu soistinneach na 'shuidhe na 'chathair 's còrn de dheoch-thùngta air a bhialthaobh, 's e air bheag umhail de'n chònnsachadh, agus smùid gharbh aige air cutaig de phìob-thombaca agus dreamadh na 'aodunn leatha, mar a thug Beitidh fonear le dorran, an uair a chaidh i suas a' figheadh a stocaidh, 's iomagain oirre a bhi 'cluinntinn a' chònnsachaidh a' dol 'an labhrad. Cleas nam ban uile dh'oilltich Beitidh romh'n chònnsachadh. 'S a' Chlachan b'e 'n cònnsachadh, mar bu trice, toiseach na tuasaid. 'S e beachd air an robh i mu 'dhéighinn nach bu chòir a bhi ann ach réidh-cho-sheanchus; ach cha chuireadh i'n aghaidh tionndadh a thoirt da fo chaochla neòil (mar a theireadh an dealbhadair mu Bheinn-sluaigh), ach sin gun atharrachadh baralach, agus 'fhàgail mèinneil, leis a' chùis a leigeil an dràsta 's a rithist gu ràdh a' bhotuil —cha droch-cordadh e idir rithe sgiala math 'innseadh dà-uair. Ach 'an so, Iain 'us Dònull a' sealltainn gu fiadhaich, gruamach, air a chéile; agus Iain, nach fùilgeadh urad na ròinneig a thighinn na 'aghaidh, a' bualadh a spràille dhùirn air a' bhòrd le gleadhar a bha 'cur an stuip 's nan cuach a dhannsadh.

"Tha thu air chùl do sgeòil, a Dhònuill, bho'n is éudar dhomh cur ad aghaidh—*bha* e bruich."

An gìomanach, 's ann ris a chas Iain mar so, cha d'rinn e ach crathadh beag a null 's a nall a thoirt air a cheann maol, agus le snodha-gàire fir a b'fhèarr fios—rud a chuir bradhadair ri feirg Iain, thuirt e air a mhìn-athais—"Ù, 'Iain, cha robh e bruich, cha'n 'eileas ga 'bhruich idir."

"Ge tà thàthas ga 'bhruich, agus daonnan ga'bhruich, agus, ga'bhruich 'am bainne-blàth cuideachd.—Cha'n ionann mise 's cuid de fheadhainn, le'r cead-se, 'dhuin'-uasail," os am pìobaire 's e 'tionndadh ris an fhear a bha 's a' chathair-dà-làimhe, a leigeil na cùise na 'mhèinn "cha'n ionann mise 's cuid de dh-fheadhainn a bhios ag cur sgeilm dhiubh mu ghnothuichean, 's ro-bheag de dh-fhios aca air nì mu'n déighinn."

"Ach codhiù 'chaidh an t-*oil-cake* a bhruich dha no nach deach," os an dealbhadair, "tha'n tarbh na bheathach cho àluinn 's a chunnaic mi bho'n a thàinig mi'n Ghàidhealtachd, ged nach robh mi diombach, an uair a bha mi 'tarrainn a dhealbh, an t-allt agus bruach mhath chas a bhi eadarainn."

"Nis, 'Iain, tha thu fiachainn ri brath a ghabhail air aineolas an duin'-uasail, gu'm beil, 'Iain, agus cha b'àbhaist dut a bhi mar sin. Is fìor-mhì-chiatach an gnothuch e an Sasunnach so a dh'fhàgail na dùthcha 's a' bheachd sin; bidh e'm barail nach 'eil 's na Gàidhil ach daoine-fiadhaich, a bhi 'togail ar cuid tharbh air *oil-cake* bruich mar gu'm biodh ar tairbh-òga 'am freasdal *oil-cake* 's deagh fhiar gorm gu'n cluasan aca 's gu leòir dheth; cha'n e sin ach ged a bhitheadh iad na 'eisimeil, ciamar a ruigeadh iad a leas a bhruich dhaibh 's fiaclan aca phronnadh na clachan na'n tigeadh e mu'n coinnimh. B'e 'chulaidh-àbhachd e, ma chualas riabh e, a bhi ga d'chluinntinn a' bruidhinn air *oil-cake* bruich, 'Iain Chamrain."

"Tha mi 'g ìnnseadh dhut gu'm beil thu air chùl do sgeòil" os am pìobaire gu catharra ris, "agus nach 'eil agad ach cainnt-burraidh, a Dhònuill Thuilm—ach, o, le'r cead,' os esan 's e rithist a' leigeil na cùise gu breth an dealbhadair, "dé an t-eòlas mór a th'aig gìomanaich air àrach tharbh òga; dh'aithngheadh iad coilleach-ruadh seach cearc-thomain air fasbhuain ged a bhiodh an oidhche ann, ach iad a thighinn mu'n casan, tha mi 'g aideach', 's e 'toirt tionndaidh dh'a ghuth ionann's a chiallachadh gu'm b'e sin uile e; "ach àrach tharbh cha'n ann dhe'n cèaird è; cha'n e sin ach duine nach d'fhàg a dhùthaich fhéin, eadar a bhreth 's a bhàs, 'dol a thoirt seòlaidh do dhuine 'bha ceithir thimchioll an t-saoghail, agus sin 'an cois an Diùc—'dol a dh-innseadh dhàsan mu dhaoine-fiadhaich——"

"Tha mi 'g aideach," osa Dònull, "'s e ri suaipe le làimh, ag 'cur stad air a sheanchus, 's e'n deaghaidh cuach a lìonadh 'us òl 'fhad's a bha Iain ag cur dheth, "tha mi 'g aideach nach 'eil pìobaire 's an t-siorrachd, no 's a' Ghàidhealtachd, ge mór am facal e, cho math riut, 'Iain Chamrain, agus chuala mi an Diùc fhéin ga ràdh, is iomad uair sin, agus bha pròis orm air a shon, agus tha dòchus agam gu'n toir thu port do'n duin'-uasal so agus dhomh fhein mu'n dealaich sinn a nochd; ach cha'n urrainn domh 'aideach gur tù 's eòlaiche air àrach tharbh. Agus faodaidh tu fhein farraid mu'n chùis de Alastair Mac-an-t-Saoir sgalag an Diùc, bha e 's a' bhàthaiche an uair a rugadh an tarbh, agus innsidh——"

"Am Fear-mór port no port a gheabh sibh bhuamsa nochd, 's tu cho daobh ri taghan, a Dhònuill Thuilm, agus bhà riabh; agus air son Alastair Mhic-an-t-Saoir, sgalag an Diùc, am beil duine eadar dà chloich na dùthcha aig nach 'eil 'fhios nach 'eil ann ach an t-ùmpaidh aineolach, briagach."

Thug an dithis dhaoine, 'an so, glideachadh beag air an ais air na cathraichean aca, agus sheall iad 'an aodunn a chéile 's cha b'ann idir le faoilte. Bha Iain pìobaire na 'Ghàidheal sìnteach, àrd air a' chnàimh, gun mhòrnaich feòla—a shùil beò na 'seasamh na 'cheann—a bhathais leacach, cas, ìosal, 's i air a tubhadh le tom fuilt cho donn ris an fhraoch; bha e mòran na bu chorruigeanta na 'ghoistidh an gìomanach—fear a bha corran a ghruadhach, 's a bhial mór, goilleach, 's a leac a dh'àraich giùthasach fiasaig, a réir coltais, air chost claban a chinn a bha cho lom ri 'bhois, 's eadh, a bha 'fiachainn fuil Ghallta bhi'n cuidiginn bho'n do thàrmaich e, ged a bha agalladh a chainnte, agus deisead a Ghàidhlig, a' nochdadh gur h-ann 's an Airde-niar a bhuaineadh e. Na 'shuain-chadail fo chathair a' phìobaire bha Fionn a chù-chaorach, 's e ach beag cho catharra ri 'mhaighistir; agus air a bhlian thall an oisinn làmh ri gunna 'ghìomanaich, bha Jet cù-ianaich còir Dhònuill. An uair a ràinig an cònnsachadh an ìre so, chuir Beitidh le seòrsa de bhalla-chrith bhuaipe an stocaidh, agus theann i stigh dh'fhiach an cuireadh i sìth orra. Fhuair i am pìobaire air a bhonnaibh air an ùrlar 's a phìob na 'achlais, 's e 's a' chrògairt 's an dorcha a' siubhal a bhoineid agus tuar fìor dhroch-ghean air.

“Gabhaidh sibh aon chuach eile bhuam fhein, a Mhr Camran, mu'm falbh sibh 's an oidhche cho fuar,” osa Beitidh.

“Is fìor phuinnsein uisge-bheatha a fhuair sinn bhuaibh a nochd, a Mhrs MacDonald, bheireadh e 'fhoighidinn bho dhuine sa bith,” os am pìobaire cho ascaoin 's a b'urrainn da.

“Gu dearbh, a Mhr Camran, cha'n 'eil sibh fada 'm mearachd,” osa Beitidh gu bìth, 's i 'n tì air gean a chur air an aoidh ge b'ann air chost ainm an tighe e, “agus tha mi glé thoilichte gu'n d'thàinig sibh thairis air—b'éudar dhomh stuth Ghlaschu a thairgse dhuibh a nochd. Na h-uaislean, an uair a bha iad 's a' bheinn-sheilg an dé, thug iad leotha 's na searragan aca a h-uile diar a bh'agam de Bheinn-Nibheis—cha d'fhàg iad fiù a' bhoinne agam. Ach bho'n nach 'eil comas air, a Mhr Camran, cha'n fhaod sibh a bhi cho diùmbach dhiam 's m' fhàgail 's an dòigh sin.”

“Tha'n t-uisge-beatha math gu leòir, ach a ghabhail le cridhe taingeil, a Mhrs MacDonald,” osa Dònull. “Ach tra a bhios duine ann air am bi pròis 'us moit a chionn cuairt a thoirt 'an cois urracha-móra—nì, le cead duibhse, a rinn abhac an Diùc, bidh e 'n dùil, ma dh'fhaoite, nach aithnich duine ach e fhéin ‘Na T'ulaichean’ seach ‘Seanntriubhas.’ Stòp eile, 'bhean-an-tighe. Oidhche mhath dhut, 'Iain—sid air do bharrachd *mèinars!*”

Mu'n àm so fhuair Iain a bhoineid agus ràinig e an stairsneach, ach thionndaidh e stigh air a shàil a ràdh 's e 'tomhadh a dhùirn ri Iain: “Tha thu cho aineolach ris a' chù, a Dhònuill Thuilm, agus cha'n fhiach leam corrag a chur ort; ach iarraidh tu fhathast orm a' phìob a thoirt leam oidhche do'n Chlachan, agus bidh Aonghus do mhac toileach mi ga ionnsachadh air a' phìobaireachd, agus an uair a thig e bidh dùil aige ri cuicheineachd fhaotainn de Pheigidh! Ach, a Dhònuill, a charaide, bidh tu beò ri 'fhaicinn nach b'oidhche an àigh dhut a dh'òl thu air mo bharrachd oilein-sa!”

Leis a' bhrà-stròiceam so a chrùn e le cith-foghair de spliùnnsaig-dhùlain a dhianamh ri sròin a' ghìomanaich, choisich e cho uallach 's bu choltach dha, 's làn leth-bhodaich de uisge-beatha garg a bhi aige fo chrios—a mach as a' Chlachan rathad a' mhaim, dhachaidh; agus leis cho dalma 's a bha e 'cur roimhe an fhearg a chumail, cha do ghabh e dha fhéin, ge bu déigheil air e, agus ge b'ònrachdach an t-slighe, urad's “Fàilte-a'-Phrionnsa,” air eagal ceòl na pìoba ga'tàladh air falbh. Agus bha Fionn a chù ag coiseachd fo ghruaman ri 'shàil.

Cha d'fhuirich an gìomanach ach goirid 'an deaghaidh a' phìobaire; rinn e lachan beag gàire mar a bha esan a' dol as an t-sealladh, agus 'an sin thosd e gu sàmhach, dŏmh. 'An ceann greiseige, thuirt e 's e 'g éirigh gu falbh : “Tha bhuam mo chòir de'n lach a phàidheadh, a bhean-an-tighe.”

“Coma leibh sin a nochd, a chialain. Bidh sibh a bhos a màireach no'n earrar, agus còrdaidh sinn.”

“Togaibh an t-airgiod,” os an

Tolmach gu dalma, "iarraidh e mathanas ormsa mu'n òl mi boinne tuille na 'chuideachd."

"Tha'n gnothach gu h-olc," osa Beitidh thruagh, 's i 'sileadh nan diar a' sìneadh a' mhùthaidh dha.

Feasgar an latha sin fhéin bha Peigidh nighean a' phìobaire ag obair gu sùrdail 's an tigh-bhainne. Bha aitreamh a' phìobaire gu geal leis fhéin 'am bun a' Ghlinne, a mach 's a stigh mu leth-mhìle bho'n Ionbhar. An gràinne chaorach a bh'air feadh a' ghlinne, agus I.C. air a thearradh air an cliathaichean ceigeach, bu leis a' phìobaire iad. Bu leis cuideachd an crodh a bha ri àin an latha a' fionnarachadh an cas 's an allt-mhòintich a bha 'ruith do'n loch romh mheadhoin a' ghlinne seach fearann 'us treabhair a' phìobaire. Bha e gu soimeach air a chothrom, agus cleas feadhnach a tha 'fhios aca fhéin tuilleadh airgid a bhi air chùl an làimhe na 'th'aig an coimhearsnaich, bha e 'n dùil gu'n robh còir aige air fearas-mhòr a bhi ann na 'uaireannan. An fheadhainn dh'am b'aithne am pìobaire bha 'fhios aca, co sa bith air am biodh a shealbh còir bho'n chléir fhaighinn air an aon nighinn aige, Peigidh, nach ann falamh a gheabhadh e i. Agus bha e soilleir nach bu rud gun fhios ciod è a bhiodh 's an tochradh, leis mar a thòisich muinntir an Ionbhair air cùnntadh-chorrag a dhianamh air a liuthad tobar a bha 'cur a stigh do'n phìobaire. 'S a' chiad dol-amach nach robh am fearann ann: 's e bàrr a' phìobaire a bu luath-thorraiche agus a bu truime 's an dùthaich; bha a mhuilt-fheoil daonnan sultmhor, agus cha robh am pìobaire gun deagh-fhios aige cuine agus càite an reiceadh e. Agus cha robh uile air oighreachd an Diùc nèapan a b'fhèarr cinneachadh. Agus co am bainne a chuirteadh 'an coimeas ri bainne crodh a' phìobaire; agus air son ìm a' phìobaire dheth—air a mhaistreadh le lamhan grinne-glana a Pheigidh fhéin, dé 'th'air ach nach fhaighteadh, air ghaol no air airgiod, anns a' sgìreachd no aisde, ìm a b'fhèarr. A thuilleadh air sin, nach robh tigh a' phìobaire air àilein deisearrach, os cionn an loch air an dalla taobh, agus air an taobh eile fradharc aige air a' ghleann, 's gun e ach uidhe chrìon bho'n t-sealladh-fhuinn 'bu chiataiche, bho thaghadh 's rogha na seilge, agus bho'n iasgach a b'fhèarr 's an Airde-niar—'s e 'bh'air dheth, cha robh fios dé a bha e 'tilgeil dha 's a' mhìos. Air a shuidheachadh ri "uaislean" gach Earrach, 'us Samhradh, 'us Foghar—'d eile 'bh'ann ach fear de na gocan sin a bha 'spùtadh òir 'am pòcaid a' phìobaire.

A' chuid bu mhó de'n bhliadhna bhiodh daoine-móra air aoidheachd air an Diùc 'an caisteal an Ionbhair; agus b'i obair a' phìobaire, agus a thoilinntinn, a bhi dà uair an uaireadair, a h-uile latha, (ach Didònaich agus bhiodh e 'doichioll an Dònaich) a' spaidsearachd air ais 's air aghart 'an talla-mór a' chaisteil, 'fhad's a bhiodh an Diùc 's na h-uaislean aig an dinneir, 's a phìob a' rùsgadh ciùil a ghiarachadh càile 's a dhìleadh lòin; agus cha bhiodh ach spìocaire no fear gun oidheim 's an fhear nach cuireadh gu h-eireachdail rud a dh'fhairgheadh e—peighinn-phisich, 'an làimh a' phìobaire. Bha gaol a chridhe aige air an airgiod, agus cha bu duine e air an robh a' choltas airgiod a ruith romh chorragan ach e dh'fhaighinn aon uair greim air, 's cha mhó 'bha fear 's an Ionbhar aig an robh a' lethid de chothrom air a stòras a chur 'am miad. Ach gaolach 's g'an robh e mu'n airgiod, gaolach 's g'an robh e mu 'chuid chaorach, 'us chruidh, 'us each, 's mu dhram, 's mu'n phìob, b'i Peigidh, a' mhùirneag ghaolach, a nighean, aon ionmhas a chridhe. Dh'fhaoite nach robh buaidh na fìnealtachd air, ach 'an ceilt fo shlige chruaidh an duine, bha cridhe blàth a' Ghàidhil 's a' phlosgail le tlàth's 'us caoimhneas dise.

Mar a thuirt sinn, bha Peigidh na 'seasamh air leacan grinne-glana an tighe-bhainne 's i 'g obair gu sùrdail. A measraichean sgùrte bainne fo stràc de smear an uachdair air fraidhean ceithir thimchioll a' bhalla. Bha'n tigh-bainne fionnuar, duatharach, 's fàileadh ùror a' bhainne 's nan luibhean a bha 'streupadh ris an uinneig, ag cothlamadh 'an ceann a chéile gu cùbhraidh, caoin. Eadar thu 's lias romh na luibhean chitheadh tu bho'n uinneig cian le leathad, sealladh de'n loch, de'n speur liathghorm, agus, fada thall na beanntan fo thrusgan fraoich. Bha'n dorus fosgailte, agus deò-ghréine an fheasgair sin cha d'éirich air cruth a bu taitniche na 'chruinneag aobhach, chuimir, Ghàidhealach, 's a muilchinnean 'an trusadh mu 'gàirdein, prìne na 'gùn air a chùlthaobh, agus sùrd aice air pullagan ciatach ime a chumadh le càdhmus, agus gach pullag mar a chumadh i, ga 'leigeil, le tionndadh deiseal, ealanta, a làimhe, ann an currusan de dh-uisge an fhuarain, a bha na 'sheasamh làmh rithe. Bha luinneag bhinn òrain aice ga 'gabhail — seann fhonn tiamhaidh, Gàidhealach, 's gun de luchd éisdeachd no 'chuideachdas aice ach Diàna 's i na 'surram-suaine ga 'grianadh fhéin air an stairsnich. A' chlisgeadh thug a' ghala togail air a ceann 's air a cluasan, agus rinn i comhart; dh'fhairich i tartar 's léumar i sìos am frith-rathad; agus chuala Peigidh 's i air sgur de'n chrònan, guth a 's math a dh'aithnich i, ag ràdh: "Laidhe, Diàna; laidhe— nach dian thu laidhe!" Chùm an rìbhinn air a h-obair, agus dh'fhaoite laiseadh beag rughaidh na gruaidhean a' brùchdadh romh losgadh an latha, ri cluinntinn di aig dorus an tighe-fhuine, "a Pheigidh!" agus fear a' tionndadh a chéum thun dorus an tighe-bhainne.

"O, 'Aonghuis, an tusa 'th'ann!" osa Peigidh le clisgeadh, na'm b'fhìor i, "shaoil leam gu'n d'thuirt thu'n dé gu'n robh a' Bhìrlinn a' dol gu Rugha-nan-caorach 'an coinnimh uaislean?"

"Dh'atharraich an Diùc beachd, no fhuair e fios-dealain no rudiginn. Ach nach 'eil thu toilichte m' fhaicinn—cha dian thu urad's crathadh-làmh ri duine?"

"Tha mi sin glé thoilichte d'fhaicinn, 'Aonghuis, agus 's math 'tha 'fhios agad gu'm beil; ach tha mo lamhan fliuch leis an uisge 's leis an ìm, 's gabhaidh tu mo leisgeul."

"B'i 'n fhàilt fhuar i, gu dearbh, ga 'cur air duine, gun urad's crathadh-làmh a dhianamh ris," os Aonghus; ach glacar e misneach le mìogshuil Peigidh 's leis an leagadh 's an robh a gruaidh ris, agus thuirt e: "dh'fhaoite gur sid a bha dhìth ort," agus thugar gu fearail té bhuaipe.

"O, 'Aonghuis Dhònuill, tra a dhianadh tu fhéin a leithid 's tu 'faicinn gu'n robh mo lamhan 'an greim nàistinneach, agus nach b'urrainn domh dianamh air mo shon fhein!"

"Ma's ann mar sin a thà," os Aonghus, "thoir dhomh air ais i," 's bha sid aige mu'n d'fhairich Peigidh thall no bhos e.

"O, 's tù e! 's olc is fhiach thu an deoch de'n bhainne-bhlàth so a tha mi 'dol a thoirt dut."

Thiormaich Peigidh a lamhan na 'h-aparan glan fhéin 's thionndaidh i 'lìonadh cùirn á té de na measraichean.

"Ma ta, 'Pheigidh, cha'n 'eil 'fhios nach 'eil tuilleadh ann 's a tha mi 'toilltinn," os Aonghus 's e 'breith air a' chòrn as a làimh, 's ga 'chur ri 'cheann, "ach, sid air do dheagh shlàinte, a Pheigidh!"

"Gu dearbh tha mi 'làn-chreidsinn gu'm b'fhèarr leat na 'uisge-beatha e," os an nighean 's Aonghus ga 'òl. Ach thug Aonghus a bhriathran gu'n robh i 'togail alla air.

"Nise, a Pheigidh, cuir ort d'ad, agus tiugainn leam," os Aonghus tra a dh'òl e a dheoch.

"Leat! 'Aonghuis, an ann a rìribh a thà thu? nach ann a dh'fhaighinn leasain air a' phìob a thàinig thu? Ach cha'n eil Daid aig an tigh an diugh—chaidh e null rathad a' Chlachain còmhla ri d'athair—bidh e glé dhuilich nach fhac e thu?"

"Tha toil tur agam thu 'dhol leam thun na tràghad, a Pheigidh, tha mi 'dol a dh-fhiachainn rudiginn dut, agus cha ghabh mi 'n diùlt."

"A dh-fhiachainn — rudiginn—domh—Aonghuis! ach bhiodh Daid diùmbach dhiam na'n tigeadh e dhachaidh 's mi bho'n tigh, 's fhaighinn a mach mi 'bhi 'gloidhcealachd leatsa air an tràigh."

"Gabhaidh mis' an urruinn ri sin, a Pheigidh Chamran."

"Teann ma ta, tha'm maistreadh deas agus faodaidh mi an t-aran fhuineadh an uair a thilleas mi, ach"—theann i ri teabartaich.

"Ach so," os Aonghus, agus togar leis an currusan 's an robh an t-ìm do'n tigh-fhuine, 's lean Peigidh e. "Nise cuir ort d'ad agus tiugainn."

Fhad's a bha Peigidh a' toirt làimhe-sgioblachaidh oirre fhéin, ghlais Aonghus dorus an tigh'-bhainne, 's chroch e 'n iuchair air tarraing 's an tigh-fhuine. Dh'fhàg iad Seònaid aig an tigh a chualach a' chruidh agus g'am bleoghann; agus thog an dithis orra gu h-aotrom, sùnntach air cheann an turuis.

Bha iad na'n càraid mhùirneach, thlachdor, agus sheas Seònaid, 's cha robh i fhéin ro mhì-chiatach, sheas i greis air an stairsnich a ghabhail beachd orra, 's theagamh cìocras-fadail oirre mu Chalum—mar a choisich iad sìos am frith-rathad a bha 'g iathadh mu'n lòn, thun na drochaid aig a' chachleith, agus bho sin tarsainn an t-achadh a dh-ionnsuidh an loch.

Bha miadachd mhath àirde 'am Peigidh agus i cuimir, dealbhach, ga réir, ach cha ruigeadh i ach a' ghualainn do Aonghus. Bha 'h-aodunn ùror, grianach, soillse 's neòil a' mireag air le saighdeadh a réir an fhuinn a thuiteadh a bhi oirre. Bha i òg, cha deach i fhathast a mach as na diagaichean, làn de impidh 's de reachd na h-òige, a bha ga'n nochdadh fhein gu tric 's an lachan chridheil ghàire nach bu duilich a thogail; a cridhe caoimhneil, tlàth, mar a bha a sùil chraobhach, ghorm, ag còmhdach le brùchdadh dhiar ri cluinntinn sgial truaighe, no an uair a thuiteadh do neach no do nì mealladh oirre. Bha Aonghus na 'sheòladair; sia traidhean air àirde ann, slinnean gasda aige, ach gu'n robh sith bheag chruime ann an uair a bhiodh e ag coiseachd, 'aodunn iarnaidh, ach geanail, agus an t-sùil sin bu tlàithe 's bu lugha gò, a shealladh gun fhiamh dìreach 's an aodunn air urra. Thug e ùine mhór air Bìrlinn an Diùc, na 'làimh cho cinnteach 's a bh'oirre; agus bha iasgairean an Ionbhair a' sealltainn-suas ris leis gach meas a bu dù do ghille-rùin an Triath, agus mar fhear a chuir 'eòlas 'an liad le taisdeal a thoirt uair 'us uair a suas am Mediterranean.

"Ach ceana tha sinn a' dol?" osa Peigidh 'an ceann greiseige, 's Aonghus ag cumail thun rathad mór a' bhaile—"Tha mi 'n dòchus nach ann do'n Ionbhar còmhla mar so!"

“Agus am beil nàire ort a bhi ’falbh còmhla riumsa, a Pheigidh Chamran?”

“Nàire! carson a bhiodh nàire orm? Ach cha’n ’eil e ro ghrinn dol am bial an t-sluaigh an lóm an latha ghil sholuis, ’s gur h-ann ’bu chòir dhòmhsa, ma dh’fhaoite, a bhi aig an tigh air cheann m’ oibre.” Thug e air Peigidh a bhi na b’iomaguiniche mu ’h-ainm mar dheagh mhnaoi-thighe, an ceannaiche-bìdh a chur a làimhe na ’bhoineid ’s an àm ’s e na ’sheasamh gu luidneach air stairsnich a bhùth.

“Dé ’s mó ort an sluagh, a Pheigidh; so an rathad,” os Aonghus ’s e ’tionndadh bharr na Sràid’-Airde thun na laimrig.

“E! ’Aonghuis, nach bòidheach am bàta! Nach fìor bhòidheach e?” thuirt Peigidh tra a ràinig iad ceann na laimrig ’s a choimhead i sìos air bàtachan bòidheach a bha gu socair air an loch.

“’S tha thu ga ’shaoilsinn bòidheach, a Pheigidh,” thuirt Aonghus ’s e ’sealltainn le pròis na h-aodunn lurach.

“Cha’n fhaca mi riabh a cho bòidheach—bho’n nach faoileann a th’ ann air uchd an uisge!”

“Geall riut nach urrainn dut a h-ainm a léughadh, a Pheigidh—eh?”

Sheall an rìbhinn sìos gu fòil, agus ri sealltainn d’i, mhùth i nial. Bha Aonghus le làn-aighir ag coimhead oirre. An litrichean soilleir, gorm, air ghrùnnd daraich, bha’n t-ainm—PEIGIDH CHAMRAN, ’S AN IONBHAR.

Eadar. *le* CORRADHUIL.

AN FHEARG.

LATHA dhòmsha ’s mi leam fhéin,
Air an fheirg gu’n d’thugas luadh,
Cuid de ’béusan chur ’an céill,
Gu’n tiùbhrainn ri m’ ré dhi fuath.

’S olc an companach an fhearg,
Gu’m beil puinnsein searbh na ’gath;
Mur a cuir thu srian ri’ tràth,
Tuitidh tu ’s a’ bhlàr na ’gath.

’S ro choltach an fhearg na ’boil’,
Ri poit air ghoil le teine dian:
Bidh i sìor-chur thairte sguim,
Gus am faigh i rùm d’a miann.

An fhearg sin a thig bho’n strìth,
Bidh i ro chìocrach gu fuil;
’S mur a mùchar i gun dàil,
Bheir i air na mnài ’bhi ’gal.

Ge h-ionmhuinn leat do bhean-phòst’,
Agus do chlann òg gun cheist;
’N uair a lasas ort an fhearg,
Bùiridh tu mar tharbh na’m measg.

A’ bhean òg, ged tha i ciùin,
D’an tiùbhradh tu rùn faicear;
An tràth lasas i le feirg,
Càinear leath’ gu searbh a fear.

Tra theid càch a thigh-an-òil,
Falmhaichear leò ’n còrn gu tric:
Thig an fhearg le briathran mòr,
’S plùcadh dhòrn bho ghlòir nach glic.

Casaidh sròn ’us tòcaidh pluic,
Gruaim an uilc bidh air an t-sùil,
Bidh gach ball de’n chorp air chrith,
A’ dol na’n ruith as an iùl.

Cha’n ’eil urram aic a dh-athair,
’S cha’n ’eil athadh aic’ a chloinn,
’S ionann leath’ caraid ’us nàmhaid;
’S tionnda’idh i’ gràdh bun os cionn.

’S fuil a mhùchas fearg ’an strìth,
’S tric a thug i nì do’n léigh;
Ach ma’s àill leats’ a bhi ’n Crìost,
Iarr sìochaint ’s lean na ’dhéigh.

’Us ma ghlac thu fearg an-réir,
Na peacaich léatha le d’mhiann,
Dian a crathadh dhiot gu grad,
Seal mu’n teid a laidhe ’ghrian.

Ma ’s àill leat an fhearg a chlaoidh,
Glac an claidheamh so gach uair:
Iarr-sa mathanas, dian sìth,
’S ro bheannaichte an t-sìth a fhuair.

DLEASNAIS PHÀRANTA.

THA e ’na chunnart ro mhòr ann an riaghladh teaghlaich an uair nach smuàinich pàranta gu cùramach air an dleasnasaibh fein. Tha cuid ann a ta’ deanamh gu mearachdach le bhi ’nochdadh leth-bhreith a thaobh an cloinne fein. Is ni sin an aghaidh am bu chòir do gach athair agus màthair a bhi air am faiceall. Is mìllteach an cleachd e, agus is truagh na nithe a tha gu minic a' sruthadh uaith. Tha e tuilleadh 's trice a' tachairt ann an teaghlaichibh, gu'm bheil aig aithrichibh agus aig màithrichibh ànnsachd leinibh, no leanabh d'am bheil iad gu follaiseach a' nochdadh spéis chòmharraichte thairis air a' chuid eile dhe'n cloinne fein. Tha da ni olc a' sruthadh o'n ghiùlan so. Anns a' chéud àite, tha e gu tric a' tachairt, gu'm bheil annsachd no gràidhean so nam pàrant gu buileach air a mhilleadh, air chor is an uair a dh'fhàsas e suas, nach toir e mach ach toradh a bhios ro ghoirt agus géur. Tha leanabh millte a' nochdadh na truaighe a rinneadh air, an uair a dh'fhàsas e suas gu aois céill agus tuigse. Cha bhuin an saoghal ris, agus cha dean an saoghal ànnsachd dheth, mar a rinn a phàranta éuceillidh, uime sin tha e 'mothuchadh gu'n d'rinneadh dochunn air 'na òige, nach 'eil idir chum a leas ann an laithibh na h-aoise. Ach anns an dara àite, tha' chuid eile dhe'n teaghlach do nach 'eil sùim co sònraichte air a ghabhail, a' tàrmachadh farmaid agus tnù an aghaidh am pàrantan fein, agus mar an céudna an aghaidh a' bhràthar no na peathar, ris an do bhuineadh gu leth-bhreitheach. Tha'n giùlan millteach so a' dùsgadh suas mi-ghean anns an tigh. Cha'n 'eil teagamh nach e mòr-speis athar fein do Ioseph, a thug air a bhrathairean fuath a thoirt dha, agus buntainn ris mar a rinn iad. Cha'n fhad gus an toir na big fein an aire do'n dòigh air am buinear riutha leo-san a ghin iad. Tha e' tachairt gu trice gu'm bheil pàranta a' deanamh iodhail beaga dhe'n leanabh a's òige 'san teaghlach, ach tha iad a' deanamh gu mearachdach, —gu mearachdach dhoibh fein,—gu mearachdach do'n chloinn eile,—agus gu ro mhearachdach do'n leanabh fein. Mar so tha eas-aonachd air a suidheachadh anns an ionad sin far am bu chòir do shonas a bhi' rioghachadh. Tha'n t-àite sin bu choir a bhi mar Eden na beatha, air a thruailleadh le mi-ruin agus farmad. Tha na pàrantan a' toirt eòlais air éucoir d'an slìochd fein ann an laithibh an òige, agus tha eiseimpleir neo-mhearachdach air anaceartas agus claoin-bhreith air a sgriobhadh air anamaibh an slìochd fein le làmhaibh nam parant d'an d'thugadh iad. Mar so tha iadsan a' truailleadh an cloinne fein, eadhon iadsan d'am bheil e 'na dhleas'nas gach ni subhailceach agus diadhaidh a sparradh orra.

Sgiathanach.

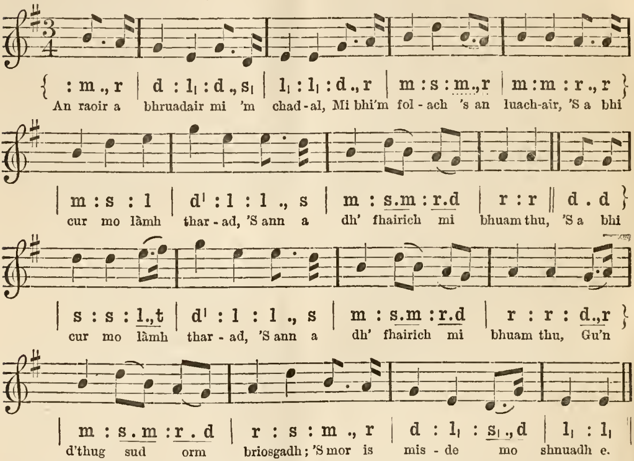
——o——

MARBHRANN FORSAIR CHOIRE-AN-T-SITH.

Fhir mo chridhe.—Fhuair mi am Marbhrann a leanas bho m' fhear-cinnidh, Donnacha Macillebhain, Gaidheal ceanalta a mhuinntir Chomhail, a tha nis a chomhnaidh ann an Glaschu. Feumaidh tu eòlas a chur air an duine chòir so oir tha e cho làn sgeulachd 's tha'n t-ubh de'n bhiadh, agus a bharrachd air a sin bheir a dhuit iad ann an Gaidhlig cho mìn, bhlasta 's a chuala do dhà chluais riamh; cha'n ionann 's a' Ghaidhlig reasgach, thruaillidh sin, a tha cho cumanta mu na dorsan aig an am so. 'S e 'm fear-ciùil barraichte sin Iain Munro, ann an Glaschu, a chuir an ceol ann an ordugh, agus cha tig e dhomhsa no do dh'fhear eile a bhi toirt na tuaidhe á laimh an t-saoir le 'bhi 'g radh tuilleadh mu'n fhonn, oir tha e agad cho réith, ordail, agus a chuireadh Mac-Criomain e fein e. Gabh mo leisgeul air son co goirid 's a tha'n litir so, oir 's ann air a choran is eolaiche sinn ann an Ceann-an-tuilm aig an am so na air a chléit sgriobhaidh. Cha chluinn thu 'uam tuille gus am faigh sinn a' bhuain seachad. Co aig 'tha fios nach cuir mi a " mhaighdean-bhuana " ad ionnsuidh, co math ri oran no dha a theid a sheinn aig an deireadh-bhuana. Is mi "an latha chì 's nach faic" do charaid dileas, **FIONN.**

CEANN-AN-TUILM,
Am Faoghar, 1877.

KEY G.—*Slow, and tenderly.*


{ :m .,r | d :l_1 :d .,s_1 | l_1 :l_1 :d .,r | m :s :m.,r | m :m :r .,r }
An raoir a bhruadair mi 'm chad-al, Mi bhi'm fol-ach 's an luach-air, 'S a bhi
| m :s :l | d' :l :l ., s | m :s.m :r.d | r :r ‖ d . d }
cur mo làmh thar-ad, 'S ann a dh' fhairich mi bhuam thu, 'S a bhi
| s :s :l.,t | d' :l :l ., s | m :s.m :r.d | r :r :d.,r }
cur mo làmh thar-ad, 'S ann a dh' fhairich mi bhuam thu, Gu'n
| m :s.m :r.d | r :s :m ., r | d :l_1 :s_1 .,d | l_1 :l_1 |
d'thug sud orm briosgadh; 'S mor is mis-de mo shnuadh e.

AN raoir a bhruadair mi 'm chadal,
Mi bhi 'm folach 's an luachair,

'S a bhi cur mo làmh tharad,
'S ann a dh'fhairich mi bhuam thu,
'S a bhi cur, &c.

Gu'n d'thug sud orm briosgadh ;
'S mor is misde mo shnuadh e !
Gu'n d'thug, &c.

'N uair nach d'fhuaras thu agam,
A lub ghasda 'n robh suairceas.

B' og, finealta, deas thu—
Bian glas air do ghualainn.

'S tric a chuir thu gu storas.
Is e cota 'n daimh ghruamaich,

Le gunna bheoil thana,
Chuireadh sgainneart o luaidhe ;

Nach do dhiult a-riabh teine
Ri eilid nam fuar-bheann ;

No ri damh a' chinn cabraich,
No ri Lach a' chinn uaine.

No ri fìr-eun a' chreachainn,
('S tu nach cleachdadh dhaibh suimhneas !)

No sionnach na sgarnaich—
'S e nach tearnadh o d'luaidhe.

Lub ur thu Chloinn-Chaluim,
'S gu'm bu bharraicht measg sluaigh thu.

Gur Lochanach fior thu,
'S mo is miste 'm Frì bhuait thu.

Laidh gruaim air Mac-Cailein
'N uair a dh'fhairich e uaith thu.

Gur e sud an sgeul deurach,
Gun a cheum aig a' bhuachaill.

Gur e sud mo sgeul deacair,
Gu'n do thaisg iad 's Taobh Tuath thu.

'S ann an Cladh Chinn-a-ghiuthsaich
A ruisg iad an uaigh dhuit.

'S truagh nach robh fir do dhuthcha
Ga do ghiulan air ghualainn.

'S nach robh i bean d'fhardaich
'S a' ghairich m'an cuairt duit.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

Vol. VI. OCTOBER, 1877. No. 70.

THOMAS FORD HILL'S POEMS.

(Continued.)

In the foregoing Poem it deserves to be remarked, that Fingal is not only treated with little reverence, according to a former observation of mine,* but is even represented as guilty of treachery. Mr. Stuart's Narration of the Death of Dermid agrees with the Poem above in this respect; whereas Mr. Smith has chosen to represent it differently: and more agreeably with the uncontaminated honour of Fingal, in the rest of his publication, and in the Ossian of Macpherson. Smith also attempts, in a note, p. 194, to palliate and cover the superstitious notion of the fatal consequences produced, by walking along the back of a boar, in a direction contrary to the bristles: no doubt, because he would have us suppose, that the natives of the Highlands, unlike all other nations, have been ever guided by truth and reason. I wish the same intention had not hid many similar notions from the public: for it is among such traditional prejudices, that we must look for national character, and the true knowledge of mankind. Reason is ever the same, but folly various. They would also, at the same time, have stamped greater authenticity on the Poems which should have contained them.

I am inclined to suspect, that there are in the foregoing Song some words directly derived from the English, as Bheist, thri, &c.

The next Poem, is an account of the death of Bran, Fingal's celebrated dog: which has not, so far as I know, been ever published before. It does not seem very clear what sort of dog he was, though the Poem concludes with a singular description of him; wherein also is contained a curious enumeration of the peculiar marks of excellence in dogs.

MUR MHARBHADH BRAN.

Lag is lag orin ars' a chorr
'S fada ona mo luirg 'am dheigh
Nam brisins 'i a nochd
Cail am faighin lus na leigh.
  Leighisins 'i ars an dreolan
O'n leighis mi moran rombad
A chorribh tha o's ma cheann
'S mis a leighis Fionn nam sleagh
An lamhaobh sinn an torc liath
'S iomad Fian a bha san t sleibh
'S iomad culean taobh-gheal seang
Bha taobh ri taobh sa bheinn bhuig.
'Nuair shuidhich Fionn an t sealg

HOW BRAN WAS KILLED.

"We are failed! we are failed!" says the heron, "my shank bone is long behind; should I break it in the night, where could I find a physician, or medicine?"

"I would cure thee," says the wren, "as I cured many before thee: O heron, that lookest down upon me! It was I who cured the blythe Fingal, the day the grey boar was slain." Many a hero was then upon the moor; many a handsome white-sided greyhound, stood side by side, on the yellow mountain. When Fingal prepared for hunting, Bran grew angry about his food.

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* See p. 7.

'Sin nuair ghabh Bran fearg ra chuid.
Throidd an da choin anns an t sliahh
Bran gu dian agus cu Ghuill
Mu'n d'fheadas smachd a chuir ais Bran
Dhealaich e naoi uilt ra dhruim
Dh'eirich Goll mor mac Smail
Cuis nach bu choir mu cheann coin
Bhagair e an lamh an roibh Bran
Gun-dail thoirt da ach a mharbhadh.
Dh'eirich Ossian beag mac Fhinn
'S cuig cead deug an codhail Ghuill
Lanhair i an cora ard
Caisgim do luath garg a Ghuill
Bhuail mibuille do'n eil bhuigh
'S do na bailgibh fuin diarneach
Dh'adh 'laigh mi an t'or na cheann
'S truagh a rinn mi 'm beud ra theinn
Sheall mo chuilean thara ghualain
B'iognadh leis mi ga bhualadh
Ar lamh fin leis 'n do bhuaileadh Bran
'S truagh on ghualain nach do sgar
Mun d'rinn mi am beud a bhos
Gur truagh nach ann eug a chuaidheas.
  Ciod a bhuaidh a bhiodhair Bran
Arsa Connan nabhreach miar ?
  Fon a b'aois cuilean do Bhran
'S son chuir mi conn-ial air
Chan fhacas am fianibh fail
Lorg feidh an deigh fhagail
Bu mhaith e hun an dorain duinn
Bu mhaith e thairt eisg a h abhainn
Gum b'fhearr Bran a mharbha bhroc
Na coin an tal on' d'thainig
A cheud leige fhuair Bran riamh
Air druim na coille coir liath
Namar do gach fiadh ar bith
Mharbh Bran air a cheud rith.
  Cassa buidhe bha aig Bran
Da lios dhutha as torr geal
Druim uaine on suidh an sealg
Cluase corrach cro'-dhearg.§

Then the two dogs fought upon the moor, fierce Bran and Gaul's dog. Before Bran could be managed, he severed nine joints from the other's back. The great Gaul, the son of Smail,* arose, incensed at the loss of his dog; he threatened to put the hand that held Bran to immediate death. Little Ossian, the son of Fingal, got up, and fifteen hundred more,† to meet Gaul and spoke with a loud voice.

"Let me stop thy bold hand, Gaul! I struck Bran with the yellow thong, and sore did I repent: at which the famous Bran looked over his shoulder, surprised at my striking him. Pity it was, the hand that struck Bran had not been first severed from the shoulder.—Ere I committed the deed, I could wish I had been no more." ‡

"What were the qualifications of Bran?" says rash Connan—(*Ossian*). "Since Bran was a whelp, and since I got a collar upon him, neither Fingal nor his heroes ever saw the track of a deer that left him. He was excellent at the otter; was good at taking fish out of the water; and was more famous at killing badgers than any dog of his time. The first chace that ever Bran went, above the wood of Cori-liath, nine of all kinds of deer Bran ran down in the first pursuit."

"Bran's feet were of a yellow hue; both his sides black, and his belly white; his back was of an eel-colour, famous for the sport; his ears sharp, erect, and of a scarlet colour."

I have deferred sending you the following poems, in the hope that I should have been able to accompany them with a translation; for which purpose, Dr. Willan, of Bartlet's Buildings, Holborn, was so kind as to transmit them to a friend of his in Scotland. But the translation not having found its way to London, after a much longer delay than I had reason to expect, you now receive them in their original Erse. Should I hereafter receive this translation, I shall certainly trouble you with it. In the meanwhile, if any of your numerous readers, who understand Erse, will oblige me, and, I trust, the public, by rendering this translation unnecessary, I have no doubt you will think yourself happy to insert it.

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* This Gaul, the son of Smail, is surely a different person from Gaul, the son of Morni, of Macpherson and Smith—but such varieties are common in the Highland songs.

† These huntings seem to have been undertaken by the whole clan together.

‡ Bran appears to have been slain by this blow. *The yellow thong* seems to have had some peculiarly fatal power in it, by this account of its effects.

§ In the first stanza of this poem, l. 1 *for* orin *r.* oirn; l. 2 *for* ona *r.* cna; l. 6 *for* rombad *r.* romhad.

It becomes me to make some apology for the numerous errors in orthography, which must necessarily have found their way into these Erse poems; published as they are by a stranger to the language. I can only say, that it has been my constant endeavour to be as correct as possible; though I am conscious, that nothing is more easy than to mistake one letter for another in an unknown tongue. There is, however, this consideration to be made, which perhaps will excuse many apparent errors: that the writers of Erse, in the Scottish Highlands, by no means agree in their mode of spelling. The reading and writing of the Scottish Erse has made hitherto but a small progress; it certainly never appeared in the form of printing till of late years. What manuscripts there were, seem to have been known to few; and even those few were, perhaps, obliged to Ireland for their knowledge.* Every one, to whom I showed these poems in the Highlands for translation, told me, that they were written in the Irish dialect; and indeed they evidently appear to attribute Fingal to Ireland.†

I received the two following poems from Mac-Nab, at the same time with those which have preceded them.

DUAN A MHUILEARTICH.

La do'n Fhein air Tullich toir
Re abhrac Erin onan tiomichil
Chunairc iad air Bharibh Thonn
An Tarrachd eitidh aitail crom
She bainm do'n Dfhuadh nach ro fann maunlich
Am Muilleartich maoil ruaigh mathnn
Bha Haodin du-ghlas air dhreich guail
Bha Deid carbadich claoin ruaigh
Bha aoin Suil ghloggich na Ceann
'Sbu luaigh i na Ruinich Maoirinn
Bha greann ghlas-duth air a Ceann
Mar dhroich Coill chrinich air chritheann
Ri abbarc nan Fian bu mhor Goil bhi
Tshauntich a Bhiast teachd nan Innis
Mhairbh i le Habbichd ciad Laoich
'So Gaira mor na Gairbh Chraois
Cail a bheil Firr as fearr na Shud
An duigh an Fhein a Mhic Cubhail
Chuirinse shudair do Laibh
A Mhuileartich mhathion mahoil chammahaeh
Air Sca Luchd chumail nan Conn
Na bi oirne gad Mhaoithidh
Gheibh thu Cubhigh asgaibh Shith
Huirt Mac Cubhail an tard Riogh
Gad gheibhinse Brigh Erin rulle
A Hor 'sa Hairgid sa Huinbhis
Bear leom thu Chosgairt mo Tshleigh
Oscair Raoine sa Chaorrail
An Tshleigh shin ris a bheil thu fas
San aice ha do ghian-bhas
Caillidh tu dosa Chinn chrin
Re deo Mhac Ossian a dhearraigh
Bussa dhuit Ord Chrottidh nan Clach
A chaigne fod 'l Fhiaclan—
Na Cobhrig nan Fian fuillich
'N shin nar gherich fraoich na beist
Dherich Fiun flath na Feinigh
Dherich Oscur flath na fearr
Dherich Oscur agus Iullin
Dherich Ciar-dhuth Mac bramh
Dherich Goll Mor agus Connan
Dherich ne Laoich nac bo tiom
Laoich Mhic Cubhail nan Arm grinn
Agus rein iad Cro-coig-cath
Mun Arrichd eitidh san Gleann
A Cearthir Laoich abfhearr san fhein
Chobhrigidh i iad gu leir
Agus fhrithilidh Siad ma sheach
Mar ghath rinne na Lasrich
Hachir Mac Cubhail an Aigh
Agus a Bhiast Laibh air Laibh
Bha Druchd air Barribh a Lainne
Bha taibh a Cholla ri Guin bualidh
Bha Braoin ga Fhuil air na fraoichibh
Huil am Muileartich leis an Riogh
Ach Mathuil cha ban gun Strith
Deichin cha duair e mar Shin
O La Ceardich Loin Mhic Liobhain
Ghluais an Gothidh leis a Bhrigh

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* See p. 6.

† See p. 9.

Gu Teich othar an Ard Riogh
'Sbu Sgeulidh le Gotha nan Cuan
m' athion maoil ruagh
Gun do bharraigh am Muileartich
Mar dechidh ean Tailibh Tolc
Na mar do bhathigh am Muir dhobhain Long
Caile àn rò Dhaoine air bith
Na bharraigh am Muileartich mathion
Cha ne bharbh i ach an Fhian
Buidhin leis nach gabhir Giabh
'S nach Deid Fua na Arrachdas
Fon Tshluaigh aluin Fhalt-bhui iommaidh
Bheir misc briathar a rist
Ma bharbhigh am Muileartich min
Nach fhag misc aoin na Ghleann
Tom Innis na Eilleain
Bheir mi breapadich air Muir
Agus Coragadich air Tir
Crocoran
Agus ni mi Croran Coill
Freibhichean
Ga tarruing hugam asa Taibhichean
'S mor an Luchd do Loingeas ban
Erin uille d Thogbhail
'S nach dechidh do Loingeas riabhair Sail
Na thoga Coigibh do dh' Erin
Mile agus Caogid Long
Sin Caibhlich an Riogh gu trom
A Dol gu Crichibh Erin
fanagh
Air hi na Feinigh nan taragh.

CUBHA FHINN DO RIOGH LOCHLIN.

ai
Deich ciad Cuilean deich ciad Cu
Deich ciad Slaibhrigh air Mil chu
Sleigh
Deich ciad Sealtuin chaoil Chatha
Deich ciad Brat min Datha
Each
Deich ciad Gearaltich cruaigh Dearg
Deich ciad Nobul don Or dhearg
Deich ceud Maighdin le da Ghun
Deich ceid Mantul don Tshid Ur
Deich ceid Sonn a dherigh leat
Deich ciad Srian Oir & airgid.
Riogh Lochlin.
Gad a gheibhidh Riogh Lochlin shud
'S na bha' Mhaoin 'sdo Tsheidin an Erin
Cha fhilligh e T'shluaigh air ais
Gus 'mbigh Erin rull' air Earras
Suil gan dug Riogh Lochlin.
Uaigh chunnair e Brattich a tin
Amach & Gille gaiste air a Ceann
Air a lasc do Dh or Eirinich
Dibhuille Duibhne dualich
Ni shud Brattich Mhic Trein-bhuaghich.
Dibhuille.
Cha ni shud ach an L ath luid neach
Brattich Dhiarmaid o Duibhne
'Snar bhigh an Fhian rul' amach
'Shi Liath-luidnich bu toisich
Suil gan dug Riogh Lochlin, &c.
Dibhuille.
Cha ni shud ach an Aoin Chasach ruaidh
Brattich Chaoilte nan Mor Tshluaidh
Brattach leis an sgoiltear Cinn
'S an doirtir Fuil gu Aoibranibh
Suil, &c.
Dibhuille.
Cha ni shud ach an Scuab ghabhigh
Brattach Oscur Chro' laidir
'Snar a ruigte Cath nan Cliar
Cha biach fhiarich ach Scuab-ghabuidh
Suil, &c.
Dibhuille.
Cha ni sud ach a Bhriachil bhreochil
Brattach Ghuill Mhoir Mhic Morni [*]
Nach dug Troigh air a hais
Gus n do chrith an Tailibh tromghlas
Suil, &c. &c.
Dibhuille.
'S misa dhuitsa na bheil ann
Ha Ghil ghreine an sud a tighin
As Naoigh Slaibhrinin aist a shios
dail
Don Or bhuigh gun Dal Sgiabh
i
Agus Naoigh nao lan-gheasgeach
Fo Cheann a huille Slaibhrigh
Atogairt air feo do Tshuaighthibh
Mar Cliabh-tragha gu Traigh
Bigh gair Chatha gad iummain.

There are many reasons to conclude, that these two Poems are either much interpolated, or the work of a late age. Many words, apparently derived from the English, occur in them, similar to those in the Song of the death of Dermid;[†] such are Bheist, Nobul, Maighdin, Mantul, Ghun, &c.

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[*] Here Gaul is called the son of Morni, see note * in p. 17 ; he is always called *Mhoir Ghuil*, or *Great Gaul,* and seems to have been esteemed one of the largest of the Fingalian giants. See Ossian agus an Clerich, v. 10. Fhir mhoir : great man or giant, &c.

[†] See p. 16.

When I left Dalmaly the last time, I requested Mac-Nab to send me such Erse poems, as he might afterwards collect: in consequence of which, he inclosed a Song called Urnigh Ossian, or Ossian's Prayers, in the following letter.

"SIR,—I send you this copy of Ossian's Prayers. I could give you more now, if I had time to copy them: them I gave you was partly composed, when they went from their residence (in Cromgleann nan Cloch) that is Glenlyon Perthshire, to hunt to Ireland.—I have some good ones, I mean Poems, on Fingal's Tour to Lochlann or Denmark; wherein the Danes was defeated, and their women brought captive to Scotland—The bearer hurries me to conclude. I am, Sir, in haste,

"Your most humble servant,

"ALEX. M'NAB.

"BARCHASTAN, 27*th June*, 1780.

"*P.S.*—Please to write if they overtake you."

In this letter, Mac-Nab seems to imply that the Fingalians divided their time between Ireland and Scotland; though the Songs themselves mention only Erin or Ireland, its peculiarities and traditions. The following Song called Ossian's Prayers, which indeed is in many respects the most curious of any, is also the only one he gave me that mentions Scotland or Allabinn. He however related to me the History of another Song; a copy of which has been published by Smith in his *Galic Antiquities*,* under the title of *The Fall of Tura;* likewise mentioning Scotland, and containing some other remarkable particulars: on which account I shall take the liberty of inserting it. It differs in many circumstances from the narrative in Smith; though the leading events are similar.

The people of Fingal, according to Mac-Nab, being on some excursion, a villain called Garrell † took the opportunity to set fire to one of their castles, of which it seems they had many in different places. This castle stood in the isle of Skye, and their women were confined in it: "for," said Mac-Nab, "they kept many women like the Turks." The castle being burnt down by this means, the women, unable to escape, were all destroyed together. The Fingalians were at that time sailing on the coast, and saw the fire: but though they used all the speed in their power, they arrived too late to prevent the mischief.

The above story, thus simply related by Mac-Nab, agrees with what he says in his letter about the Danish women being brought captive to Scotland by the Fingalians; and with the known manners of barbarous nations. It does not so well agree with the representation of Macpherson and Smith. ‡

Glenlyon, which Mac-Nab in his letter speaks of, as one of the principal abodes of the Fingalians, lies in the western part of Perthshire, on the borders of Argyleshire, near Loch-Tay.

Throughout this country are many ruins of rude stone walls, constructed in a circle; the stones of which are very large: these are said by tradition to be the work of Fingal and his heroes. One of these ruins is close by Mac-Nab's house. The Pictish houses are buildings of this sort.

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* See p. 14 and 15, where this work has been already quoted.

† Smith calls this man Gara; and makes him one of Fingal's heroes, who was left at home as a guard when the accident happened.

‡ See p. 16 and note.

Many places in the country, as glens, lochs, islands, &c. are denominated from the Fingalians. The largest cairns, which abound here, are said to be their sepulchral monuments: indeed all striking objects of nature, or great works of rude and ancient art, are attributed to them; as other travellers have already informed the world. The zeal of Fingalianism has, however, in one instance, bestowed these titles improperly. The great cave of Staffa, which Sir Joseph Banks calls Fingal's Cave, is, by the inhabitants, called *The Cave of Twilight.* The Erse word for twilight is similar to the sound of Fingal; and hence proceeded the error.

I am sorry to add, that Mac-Nab never sent me any more Songs after the Urnigh Ossian; though I wrote him an answer, requesting that he would favour me with any others he pleased: and urged every persuasive to obtain them. Money is little used, and therefore little esteemed, in the Highlands of Scotland.

Barchastan, from whence he dates his letter, is the name of the house he lives at, in the parish of Dalmaly in Glenorchy.

The following Song, called Urnigh Ossian, or Ossian's Prayers, is the relation of a dispute between Ossian and St. Patrick, on the evidence and excellence of Christianity. The arguments of St. Patrick are by no means those of an able Polemic: but the objections of Ossian carry with them the internal marks of antiquity: they are evidently the objections of a rude Polytheist, totally ignorant of the nature of the Christian tenets; and such as no later bards in such a rude country would ever have been able to invent, without some original and traditional foundation. Ossian seems to have thought, that hell might be as agreeable as heaven, if there were as many deer and dogs in it. "Why," says Ossian, "should I be religious, if heaven be not in the possession of Fingal and his Heroes? I prefer them to thy God, and thee, O Patrick!" So Purchas relates,* that, when the Spaniards attempted to convert the inhabitants of the Philippine isles to Christianity; the Islanders replied, that they would rather be in hell with their forefathers, than in heaven with the Spaniards.

According to Mac-Nab, Fingal seems to have been the Odin of the Scots: for he said, they had no religion, prior to Christianity, but the reverence of Fingal and his race. This account agrees with the entire deficiency of religious ideas, in the Ossian of Macpherson and Smith; and with the opinions and prejudices expressed in the following Poem, and in some of the foregoing.†

The Urnigh Ossian evidently appears, even through the medium of the following rude translation, to be superior in poetic merit to any of the Songs which accompany it. I am very sorry the translation is not entire. The first twenty-one verses, and the last verse, or thirty-sixth, were translated for me at Oban in Argyleshire, by a schoolmaster there; who was procured by Mr. Hugh Stephenson, inn-keeper, at Oban. The remainder of the translation was sent me from Edinburgh, in consequence of Dr. Willan's application.‡

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* Pilgrimage Asia Ch. 16.

† See p. 9, v. 4.

‡ See p. 17.

I wish some of your readers, Mr. Urban, could be induced to supply the deficiency.

URNIGH OSSIAN.

1.	V. 1.
Aithris sgeula Phadruig An onair do Leibhigh 'Bheil neamh gu harrid Aig Uaisliamh na Féinne.	Relate the tale of Patrick, in honour of your ancestors.—" Is heaven on high in the possession of the Heroes of Fingal ?
2.	St. Patrick. 2.
Bheirinnsa mo dheurbha dhuil Oishein nan glonn Nach bheil Neamh aig t athair Aig Oscar no aig Goll.	I assure thee, O Ossian ! father of many children * that heaven is not in the possession of thy father, nor of Oscar, nor of Gaul.†
3.	Ossian. 3.
'Sdona'n sgéula Phadruig 'La agad damhsa Chlerich Com'am bethinnsa ri cràbha Mur bheil Neamh aig Flaith no Fhéinne	It is a pitiful tale, O Patrick ! that thou tellest me the Clerk of : Why should I be religious, if Heaven be not in the possession of the heroes of Fingal ?
4.	St. Patrick. 4.
Nach dona sin Oishein Fhir nam briathra boille Gum b'fhear Dia ri 'sgacto aon' chàs Na Fiànïn Allabinn Uille	How wicked is that, O Ossian ! thou who usest blasphemous expressions : God is much more mighty than all the Heroes of Albion.

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* This is ever accounted a great honour among Barbarians. See also Ossian agus an Clerich, v. 47, p. 15.

† I copied at Mac-Nab's, out of one of his MSS. the following lines, relative to Gaul abovementioned, which relate an incident remarkably similar to the stories told of Achilles, Hercules, the Jewish Samson, and the Teutonic giant Thor, &c. I observed in p. 19, that Gaul is generally esteemed one of the greatest of the giants : this extract describes one still mightier than he.

Cho drugain mo sgian do riogh na do Fhlath
No do dhuin air bith gun amhith no mhath
Naoid guinuiran do sgun achuire anamsa Goull
'Scho n fhuigin a thri annan biodh mo sgian nam dhonr
Ach dom gan tug luthadh lamh-ada anancean Ghuill anathadh
Gheig^{s} e rann bhris e enai geal anceaumhum hom a mhi lean ta
Chuir cmhala faraseal mhaoidh eain adheud rum h'or
Chuir e falam hors aghuiudhi agus enig me air na truighe
Sb'huin adhann don tallamh 'sgula bhath belhidh fhaiil 'ann
Farnach deanadh andan ach ball gorm na glas
Se ruda dheanadh an sgian an riach sanrrachadh abhor.

The sense of these lines, Mac-Nab gave me as follows : " Gaul and Uvavat had a violent conflict : Gaul had a knife, Uvavat had none : Gaul stabbed Uvavat nine times with his knife : Uvavat said, if he had had his knife, he would not have suffered a third part so much ; at last, lifting up his arm, he struck Gaul on the skull, and fractured it ; broke his bone ; removed his brow ; knocked out his teeth ; knocked off his kneepan and his five toes ; all at one blow. The mark of the blow shall remain in the ground for ever." Gaul's knife mentioned here seems to have been a kind of dirk ; which, like the dagger of Hudibras, served in these rude times,

Either for fighting, or for drudging ;
And when 't had stabb'd, or broke a head ;
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread.

5.

Bfhearr leam aon' Chath laidir
'Churieadh Fiunn na Féinne
Na Tighearnagh achrabhidh sin
Is tusa Chléirich.

OSSIAN. 5.

I would prefer one mighty battle, fought by the Heroes of Fingal, to the God of thy worship, and thee, O Clerk.

6.

Ga beag a Chubhail chrobhnanach
Is mònaran na Gréine
Gun fhios don Riogh mhòrdhalach
Cha drêid fieidh dhile do Sgéithe

ST. PATRICK. 6.

Little as is the *Chubhail*, or the sound of *Greini:* yet it is as well known to this Almighty King as the least of your shields.*

7.

'Noavil ù'm bionan e s mac Cubhall
An Riogh sin a bha air na F annibh
Dhéfheudadh fir an domhain
Dol na Fhallamhian gun iaruidh.

OSSIAN. 7.

Dost thou imagine that he is equal to the son of Comhal ? that King who reigned over the nations, who defeated all the people of the earth, and visited their kingdoms unsent for ? †

8.

Oishain 'sfada do shuain
Eirieh suas is eist na 'Sailm
Chaill a do lùth sdo răth
Scho chuir u cath ri la garbh

ST. PATRICK. 8.

O thou Ossian ! long sleep has taken hold of thee : rise to hear the Psalms ! Thou hast lost thy strength and thy valour, neither shalt thou be able to withstand the fury of the day of battle.

9.

Mo chail mi mo lùth smo ràth
'Snach mairionn cath abh'aig Fiunn
Dod chleirs neachd sa's beag mo spéis
'S Do chiol eisteachd chonfeahch leom

OSSIAN. 9.

If I have lost my strength and my valour, and none of Fingal's battles be remembered; I will never pay respect to thy Clerkship, nor to thy pitiful songs.

10.

Chachualas co meath mo cheòil
O thùs an domhain mhoir gus anochd
Tha ri aosta annaghleochd liath
Thir a dhioladh Cliar air chnochd

ST. PATRICK. 10.

Such beautiful songs as mine were never heard till this night.‡ O thou who hast discharged many a sling § upon the hills ! though thou art old and unwise.

11.

'Strie a dhiol mi cliar air chnochd
'Illephadreig is Olc rùn
'Seacoir dhuitsa chàin mo chruth
Onach dfhuair u guth air thùs.

OSSIAN. 11.

Often have I discharged many a sling,§ upon a hill, O thou Patrick of wicked mind! In vain dost thou endeavour to reform me, as thou first hast been appointed to do it.

12.

Chualas Ceol Oscionn do cheòil
Ge mòr a mholfas tu do Chliar
Ceòl air nach luigh leatrom laoich
Faoghar cuile aig an Ord Thiànn

12.

Music we have heard that exceeds thine, though thou praisest so much thy hymns ; songs which were no hindrance to our heroes ; the noble songs of Fingal.

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* This verse appears to be erroneously translated ; the translator said, he knew not how to render the words Chubhail and Greine properly : the third verse also, in which Ossian is called the Clerk, a title, commonly given to St. Patrick ; and some few other parts ; seem not altogether correct.

† I suspect the expressions translated by Macpherson, *The Kings of the World*, are somewhat similar to these. Fingal is here represented as a Bacchus or Sesostris.

‡ This seems to refer to the custom of singing songs at night, a favourite entertainment of the Highlands perhaps to this day. In v. 8, Ossian seems to be represented as falling asleep, instead of listening to St. Patrick.

§ The word Cliar, here translated a sling, may perhaps mean some other weapon.

13. 'Nuair a Shuig headh Fiunn air chnochd Sheinneneid port don Ord fhiann Chuire nan codal na Slòigh 'S Ochòin ba bhinne na do Chliar	13. When Fingal sat upon a hill, and sung a tune to our heroes, which would enchant the multitude to sleep: Oh! how much sweeter was it than thy hymns.*
14. Smeorach bheag dhuth o Ghleann smàil Faghar nom bàre rie an tuinn Sheinnemid fein le' puirt 'Sbha sinn feinn sair Cruitt ro bhinn	14. Sweet are the thrush's notes, and lovely the sound of the rushing waves against the side of the bark; but sweeter far the voice of the harps, when we touched them to the sound of our songs.
15. Bha bri gaothair dheug aig Fiunn Zugradhmed cad air Ghleann smàïl 'Sbabhenne Glaoghairm air còn Na do chlaig a Cleirich chăïdh	15. Frequently we heard the voices of our Heroes among the hills and glens; and more sweet to our ears was the noise of our hounds, than thy bells, O Clerk! †
16. Coid arinn Fiunn air Dia A reir do Chliar is do scoil Thug e la air pronnadh Oïr San athlo air meoghair Chon.	16. Was Fingal created to serve God, to please the Clerk and his school? ‡ he who has been one day distributing § gold, and another following the toes of dogs.
17. Aid miadt fhiughair ri meoghair chon 'Sri diolagh scol gaeh aon la 'Sgun eisheamail thoirt do Dhia 'Nois tha Fiunn nan Fiaunun laimh	St. Patrick. 17. As much respect as thou payest to the toes of dogs, and to discharge thy daily school: ‖ Yet because thou hast not paid respect to God, thou and the heroes of thy race shall be led captive in Hell.
18. Sgann achreideas me do sgéul A Chléirich led leabhar bàn Gum bithidh Fiunn na chomh fhial Aig Duine no aig Dia an laimh	Ossian. 18. I can hardly believe thy tale, thou light-haired and unworthy Clerk! ¶ that the Heroes of our race should be in captivity, either to the Devil or to God.
19. Ann an Ifrionn tha én laimh Fear lin sath bhi pronnadh Oir Air son a dhio mios air Dia Chuirse e'n tighpian fuidh Chron	St. Patrick. 19. He is now bound in Hell, who used to distribute gold. Because he was a despiser of God, he has Hell for his portion.

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* When the Bards sung their songs at night, it seems to have been their custom to pursue them, till they had lulled their audience to sleep: See v. 10 and note: which accounts for the singular effect here attributed to Fingal's Songs. It is related of Alfarabi, whom Abulfeda and Ebn Khalecan call the greatest Philosopher of the Mussulmans, that being at the Court of Seifeddoula Sultan of Syria, and requested to exhibit some of his Poems, he produced one, which he sung to an accompanyment of several instruments. The first part of it threw all his audience into a violent laughter, the second part made them all cry, and the last lulled even the performers to sleep. Herb. Dict. Orient in voce. Thus also Mercury is said to have lulled Argus to sleep by music.

† Ossian agrees with modern hunters, in his idea of the musick of a pack of hounds. The bells mentioned in this verse appear to be an interpolation.

‡ "And Pharaoh said, Who is Jehovah that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not Jehovah." Exod. v. 2.

§ The word in the original signifies pounding gold: it occurs again in v. 19.

‖ What school did Ossian keep?

¶ Why was light hair esteemed an opprobrium? the Erse themselves are a red-haired race.

20. Nam bithidh Clanna' Morn' asteach 'S Clann Oboigé nam fear lréun Bheiremid ne Fiunn amach No bhiodh an teach aguinn séin	OSSIAN. 20. If the children of Morni, and the many tribes of the children of Ovi, were yet alive; we would force the brave Fingal out of Hell, or the habitation should be our own.*
21. Cionfheodhna na Halabinn maseach Air leatsa gum ba mhor am féum Cho dtuga fin Fiunn amach Ged bhiodh an teach aguibhfein	ST. PATRICK. 21. Valiant as you imagine the brave Scots were; yet Fingal they would not release, though they should be there themselves.
22. Coid an tait Joghairne fein Aphadruig a léib has an scoil Nach co math's Flathinnis De Ma Gheibhar ann Feigh is Coin	OSSIAN. 22. What place is that same Hell, Patrick of deep learning! Is it not as good as the Heaven of God, if hounds and deer are found there?†
23. Bha mise la air Sliabh boid Agus Coilte ba chruaigh lann Bha Oscar ann 's Goll nan Sliagh Donall nam fleagh s rôn on Ghleann	
24. Fiunn mac Cubhill borb abhriogh Bha c na Rioghos air ceann Tri mic ar Riogh os na n sgia Ba m hor amian air dol a Shealg. Sa phadruig nam bachoil fiàl Cho leigeadh iad Dia os an ceann	24. Fingal the son of Comhal, fierce in action, was King over us. To the three sons of the King of Shields, pleasant was the chace. Generous Patrick of the innocent staff! they would never permit God to be named as their superior.‡
25. Ba bheach leam Dearmad e duibhn Agus Fearagus ba bhinne Glôir Nam ba chead leal mi efa n luaidh A Chleirich nuadh a theid don roim	25. Much rather would I speak of Dermid, and Duino, and Fergus of eloquent speech, if you would give me leave to mention them, O holy man who goest to Rome.§
26. Com nach ocad leam u dun luaidh Ach thoir aire gu luath air Dia 'Nois tha deireadh air tòis 'Scuir do d Chaois ashean fhirlé	ST. PATRICK. 26. Why should I not permit you to mention them? but take care to make mention of God. Now the last things are become first. Change thou therefore thy ways, old man with the grey locks. ‖

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* The Greek stories about the visit of Hercules to Hell, for the purpose of delivering Theseus and fetching up Cerberus, are strikingly similar to the idea of this verse.

† Mac-Nab mentioned this verse and the thirty-sixth when I saw him: for he had spoken to me about this poem before he sent it.

‡ Though Ossian is generally represented as the son of Fingal, this verse and the next do not seem to speak of him in that relation. Mac-Nab said St. Patrick was Fingal's son. See also p. 9.

§ The contest here considerably resembles that at the beginning of *Ossian agus an Clerich*, (see p. 9 as above). The Roman Catholic superstition of later times in this passage evidently discovers itself: perhaps the *innocent staff*, mentioned in v. 24, may have some reference to the crosier.

‖ St. Patrick, Jesuit-like, seems willing to compound with Ossian; and to admit the Pagan songs, provided Ossian, on the other hand, would admit Christianity. Part of this verse is scriptural, "*So the last shall be first and the first last, for many are called but few chosen.*" Matt. xx. 16. and see also Mark ix. 35. Jesus Christ is here meant by the title of God: See verse 28.

27.

Phadruig mathug u cead beagann
Alabhairt duirn
Nach aidmhich ùmas cead le Dia
Flath nan fiann arait' air thus

28.

Cho d tug mise comas duit
Sheanfhir chursta is tu liath
B'fhear Mac moire ri aon lo
No duine dtaineg riamh

29.

Nir raibh math aig neach fuin 'Ghréin
Gum bfhear eféin na mo thrialh
Mac muirneach nach d'eittich Cliar
Scha leige se Dia osachian

30.

Na comh'ad 'usa Duine ri Dia
Sheann fhir le na breathnich e
'S fada on thainig aneart
'Smairfidh se leart Gu brath

31.

'Chomhad innse Fuinn namsleagh
Ri aon neach asheall sa Ghrein
Cha d carr se riamh ne air neach
'Scho mho dhearr se niach ma ni

32.

'S bheiremid seachd cath a fichead an fhiam
Air Shithair druim a Cliar amuidh
'Scho d tugamid Urram do Dhia
No chean cliar abha air bith

33.

Seachd catha fichiad duibhs nar fein
Cho do chreid sibh ne n Dia nan Dùl
Cho mhairionn duine dar Sliochd
Scho bheo ach riochd Oishein Uir

34.

Cha ne fin ba choireach ruinn
Acts Turish Fhinn a dhol don Roimh
Cumail Cath Gabhridh ruinn feir
Bha e Claoidh bhur féin ro mhor

35

Chone Chlaoidhsibh Uille fhann
Amhu Fhinnos gearr gud re
Eist ri rà Riogh nam bochd
Iar thusa 'nachd neamh dheul fein.

36.

Comracch an da Abstaildeúg
Gabham chugam feir aniugh
Ma rinn mise Peacadh trom
Chuir an cnochd sa n tôm sa'nluig.

Barchastan Glenorchy, *June* 27, 1780.

Ossian. 27.

Patrick, since thou hast given me leave to speak a little, wilt thou not permit us, with God's leave, to mention the King of Heroes first ?*

St. Patrick. 28.

I by no means give thee leave, thou wicked grey-haired man ! The son of the virgin Mary is more excellent than any man who ever appeared upon earth.

30.

Compare not any to God; harbour no such thoughts, old man ! Long has his superior power stood acknowledged, and it shall for ever continue.

Ossian. 31.

I certainly would compare the hospitable Fingal to any man who ever looked the sun in the face. He never asked a favour of another, nor did he ever refuse when asked.†

Ossian. 36.

The belief of the twelve Apostles I now take unto me : and if I have sinned greatly, let it be thrown into the grave.

Crioch.

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* The opposition of Ossian seems to be considerably weakened in this verse : but he still wishes to see his old superstitions maintain the superiority at least.

† Ossian seems to have been offended at the gross reproaches which the humility of the Christian Apostle had just bestowed upon him with all the prodigality of one of Homer's heroes : and he answers with the rough but generous boldness of barbarous independence.

I shall conclude these Erse songs, with a Poem called the Ode of Oscar; whose authenticity perhaps admits the least Dispute of any which I have sent you. I did not obtain it, like most of the rest, from Mac-Nab; but wrote it down immediately from the mouth of a Man who was Wright or Carpenter at Mr. Macleane's of Drumnan in Morven, and who knew a number of these songs. Mrs. Macleane and her son's wife, a daughter of Sir Alexander Macleane, were so kind as to sit by and translate for me whilst he repeated and I wrote. In order to have some kind of check against deception, I attempted to write down the Erse, together with the translation; but as a language, written by one who is a stranger to it, must necessarily be unintelligible, I shall only trouble you with the latter. The poem relates the Death of Oscar; which is the subject of the first book of Macpherson's Temora. It opens with a lamentation for the Death of Chaoilte, which is foreign to the rest of the song; a practice not uncommon among the poems attributed to Ossian, and similar to that of Pindar. I do not remember to have met with the name of Chaoilte in Macpherson or Smith; but it has already been twice mentioned in the foregoing songs: in Cubha Fhinn, line 27, and Urnigh Ossian, verse 23.

(*To be continued.*)

We have to announce that we will publish, in October, a New Edition of Mr. Sands' "Life in St. Kilda," containing much new and interesting matter, obtained during the Author's compulsory residence of eight months on the island.

AN
GAIDHEAL.

"Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh."—Oisean.

VI. Leabh.] CEUD MHIOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1877. [71 Air.

CUMHACHD DHÉ.

Chan e amhain gun do "chruthaich Dia na neamhan agus an talamh,"* ach tha e 'g an riaghladh agus 'g an stiuireadh air gach ial. Tha an cruthachadh marbh, gun smuain, gun chomas; agus cha ghluais ni ach mar a ghluaisear e le cumhachd a Chruitheir. Cha ruith uisge sios an gleann ni's mugha na ruitheadh e suas, mur eignichear e.

Tha cuid de dhaoine a cumail amach gur e "laghan Nàduir," a their iadsa, a thu cumail gach ni air aghart. Ach is faoineas sin. A reir a Bhiobaill, 's e Dia a tha cumail a chruthachaidh air ghluasad.† Agus tha sin a co laidheadh ri réusan. Oir chan 'eil an "Nàdur" ach Dia agus oibrean Dhé; agus chan 'eil brìgh an "lagh," gun an reachdadair.

Chithear cumhachd Dhé air feadh an t-saoghail gu léir. Tha na neoil ag eiridh, na frasan a tearnadh, agus na h-uisgeachan a ruith anns gach tìr. Agus cha bheag am meud no'n àireamh. Is iomad fuaran agus sruth a tha 's a Ghaidhealtachd amhàin; agus is beag sin de'n t-saoghal mhòr, anns am bheil iomad amhain a tha còrr a's mìle mhìltean air fad, agus mìltean air leud. Ma tha aig duine ri aon acha uisgeachadh, is saothair mhòr e: ach uisgichidh an Tighearna tìr fharsuinn le frasaibh tròm, agus tha an lan-mara a's sruthan mòra a chuain a cuartachadh an t-saoghail air fad. Cluinnear a ghuth 's an tairneineach, agus chithear a neart 's an dealanach, a sgoilteas an darach agus na creagan am prioba na sùla.

Tha an Cruithear a toirt fàs a's toradh do gach luidh a's craobh, de'm bheil corr a's ceud mile seorsa air thalamh. Tha craobhan giubhais an California a tha corr a's ceithir cheud troidh air aird, agus thair leth-cheud troidh an cuairt. Leagadh cuid diubh, agus fhuaras amach gun robh iad eadar dà a's tri mìle bliana dh'aois.

Chan e amhain gum bheil an Cruithear a toirt bith a's beatha do chunntas gun aireamh do bheo-chreutairibh, an doigh do rannsachadh, air feadh an t-saoghail air fad, ach tha e a toirt fas daibh, agus 'g an cumail laidir a's fallain gu'n crich. Ged is mòr neart an leomhainn, tha eagal air roi' adhaircibh a bhuabhuill, agus cha teid e an gaoth do'n elephant. Pronnaidh fiaclan a chroghaill claidheamh an fhir a lotadh e; agus tilgidh a mhuc-mhara a luchd-marbhaidh agus am bàta 's an speur, le aon bhéum d'a h-earaball.

Chan ann air tìr amhain a chithear oibrean a Chruitheir, gheobhar iad an doimhne na fairge maraon. Tha an cuan mòr lan de bheothaichibh, dh'iomad seorsa, eadhoin gu ghrunnd, miltean fo'n uisge, far nach ruig solus na blà's na grein' iad.

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* Genesis caib. i., v. 1.

† Faic Job caib. xxxviii. gu xli.; Salm xxix. agus lxv., civ.

Chithear cumhachd a Chruitheir gu ro shoilleir 's an doinnein, 's a chrith-thalmhainn agus 's na beanntaibh teinntidh. Chunnaig mise, air aird a chuain, croinn long mhor a crith mar shlataig fo neart na sìd; agus dh'fhairich mi deire na luing a crith, leis na stuaghabh a bha bualadh a toiseach: agus is tric a chithear creagan mora air an tilgeadh amach air tràigh, le spairn nan tonn.

Anns a chrith-thalmhainn mhòir, aig Lisbon, am Portugal, 's a bhliana 1755, dh'fhairicheadh a chrith air feadh na Roinn-eorpa gu leir, an Africa-muthuath, agus anns na h-Innsibh Shuas. Thogadh tonn air oir-thir na Spainn tri fichead troidh air aird, agus ghluaiseadh uisge Loch Nis. 'S a bhliana 1822, thog crith-thalmhainn oir-thir Chili, an America ma-dheas, thair tri troidhean, fad corr a's ceud mìle.

Chaidh Eileinean Sandwich, 's a chuan mhor Pasific, ardachadh as an t-sàile, air dhoigh 's gum bheil cuid de na beanntaibh beul ri ceithir mile deug troidh air aird; agus thogadh iomad eilein eile air an doigh cheudna.

Tha bragh no briseadh-mach nan beanntaibh teinntidh ro eagallach Dhiubh sin bha bragh na beinn Tomboro, air innis Sumbama, 's na h-Innsibh Shios, 's a bhliana 1815. Chualas am fuaim an eilein Sumatra, corr a's mile mhiltean air astar. Bha an luatha a thilgear amach bho mhullach fàs na beinne, a tuiteam cho trom, da fhichead mile air astar 's gun do leag i taighean. Bha i tuiteam cho dlùth rathad eilein Iabha, tri cheud mile air asdar, 's gun d'rinn i dorchadas mar mheadhon oiche. 'S a bhliana 79, dh'annlaig an sruth loisgeach a bha ruith o bheinn Bhesubhiuis, bailtean Pompeii, Herculaneum agus Stabiae, gu doimhne eadar tri fichead a's ceud troidh, far am bheil iad gus an diugh. 'S a bhliana 1660, thilg beinn mhor Etna, an Sisili, amach, de charraig leaghta, tuille a's fichead meud na beinne gu léir. An 1783, thaom da shruth loisgeach o bheinn Scaptar Iocul, 's an Eilein Uaine, aon diu leth-cheud mìle air fad agus da mhìle dheug air leud, agus an t-aon eile da fhichead mile air fad, agus seachd mile air leud, a's mu cheud troidh air dhoimhnead.

Nam faiceamaid meall talmhainn, mìle gach rathad, air fad, air leud 's air aird—shaoileamaid gum biodh e ro mhòr; ach cha bhiodh ann ach neoni an coimeas ris an t-saoghal: agus ma sheallas neach air a chuan, o mhullach beinne, is farsuinn an sealladh; ach is ro bheag de'n t-saoghal mhòr a chithear. Gidheadh tha an t-Uile-chumhachdach a tionndadh a chruinne mu'n cuairt gach latha, air dhoigh 's gum bheil an cearcall-meadhoin a ruith corr a's mile mhiltean 's an uair; agus tha an cruinne a ruith corr a's mile mhiltean gach mionaid mu'n cuairt do'n ghrein. Nan gluaiseadh carbad thun na greine, agus gun siùbh'leadh e leth-cheud mile 's an uair, dh'oiche 's a latha, ghabhadh e corr a's da cheud bliana a ruigsinn na greine; ach tha'n cruinne a dol mu'n cuairt do'n ghrein, an aon bhliana, astar a tha corr as sè uairean ni's fhaide na astar na greine.

Anns a chruthachadh tha iomad saoghal eile, a bharr air a chruinne so, agus cuid diu moran ni's mugha. Tha na planaidean Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus agus Neptun iomad uair ni's mugha na'n saoghal so; tha Jupiter amhain mu dha cheud deug uair cho mor ris an talamh: agus tionndaidh i mu'n cuairt an taobh astaigh de dheich uairean thìm. Ach is beag na planaidean uile, an coimeas ris a ghrein. Tha'n lòchran mor so corr a's da cheud deug mile uair ni's mugha na'n cruinne; agus cuiridh i ceithir an coig latha fichead gu leith, air dhoigh 's gum bheil a cearcull-meadhoin a ruith corr a's ceithir mile mhiltean gach uair agus tuigear gur uamhasach an teas 's an dealradh soluis air a h-uachdar, nuair a bheirear fanear gum bheil i corr as ceithir fichead muillein mile 's a deich air astar.

Nuair a sheallar air a ghrein troi ghloineachan-amhairc, chithear moran de bhuill dhorcha oirre. Tha cuid diù sin corr a's da cheud uair ni's mugha na'n saoghal gu leir; agus tha iad ag athurrachadh bho àm gu àm, gun allsachd; agus tha tuinn dheisneach theineil a sruthadh, agus gaothan loisgeach a seideadh mar dhoinionn garg mu'n cuairt daibh. Nach eagallach cumhachd an Ti a bheothaich an teine mòr so, agus a tha ga chumail a losgadh gun isleachadh fad linntean gun aireamh?

Tha corr a's da cheud planaid a dol mu'n cuairt do'n ghrein, cuid ni's ealamh na'n talamh, ach a chuid mhòr dhiu ni's moille. Tha Mercuri a criochnachadh a cuairt an taobh astaigh de ràithe; ach gabhaidh Uranus corr a's ceithir fichead bliana, agus Neptun corr a's ochd fichead bliana. Tha an saoghal so mu dheich uairean air fhichead ni 's fhaide bho'n ghréin na'n talamh, agus mar is fhaid as iad, 's ann is moille an cùrsa.

Tha na reultan seasach a feuchainn neart a Chruitheir gu ro shoilleir. Nuair a chithear iad sin le gloineachaibh-amhairc mora; tha iad gun aireamh: tha iomad muillein 's a bhainne-shlighe amhain. Agus is grian gach aon diu: oir tha iad cho fad as 's nach gabhadh iad faicinn le solus na greine. Bho cheann ghoirid, fhuair speuradairean amach astar aireamh ro bheag dhiu, le mòran seoltachd agus innealaibh ro eagnaidh: oir chan eil e'n comas duine astar neart diu a thomhas. Tha an reul-sheasach a's faisge oirn, ris an abrar *Alpha Centauri*, corr as da chéud mile uair ni's fhaide bhuainn na ghrian. Tha an reul shoilleir so fada gu deas, air dhoigh 's nach fhaicear i am Breiteann. Tha *Sirius*, no reul a choin, ceithir uairean cho fad as rithe sin: tha *Polaris*, no an rionnag thuathach, a choig uiread, agus Arcturus a sheachd uiread cho fad as, no mu na tuairmeisibh sin. Cha ghabh astar speurail air bith tombas gu pongail, mar astar talmhaidh, agus gu sonnraichte astar cho mòr ri so.

Nan deanteadh samhla a chruthachaidh, air dhoigh 's gu'm biodh oirleach a seasamh airson ceithir fichead mile mhiltean, bhiodh pairt de mar so. Bhiodh an saoghal mar ghraine beag luaidhe: bhiodh a ghealach mar ghrainne mìn gainneamh, trì oìrlich air astar, agus a ghrian mar chruinne, mu throidh crosgach, agus mu cheud troidh air astar. Bhiodh Iupiter mar pheileir, oirleach crosgach, agus mu choig ceud troidh air astar; agus bhiodh Neptun mar éitein peasrach, mu mhile slat air astar. Bhiodh Alpha Centauri corr a's ceithir mile mhiltean air astar; Sirius, faisg air fichead mile mhiltean, agus Arcturus, deich mile fichead mile air astar.

Cha ghabh meud nan reultan-seasach tomhas; oir chan fhaicear an còm; ach ma bheirear breith bho'n solus, tha cuid diu mòran ni's mugha na ghrian. Tha Alpha Centauri a toirt tuille 's a dheich uiread soluis ris a ghrein, agus Sirius corr 's a cheud uiread.

Nuair a sheallar air na reultaibh seasach troi ghloineachaibh-amhairc, chithear gum bheil da reult an cuid, tri am pairt eile, agus ceithir anns na h-uibhir dhiu; agus tha iad sin a dol mu'n cuairt air a cheile gun tamh.

Bho cheann beul ri ceud bliana air ais, thug speuradairean an aire gun robh na reultan-seasach a gluasad gu mall: agus chunncas mar an ceudna gun robh cuid a réir coltais, a sgaoileadh bho cheile, am feadh 's a bha na reultan mu'n coinneamh a dlùthachadh. Cha robh ach aon doigh air a so a shoilleireachadh. B'eiginn gun robh a ghrian a dlùthachadh air a phairt sin de iarmailt far an robh na reultan a sgaoileadh, agus a falbh bho'n phairt eile.

Mar so fhuaras amach gum bheil an cruthachadh mòr farsuinn uile air ghluasad gach ial, fo laimh an Ti Shiorruidh a dhealbh e. Gun teagamh, "Is mòr an Tighearn, agus is ro airidh e air moladh; agus chan fhaodar a mhòrachd a rannsachadh."*

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AN T-AILLEAGAN.

Till dachaidh, till, O Ailleagain,
Thoir leat mo thàmh 's mo shuain,
Oir cha'n 'eil aon diubh nis air sgéul
Bho'n dh'fhalbh thu fhéin Diluain;
Ach thuit na'n àite iarguinn mhór,
Mar oidhche dhuibh mu'n chruaich,
Nach falbh a chaoidh mar till thu, 'chiall,
Mar ghrian na maidne nuaidh'.

O'n thriall thu bhuainn tha fann ghuth gaoil,
Mar fhaochaig taobh a' chuain,
Ag dortadh 'mach a luinneig faoin'
'S ga m' chlaoidh le caochladh duain;
Ag cur na m' chuimhn' mu aon a bhà
Làn sòlais gràidh gach uair,
E nis na 'aonaran gun stàth,
'S an t-Àilleagan fad bhuaith'.

C'arson a rinn thu falbh cho tràth,
Réul àillidh, fàth mo dhuain?
Till dachaidh, till, tha Samhradh blàth
Air srath 'us àrd 'toirt buaidh':
Tha'n uiseag bhras 'toirt as gu dàn
Gu sléibhte bàna shuas,
'S ga'r gairm a rìs le òran gràidh
Gu mullach àrd Dhun-cuaich.

'S 'n uair 'thig thu falbhaidh sinn a rìs
Mar anns an tìm 'chaidh bhuainn,
A suas an frith-rath'd 'g éisdeachd strìth
Luchd-ciùil nan tèampull uain',
A nìos an gleann thig osag bhlàth
Le gàire bhàrr nan stuadh,
'S bheir àilleachd Nàduir mosgladh mòr
Do dh'àros dorch nan smuain.

'Us suidhidh sinn, O Ailleagain,
Taobh abhainn bhlàth na fuaim',
Bithidh 'm barrach òg na 'sgàile dhuinn,
Gach ni na'r làthair gun ghruaim;
Bithidh grian an àigh a' dèarrsadh 'nuas
Troimh fhosglainn àrd 's an uair?
Sruth donn 'dol seach a' gaireachdaich
Air grinneal 's àillidh snuadh.

'S cha labhair sinn an sin na's mò
Le bròn mu sgaradh cruaidh,
Ach fuadaichear gach smuain de'n t-seòrs'
Air falbh mar cheò na cruaich':
'Us gus an tréig an ceòl an sruth,
'S an tréig a guth a' chuach;
Cha'n fhaicear caochladh air ar gràdh,
Chaomh Ailleagain mo luaidh.

MAC-OIDHCHE.

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NA BEANNTAICHEAN GORMA.

CHUIREADH an sgeulachd a leanas thugainn leis an Olla Mac-Lachlainn ann am baile Dhuineidin. Bha i air a sgriobhadh sios e bheul fear-aithris ann an Eilean Mhinlaidh dlù do Bharraidh, agus air a cur a dh'ionnsuidh an olla leis an neach a sgriobh i. Is aobhar iongantais a faotainn ann an sud agus cha bheag a'cheist co as a thainig i.

BHA Albannach 'us Sasunnach agus Eirionnach 'n an companaich aig a' chéile 's an arm, agus ciod e a bha iad a' smaoineachadh ach gu'n teicheadh iad a' cheud chothrom a gheibheadh iad. Fhuair iad sin agus ghabh iad e. Bha iad a' coiseachd fad dà latha tre choille mhóir, gun bhiadh gun deoch, agus gun aon tigh 's an t-sealladh. A' h-uile béul-oidhche dh'fheumadh iad dìreadh suas ann an craoibh am fear, le eagal roimh na biasdan fiadhaich a bha 's a' choille, ach an dara maduinn ciod a chunnaic an t-Albannach ach caisteal mór fada air falbh, an uair a bha e 'am mullach na craoibhe aige fhéin. Thuirt e ris fhéin nach biodh aige ach am bàs le fuireach 's a' choille 's gu'n sgàth ri 'chosnadh ach frèumhan feòir 's cha b'fhada a chumadh sin beò e. A' cheart cho luath 's a thàinig e nìos as a' chraoibh leag e a chas a dh-ionnsuidh a' chaisteil, gun uibhir

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* Salm cxlv., v. 3.

's innseadh dh'a chompanaich gu'm fac e a leithid idir. Bha e glé choltach gu'n d'atharraich a' ghort agus an éigin a dh'fhuiling iad an nàdur cho mòr 's gu'n robh an darna fear coma ciod e a dh'éireadh do'n fhear eile na'm biodh e fhèin air a dhòigh. Bha e 'coiseachd fad an latha, 's ged a bhà, bha e glé anmoch mu'n d'ràinig e'n caisteal; ach gu dubh, dona, cha robh aig a' chaisteal ach dorsan dùinte, gun smùid, gun deathaich. Cha robh 'an so gu 'bhi aige ach am bàs co-dhiùbh. Leig e a thaice ris a' bhalla, 's ciod è a chual e air a chùlthaobh gu h-àrd, ach uinneag 'g a fosgladh. Sheall e 's bha'm boirionnach bu bhriagha a chunnaic e riamh ann an sin.

"O! 's e am Fortan a chuir ann thu," ars' esan.

"'S eadh, 'ille mhaith," ars' ise, "ciod e a tha 'dhìth ort, agus ciod e 'chuir 'an so thu?"

"Chuir an éigin," ars' esan, "tha mi gu bàsachadh a chion bìdh 'us deoch."

"Teann a stigh," ars' ise, "tha gu leòir de bhiadh 's de dheoch 'an so."

Chaidh e stigh far an robh i agus dh'fhosgail i seòmar mór dha; agus 's ann 'an sin a bha'n sealladh air mac an duine 'n a chadal! Chuir i biadh air a bheulthaobh 's an déigh sin sheòl i do'n t-seòmar 's an robh càch e. Leig e e féin 'n a shineadh air leabaidh, agus thuit e 'n a chadal. Ach féumaidh sinn tilleadh a dhionnsuidh na dithis a dh'fhàg e 'n a dhéigh 's a' choille.

An uair a thàinig àm na h-oidhche agus nam biasdan orra, ciod a' chraobh 's an do dhìrich an Sasunnach ach an té 's an robh an t-Albannach an uair a fhuair e fradharc air a' chaisteal; agus cho luath 's a ghlas an latha 's a sheall an Sasunnach 'an ceithir àirdibh an athair, ciod è a chunnaic e ach an caisteal 's a mach thug e gun smid a chantainn ris an Eirionnach; agus dh'éirich dha dìreach mar a dh'éirich do'n Albannach.

Bha'n t-Eirionnach bochd 'an so 'n a ònrachd, gun fhios aige c'àite an deachaidh càch. Cha robh aige ach gu bochd truagh fuireach far an robh e. Ciod e a' chraobh 's an do dhìrich e an uair a thàinig an oidhche ach an té 's an robh an Sasunnach an raoir. Cho luath 's a thàinig an latha chunnaic e an caisteal, 's a mach g' a ionnsuidh ghabh e, 's an uair a rainig e e cha'n fhac e coltas teine no duine 'bhi ann. Ach cha b'fhada gus an cual e 'bhi fosgladh na h-uinneig os a chionn. Sheall e suas agus faicear am boirionnach a bu bhriagha a chunnaic e riamh. Dh'fhaighnich e dhith an tugadh i dha biadh no deoch. Thuirt i ris gu fialaidh, còir, gu'n tugadh, agus e theannadh a stigh. Dh'fhalbh e stigh glé thoilichte, 's chuir i biadh 'us deoch air a bheulthaobh nach fhac e riamh cho maith. Bha leabaidh 's an rùm agus fàinneachan daoimein 'an crochadh ris gach lùib chùirteir. Chuir a h-uile nì a bha 's an rùm gu 'leithid de smaointean e 's gu'n do dhì-chuimhnich e gu'n robh an t-acras air. An uair a chunnaic ise nach robh e a' gabhail a bhìdh, dh'fhaighneachd i dheth, ciod bu choireach. Thuirt e nach itheadh 's nach òladh e gus am biodh fios aige co ì, no co as a bhà i, no ciod a chuir 'an sid i. "Innsidh mi sin duit: is nighean righ fo gheasaibh mi, agus gheall m' athair ge b'e fear a bheireadh bho na geasaibh mi gu'm bu leis an treas cuid d'a rìoghachd air a bheò agus i uile air a mharbh, agus mise ri m' phòsadh; agus ma chunnaic mi duine riamh air am bheil coltas, no ris an earbainn sin a dheanamh, is tusa an duine. Tha mi ann an so bho chionn shè bliadhna déug, agus cha d'fhaighneachd fear a thàinig a chòir a' chaisteil co mi, ach thusa 'n ad ònrachd. Tha na'n cadal 's an t-seòmar-mhòr ud shìos a h-uile neach a thàinig a choimhead do'n chaisteal so o'n a thàinig mise ann."

"Innis dhomh," ars' esan, "ciod e na geasan a th' ort, agus ciamar a gheibheadh tu saor uatha."

"Tha seòmar beag," ars' ise, "an sid, agus na'm faighinn fear a dh' fhanadh ann o dheich uairean gu meadhon - oidhche, trì oidhche an déigh a chéile, bhithinn saor bho na geasan."

"Is mise do ghille ma ta," ars' esan, "Gabhaidh mi os làimh sin a dheanamh."

An uair a chual i so thug i nuas tombaca 's pìob h-uige; ach cha b'fhada gus an cual e straighlich 'us tartraich a muigh aig an dorus, ag iarraidh fosglaidh air.

"Cha-n fhosgail," ars' esan.

"Fosglaidh," ars' an fheadhainn a bha muigh.

Cha robh tuilleadh air: sid a stigh an dorus mu'cheann, 's air a mhuin ghabh iad 'g a bhreabadh 's a' glùineachd air a chorp aige gus an do léum air a' mheadhon-oidhche, 's cho luath 's a ghairm an coileach dh'fhalbh iad. Cha robh airsan ach gu'n robh e air éigin beò. Cho luath 's a thàinig an latha chaidh am boirionnach far an robh e, agus fhuair i e 'n a shlaod sìnte air an ùrlar gun smid chainnte aige. Thug i mach botul as a pòcaid, 's leig i air a shuathadh ris o cheann gu 'chasan, 's bha e cho ùr-chréuchdach 's a bha e riamh; ach leis mar a fhuair e a mharbhadh an raoir, cha robh e deònach fuireach oidhche tuille. Ach mhaidich i air gu'm fuirgheadh e, ag ràdh nach biodh an ath oidhche cho searbh. Ghabh e comhairle, 's dh'fhuirich e.

A cheart cho luath 's a bha e 'teannadh air a' mheadhon-oidhche chual e iad ag 'eigheach fosgladh, agus bha triùir ann mu choinnimh an aon fhir a bh'ann an raoir. Cha d'thug e aon fheairt orra gus a dhol a mach far an robh iad, no gus an dorus fhosgladh. Ach cha b'fhad a bha iadsan gun an dorus a bhriseadh agus gabhail a stigh m' a cheann. Rug iad air, 's bha iad 'g a thilgeadh eatorra gu mullach an ruim, agus a' gearradh léum air a mhuin gus an do ghairm an coileach, agus an sin dh'fhalbh iad. An uair a thàinig an latha ghabh ise do'n rùm a choimhead an robh e beò. Thug i mach am botul as a pòcaid agus chuir i ri 'chuinnleanaibh e, 's agus thàinig e h-uige fhein. 'S e a' cheud fhacal a thubhairt e gur h-e a bha gòrach 'g a mharbhadh fhein air son gin a chunnaic e riamh. Thog e 'an so air gu falbh agus gun fhuireach na b'fhaide. An uair a chunnaic ise gu'n robh e air bheachd falbh, ghuidh i air fuireach, a' cur 'an cuimhne dha na'm fanadh e aon oidhche eile gu'm biodh ise saor bho na geasan agus, "A leòra," ars' ise, "ma bhitheas aon iteag beò de d'chridhe, 'n uair a thig an latha, bheir an stuth a tha anns a' bhotul ort gu'm bi thu cho ùr-chreuchdach agus a bha thu riamh.

Leis a h-uile rud a bh'ann ghabh e an urrainn ri fuireach, agus bha triùir a' gabhail dà a nochd mu choinnimh an aon fhir a bha ann an dà oidhche eile. Bha e glé mhìcholtach gu'm b'urrainn da a bhi beò 'an déigh na fhuair e.

An uair a thàinig an latha agus a chaidh ise a choimhead am bu bheò e, fhuair i e sìnte air a' chlàiridh mar gu'm bitheadh e marbh. Dh'fheuch i an robh an anail ann agus cha b'urrainn di a dheanamh a mach. Chuir i 'an so a làmh air a dhuilleig, agus fhuair i gluasad fann aice. Leig i an sin air dòrtadh an stuth a bha 's a' bhotul air, agus cha b'fhada gus an d'éirich e'n a sheasamh, 's bha e cho maith 's a bha e riamh. Bha'n so an gnothuch deas: bha nighean an rìgh saor bho na geasan! Thuirt i 'an so ris-san, gu'm féumadh ise falbh, agus gu'n tigeadh i g' a iarraidh le carbad cheithir eacha glasa 'an ceann beagan làithean. Thubhairt e rithe i ghradfhuireach 'n a tosd; gun a bhi bruidhinn ris-san air an dòigh ud—"Tha daor an éirig agam ort o chionn tri oidhche ma dh'fhéumas mi nis a bhi 'dealachadh riut;" ach sùil dh'an d'thug e cha robh i ann idir! Cha robh fios aige ciod a dheanadh e ris fhéin an uair a chunnaic e nach robh sgeul oirre; ach mu'n d'fhalbh i thug i dha slatag bheag, gus an uair a thogradh e fhéin na daoine a bha 'n an cadal bho chionn shè bliadhna deug a dhùsgadh leatha.

"Sin slat agad," ars ise, "agus cha'n 'eil agad ach a bualadh orra agus dùisgidh iad: tha iad 'n an cadal 's an t-seomar mhór ud shìos o chionn a leithid so de dh-ùine."

An uair a bha e mar so air fhagail 'n a ònrachd dh'fhalbh e stigh 's leig e e fhein 'n a shìneadh air trì cathraichean a bha 's an rùm, agus ciod a chunnaic e 'nochdadh a stigh an dorus, ach gille beag bàn.

"Co as a thàinig thu, a laochain?" ars' esan.

"Thàinig mi" ars' an gille, gus a bhi 'bruich ur bìdh fhéin."

"Co a dh'iarr sin ort?"

"Dh'iarr mo bhan-mhaighistir, nighean righ, a bha fo gheasan, agus a tha nise saor."

Dh'aithnich e 'an so gu'n do chuir i an gille gu fritheal adh dha. Thubhairt an gille ris gu'n d'iarr a bhan-mhaighistir air a bhi deas am màireach mu naoi uairean agus gu'n robh ise gu tighinn g' a iarraidh le carbad mar a gheall i. 'S e fhéin a bha toilichte an uair a chual e so. Ghabh e mach do'n ghàradh an uair a bha'n uair a' teannadh air; ach ciod a rinn an gille 'beag bàn ach dealg mhór a thoirt á 'phòcaid fhéin, agus sàthar 'an cùl a chòta gun fhios dha, agus grad-thuitear e 'n a chadal.

Cha b'fhada gus an d'thàinig ise le carbad cheithir each. Dh'fhaighneachd i de'n ghille an robh a mhaighistir 'n a dhùsgadh. Thubhairt esan nach robh. "Is bochd a dh'éirich," ars' ise "tra nach foghnadh an oidhche leis gu cadal. Abair ris mur coinnich e mise mu'n àm so a màireach nach 'eil e glé choltach gu'm faic e mi r'a bheò."

Cheart cho luath 's a dh'fhalbh i thug an gille bàn an dealg á còta a mhaighistir agus dhùisg e 's a' mhionaid. 'S e a cheud fhocal a thuirt e ris a' ghille bhàn, "Am faca tu i?" "Chunnaic, agus dh'iarr i orm a ràdh riut mur coinnicheadh tu i mu naoi uairean a màireach, nach faiceadh tu gu bràth i. Bha esan fuathasach duilich an uair a chual e so. Cha robh e 'tuigsinn ciod bu choireach gu'n robh an cadal a' tighinn air aig an àm a bha ise a' tighinn. Chuir e roimhe gu'n rachadh e chadal tràth a nochd gus éirigh moch a màireach; agus rinn e sin éirigh glé mhoch. An uair a bha e 'teannadh air na naoi uairean ghabh e mach do'n ghàradh 'g a feitheamh gus an tigeadh i, agus bha'n gille bàn còmhla ris; ach a cheart cho luath 's a fhuair an gille cothrom, thug e'n dealg a mach as a phòcaid agus stobar e ann an còta a mhaighistir i, agus grad-thuitear esan 'n a chadal mar a b'àbhaist da. An uair a bha e dìreach naoi uairean thàinig ise le carbad cheithir each, agus dh'fhaighneachd i de'n ghille bhàn an robh a mhaighistir air a chois an diugh. Thubhairt an gille nach robh, gu'n robh e 'n a chadal mar a bha e 'n dé. "Ud, ud!" ars' ise "'s bochd leam fhein a dh'éirich dha: nach fhoghnadh dha na rinn e 'chadal fad na h-oidhche 'n raoir? Abair ris nach fhaic e mise gu bràth tuille ann an so; agus so dhuit claidheamh a bheir thu dha'n am ainm-sa agus bheir thu mo bheannachd dha." An uair a thubhairt i so dh'fhalbh i.

An uair a dh'fhalbh i thug an gille bàn an dealg á còta a mhaighistir, agus ghrad-éirich e. 'S e a chéud fhacal a thubhairt e, "Am fac thu i?" Thubhairt an gille gu'm fac, agus gu'n robh claidheamh 'an sid a dh'iarr i airsan a thoirt dha. Thòisich e an so air spìonadh an fhuilt as fhéin le mullach mulaid. Ach sùil dh'an d'thug e thar a ghualainn cha robh bad de'n ghille bhàn aige!

Bha e'n so 'n a ònrachd, agus smaoinich e dol a stigh do'n rùm 's an robh na daoine 'n an cadal; agus co 'am measg na h-uile a bha ann ach an dithis chompanach a bha aige fhein an uair a theich iad as an arm. Chuimhnich e'n so ciod a thubhairt nighean an righ ris—nach robh aige ach an t-slat a thug i dha a bhualadh orra agus gu'n éireadh iad uile as a' chadal 's an robh iad—cuid dhiubh ann bho chionn shè bliadhna déug; agus co air a bhuail e'n toiseach i ach air a dhà chompanach fhéin. Sid iadsan air am bonnaibh a cheart cho luath 's a bhean an t-slat dhoibh, agus thug e dhoibh an ultach de dh-òr 's de dh-airgiod, agus iad fhéin a thoirt as; ach 's ann a bha'n obair aige mu'n do dhùisg e uile iad: bha dà dhorus a' chaisteil cumhann dhoibh fad an latha!

Bha call nighinn an rìgh a' cogadh r' a inntinn a latha 's a dh-oidhche; agus smaoinich e gu'm falbhadh e air feadh an t-saoghail dh'fhiach am faigheadh e neach sam bith a bheireadh naigheachd dha oirre. Thug e leis an t-each a b'fhèarr a bha 's an stàbull, agus dh'fhalbh e. Thug e trì bliadhna air choiseachd tre fhàsaichean agus choilltichean, agus cha d'fhuair e neach a thug dha naigheachd oirre. Thuit e mu dheireadh ann an eu-dòchas cho mór agus gu'm feumadh e làmh a chur 'n a bheatha fhéin. Rug e air a' chlaidheamh a thug ise do'n ghille bhàn gus a thoirt da, 'dol a ghearradh a sgòrnain fhein leis. An uair a spìon e as an truaill e, ciod a chunnaic e ach sgrìobhadh air an taobh aige. Sheall e air, agus ciod a bh'ann ach: "Gheibh thu mise anns na Beanntaichean Gorma." Thug so misneach dha, agus leig e dheth buil a thoirt as fhéin. Smaoinich e gabhail air aghart 'an dòchas gu'n tachradh neach ris a bheireadh dha Naigheachd air c'àite an robh na Beanntaichean Gorma. An deaghaidh dha astar gun chiall a dheanamh, chunnaic e mu dheireadh solus fada uaithe, 's rinn e dìreach air. An uair a ràinig e an solus ciod a bh'ann ach bothan tighe. Cho luath 's a dh'fhairich am fear a bha stigh tartraich chas thàinig e mach, 's co bha nìos g'a ionnsuidh ach marcaiche.

Dh'fhaighneachd e dheth ciod a thug an sid e, agus c'àite a bha e 'dol. "Tha mise," os esan "ann an so o chionn thrì chéud bliadhna, agus aon mhac duine cha'n fhaca mi 's an ùine sin ach thusa 'ad ònrachd."

"Tha mise air falbh o chionn thrì bliadhna," ars an t-Eirionnach, dh'fhiach am faigh mi neach sam bith a dh'innseas dhomh c'àite am bheil na Beanntaichean Gorma."

"Thig a stigh," ars an seann-duine, "agus cuiridh tu seachad an oidhche comhla rium fhein. Tha leabhar agam anns am bheil eachdraidh an t-saoghail, agus theid mi roimhe a nochd, agus ma tha a leithid de àite 'us na Beanntaichean Gorma ann, leóra, bithidh fios agam air."

Dh'fhuirich e'n so fad na h-oidhche, 's cho luath 's a thàinig a' mhaduinn, dh'éirich e gu falbh. Thubhairt an seann-duine ris nach deachaidh e 'chadal fad na h-oidhche ach a' dol tre'n leabhar, agus nach robh guth air na Beanntaichean Gorma ann. "Ach innsidh mi so dhuit," ars' esan, "ma tha an leithid de àite idir air an talamh, tha bràthair agamsa naoi ceud mìle á so, agus ma tha fios aig neach air an t-saoghal c'àite am beil iad, tha fios aige-san air." Thubhairt an t-Eirionnach nach tigeadh an latha a choisicheadh esan naoi céud mìle, gu'n robh an t-each air toirt thairis a cheana.

"Coma," ars an seann-duine, "ni mi na's fhèarr na sin riut, cha-n 'eil agam ach fìdeag a sheinn, agus bithidh tu aig tigh mo bhràthar mu'n tig an oidhche."

Sheinn e an fhìdeag 's cha robh fios aig an Eirionnach ciod e an talamh air an robh e gus an d'fhuair e e fhéin aig dorus an t-seann-duine eile. Thubhairt an seann duine so ris gu'n robh trì chéud bliadhna o'n nach fac e duinegus am fac e esan.

"Innis domhsa c'àite am bheil thu 'dol?"

"Tha mi," ars an t-Eirionnach 'dol a dh'fhiachainn am faigh mi neach a dh'innseas dhomh c'àite am bheil na Beanntaichean Gorma."

"Ma dh'fhanas tu agams' a nochd," ars an seann-duine, "tha leabhar-eachdraidh an t-saoghail agam, agus bidh fios agam fo latha c'àite am bheil iad ma tha an leithidean ann."

Dh'fhuirich e ach cha robh guth 's an leabhar mu'n déighinn. An uair a chunnaic an seann-duine cho duilich 's a bha e, thubhairt e ris gu'n robh bràthair aige-san naoi céud mìle air falbh, agus ma bha fhios aige ri fhaotainn bho neach a bha beò mu'n timchioll 's ann uaithe-san; agus bheir mise ort gu'n ruig thu an t-àite 's am bheil e mu'n tig an oidhche. Sheinn e 'n fhìdeag; agus, 's amhuil mur b'fhior, ràinig e 'am beul na h-oidhche.

An uair a chunnaic an seann duine e, thubhairt e ris nach fhac e sròn duine o chionn thrì chéud bliadhna; "agus," ars' esan, "'s mór an t-iongantas a tha orm gu'm bheil mi 'g ad fhaicinn fhéin a nis. C'àite am bheil thu 'dol?"

"Tha mi," ars an t-Eirionnach, "air falbh ag iarraidh nam Beanntaichean Gorma."

"Nam Beanntaichean Gorma!" ars an seann duine.

"'S eadh," ars an t-Eirionnach.

"Cha chuala mi ainm riamh orra. Ach ma tha an leithidean ann bithidh fios agamsa air. Is mise maighistir a h-uile eòin a th' air an t-saoghal, agus cha-n 'eil agam ach fìdeag a sheinn, agus cha-n 'eil eun 's an ealtuinn nach tig h-ugam, agus bheir mi air a h-uile fear innseadh co as a thàinig e, agus ma tha dòigh air na Beanntaichean Gorma fhaotainn a mach 's i sin i."

Sheinn e 'n fhìdeag, agus ma sheinn, thòisich eunlaith an t-saoghail air cruinneachadh. Bha'n seann duine a' cur ceist air a h-uile eun riamh co as a thàinig e; ach cha robh a h-aon ann a thàinig as na Beanntaichean Gorma. An uair a ruith e orra uile dh'ionntraich e aon iolaire mhòr a bha d'a dhìth; agus b'iongantach leis nach d'thàinig i. Cha b'fhada gus am fac e tùic mhor a' tighinn a bha 'cur dubhaidh air an speur. Bha'n tùic a' teannadh air a lion beagan 'us beagan, agus co a bha ann ach an iolaire. An uair a thàinig i, throd an seann duine rithe, ag ràdh ciod è a bha 'g a cumail-se cho fad air deireadh.

"Cha b'urra mi g'a leasachadh," ars ise, "'bha còrr 'us fichead urad astair agam r'a dheanamh 's a bh'aig eun sam bith a thàinig 'an so an diugh."

"Co as a thàinig thu?" ars an seann-duine.

"Thàinig mi as na Beanntaichean Gorma," ars ise.

"'S eadh," ars an seann duine,

"ciod a tha iad a' deanamh 'an sin?"

"Tha iad," ars an iolaire, "a' deanamh deasail an diugh fhein air son banais nighean righ nam Beanntaichean Gorma. Tha ise nis os cionn thrì bliadhna a' diùltadh pòsadh ri fear sam bith gus an toir i thairis nach tig am fear a thug o na geasan i. Cha'n urrainn di fuireach na's fhaide nise a chionn gur trì bliadhna an ceann latha a rinn i r'a h-athair a dh'fhanadh i gun phòsadh."

Dh'aithnich an t-Eireannach gur h-ann ris fhéin a bha i 'fuireach cho fada; ach cha robh comas aige air a' mhaith a dheanamh dheth. Cha b'urrainn da na Beanntaichean Gorma a ruighinn fhad's bu bheò e, 's cha robh dùil ris. Chunnaic an seann-duine cho duilich 's a dh'fhàs e, 's dh'fhaighneachd e de'n iolaire ciod a ghabhadh i agus am fear so a thoirt air a muin gu ruig na Beanntaichean Gorma.

"Gu ruig na Beanntaichean Gorma?" ars ise.

"'S eadh," ars an seann duine.

"Gabhaidh mi," ars ise trì fichead mart air am marbhadh, agus àithean a dheanamh dhiùbh; agus a h-uile uair a bheir mise sùil air mo ghualainn tilgidh esan àith 'n am bhéul."

An uair a chuala an t-Eirionnach agus an seann duine na dh'iarr i dh'fhalbh iad a shealg, agus mu'n d'thàinig an oidhche bha tri fichead mart aca air am marbhadh. Rinn iad àithean diubh mar a dh'iarr an iolaire, agus an sin thubhairt an seann duine rithe i 'dheanamh laidhe gus an càireadh iad air a muin iad a lion àith 'us àith. Rinn an iolaire laidhe agus thòisich an seann duine agus an t-Eirionnach air cur suas na feola air druim na h-iolaire. B'éudar dhoibh an toiseach ceithir ceumannan deug fàraidh fhaighinn leis am b'urrainn doibh dìreadh air druim na h-iolaire, agus chàirich iad an fheòil cho maith 's a b'aithne dhoibh. Thubhairt an seann duine ris an Eirionnach e 'ghabhail suas air a druim agus e 'chuimhneachadh e thilgeil ceithreamh feòla g'a h-ionnsuidh a h-uile uair a bheireadh i sùil air a gualainn. Ghabh e suas agus thug an seann duine òrdugh do'n iolaire, i 'bhi 'falbh. Dh'fhalbh i 's a' mhionaid agus a h-uile sùil a bheireadh i air a gualainn thilgeadh an t-Eirionnach ceithreamh feòla 'n a beul.

An uair a bha i a' teannadh faisg air crìochan Rioghachd nam Beanntaichean Gorma, theirig an fheòil, agus sùil dh'an d'thug ise air a gualainn ciod an obair a bh'aig an Eireannach ach a' cur na cloich eadar barr a h-earrabuill agus a h-amhaich! Chuir i làn char dhith fhéin agus tilgear an t-Eireannach do'n fhairge. C'àite an do thuit e ach anns a' bhàigh a bha dìreach mu choinnimh tigh an righ. Fhuair gu fortanach barran òrdagan a chas greim air a' ghrunnd, agus dinnear e fhéin air tìr.

An uair a chaidh e suas bha sràidean a' bhaile a' lasadh le solus, 's banais nighinn an righ gu tòiseachadh. Chaidh e stigh do'n cheud tigh a thachair air; 's ciod an tigh a bh'ann ach tigh cailleach-nan-cearc aig an righ. Dh'fhaighneachd e de'n chaillich ciod am fuaim 's an solus a bha 's a' bhaile mar sid. "Thà," ars ise, "nighean an righ a' dol a phòsadh a nochd 'an aghaidh a toile, agus dùil aice a h-uile latha gu'n tig am fear a thug bho na geasan i." "So dhut gini," ars esan, "agus falbh 's thoir 'an so i." Dh'fhalbh a' chailleach, agus cha b'fhada gus an do thill i 's nighean an righ còmhla rithe. Dh'aithnich i fhéin agus an t-Eirionnach a chéile, agus phòs iad 's rinn iad banais mhòr ghreadhnach aighireach a mhair latha 's bliadhna!

GATH-SOLUIS O NA LAITHEAN A DH'AOM.

To the Editor of "The Gael."

Dear Mr. Editor,—I beg to send you herewith a Gaelic poem, reminiscent of early home scenes, by Mr. Allan Cameron, of Melbourne, Australia, and a Nether-Lochaber man born and bred, whose multifarious duties at the far antipodes have in no way chilled his affection for the Celtic muse. The English translation is by the author himself. Will you please find room for these in parallel columns of an early number of *The Gael*, and take this brief note as an expression of my sense of the admirable management and general excellence of your magazine.—I am, &c., yours very faithfully,
"Nether-Lochaber."

8th October, 1877.

GATH-SOLUIS O NA LAITHEAN A DH'AOM.	A BEAM FROM THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.
Ged 's cian uam an tir 'm beil mo shinnsrean na'n cadal, 'S an làrach 'bha caidreach s'na bliadhnaibh a thréig, Mo dhurachd do'n àit tha mar bha e gun chaitheamh, Ach 's tric thug fonn m'aigne orm frasadh nan déur,	Though far is the land where my fathers lie buried, And the hearth which had glow'd in the long vanished years, My heart's tender thoughts of that land have not varied, Yet often these thoughts have been mixed with my tears,
'S mi meorachadh annsachd sean am, 's mi gun chùram, 'Streap stallachan udlaidh, ri'm bruchd am muir-lan, No sios taobh nan alt 'ruith gu cam-mheurach lùbach Le cairdean nach dù dhomh 'bhi 'n dluths riu gu brach.	As they dwelt on the days I so carelessly wandered Among its bold cliffs, by the surf-beaten shore, Or down by the streams through the meads that meandered, With friends of old times who can meet me no more.
'N sin madainn na h-òig' bha gun cheò oirr' a' laidhe, A's deothas lan-aighear thog caisteil ri neamh, Bha'n inntinn gun chùram mu chùis an ath-latha, 'S bha dòchas na beatha air dhreach bhogh na spéur.	Then life's early morn was unclouded with sorrow, And fancy's gay flight built its castles on high, With no care on the heart for the wants of the morrow, While hope wore the tints of the arc in the sky.
'S an tir mu'n iadh 'n Cuan-deas, a's nualanach seitrich 'S am faicear an Réul-chrois a' faire na h-oidhch' 'S Firchlise na h-iarmailt na'n stialaibh a' leumraich Gu mireagach, eibhinn, crith-dhearsach, ri soills',	In the land that is laved by the great Southern Ocean, Where the cross made of stars keeps a watch on the night, And the Austral aurora, of strange fitful motion, Enlivens the scene with its streamers of light,
Tha'n diugh 'm ionad taimh,—ach 's iad beanntan na h-Alba, Ni neoil dhubh a chearbadh, 's ri stoirm chumas gleachd,	My tent have I pitched, yet the stern Scottish mountains, That pierce the dark clouds, and commune with the blast,

'S na coireachan garbhlaich, le'n sruthanan airgid,
A mhosglas an aimsir a dh'fhalbh ann a'm bheachd.

A nis mar tha laithean nam bliadhna a' triall orm,
Mar a' ghrian 'cromadh sios a chum paillian a taimh,
Tha solus do m' chois air mo rathad, gun chiaradh,
Mar dhealradh 's an iar, ann am briadhad 'toirt barr.

Le faighidin feitheam-sa gairm Thriath na tire,
'M beil ailleachd gun dith, 's far nach ciosnaich am bròn,
'S fiamh bais agus uaigh theid air fuadach da rireadh,
'S, le faoilteachas cri, thig seann dislean a'm choir.

A. C.

MELBOURNE, BHICTORIA.

And the corries below, with their silvery fountains,
Fond memories wake of the days that are past.

And now as the days of my years are declining,
Like the sun bending down to his chamber of rest,
A light for my feet o'er my pathway is shining,
Like the mild evening rays in the beautiful west.

With patience I'll wait till the Master shall call me
To the land where all sorrow shall cease evermore,
Where no fear of the grave nor of death can appal me,
And old friends shall greet me on reaching the shore.

A. C.

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA,
AUSTRALIA, 6*th August*, 1877.

* * *

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

Coin. "Ma ta, Fhir mo ghraidh, tha e gle iongantach gu'n robh mi direach a' smuaineachadh ort, mu'n do chuir thu do chas air an stairsnich, ach gu'n duil sam bith agam riut gu maireach. Thig a steach, agus fair do lamh."

Mur. "Is iomadh ni taitneach agus mi-thaitneach a thig gu'n duil ris, a' Choinnich, ach maith no olc 'sgu'm bheil mise tha mi a lathair, agus aon uair eile 'sa Ghoistean-Fraoich, a'n dochas gu'm bheil gach beag agus mor fo'n chleith gu slan, fallain; ach ciod air an robh thu 'smuaineachadh a'm' thimchioll-sa, a' Choinnich?"

C. "Innsidh mi sin dhuit, a' Mhurachaidh. Bha mi 'smuaineachadh air ciod a dh'eireadh dhomh, agus ciod an call mor a thigeadh orm, mar biodh tusa agam, agus mar biodh cothrom air a bhuileachadh orm a bhuannachd sin fhaotuinn, a shealbhaich mi o d' chuideachd-sa o cheann iomadh bliadhna air ais; oir neach eil' cha'n fhaighinn-sa, aig am biodh an cumhachd agus an toil, chum eolas de gach gne, a sparradh 'nam' eanchainn chruaidh, mar a rinn thusa."

M. "Ud! Ud! a' Choinnich, is cinnteach gu'n do chuir neach eigin do cheann 'na bhreislich, oir tha gach eolas a bhuineas domhsa air cuisibh agus cleachdannaibh an t-saoghail mar neoni, oir mhothuich mi riamh gur trom an uallach an t-aineolas; ach ged a bhiodh mise co foghluimte ri feallsanach, nach minic a chual thu an sean-fhocal, 'Cha d'fhuaras riamh saoi gu'n samhuil?' Uime sin, mur bithinn-sa mar cheap-tuislidh 'na d'shlighe, thuiteadh tu air neach eigin eile, a bhiodh ni bu treasa, agus ni bu treuna chum do theagasg, na bha riamh Murachadh Ban bochd."

C. "Is maith an comhar air duine a bhi iriosal, agus a bhi 'tarmachadh smuaintean neo-uallach, macanta, mu na buaidhean inntinn sin a tha air am buileachadh air,—ach is i an fhirinn a sheasas. Cha bhiodh annam-sa ach duine bochd, aineolach, truagh, mar b'e an t-eolas a fhuair mi o na comhraidhean taitneach a bha riamh eadarainn."

M. "Seadh, seadh, a' Choinnich, tha mi 'gad thuigsinn,—comhraidhean mu thaibhsearachd, mu fhiosachd, agus mu do chairdean fein na sithichean."

C. "Biodh sin mar a dh'fheudas, a' Mhurachaidh, ach is iomadh ni eile air an d'thug thu soilleireachd do mo shuilibh dalla-sa, agus is lionmhor solas a bhuilich thu air mo chridhe airsnealach."

M. "Cha'n 'eil ach creutair aineolach anns an duine a's foghluimte air thalamh. Cha'n 'eil ann ach creutair diblidh, fann, lag-chuiseach o 'oige gu 'aois; seadh, o'n chreadhal gu ruig an uaigh. Mar a thubhairt am fear-dan mu thimchiol :—

'Na oige mhaoth is lionmhor ran,
Is deur, is acain, cradh, is pian,
Is easbhuidh, 's gabhadh, tha dha'n dan,
'S cha chobhair se e fein, 's cha dion.

'S nach truagh a chor a'n trein' a neirt?
Air nithibh talmhaidh le bhi 'n toir?
'S gu'n bhi ach gann a' tabhairt feirt
Air nithibh neimhidh mar bu choir.

'Na ro shean aois o bharr gu bhonn,
Cha'n 'eil e ach na thruaghan fann,
Gu'n tuar, gu'n fheum, gu'n ghleus, gu'n fhonn,
An dara uair 'se leanabh th'ann!

C. "Is cothromach a sheinn am filidh anns na rannaibh sin, a' Mhurachaidh, ach an deigh sin, cha'n fheud an duine fantuinn lan-riaraichte 'na staid aineolais fein. Feumaidh e dusgadh suas, na meadhonan a ghnathachadh, agus na feartan a bhuilicheadh air, dh'aindeoin co diblidh, neo-iomlan, 's gu'm bheil iad, a chleachdadh, agus a chur gu deagh bhuil."

M. "Ro cheart, a' Choinnich, tha e mar fhiachaibh ortsa, ormsa, agus air na h-uile, strith a dheanamh gu greim fhaotuinn air gach fiosrachadh feumail agus freagarrach. Mar a thubhairt an sean-fhocal 'Cha'n fhiosraich mar fhoighnich.' Tha duil agam nach d'thug mise a' bheag fiosrachaidh dhuit, a' Choinnich, ach na dh'fheudadh a bhi air a thoirt a'n uachdar le bhi 'foighneachd mu sud agus mu so. Uime sin, a' charaid, an rud a rinn thu gu maith, dean gu ro-mhaith e. Buanaich thusa ann a bhi foighneachd, agus buanaichidh mise ann a bhi 'freagairt, agus mar sin bithidh sinn a' teagasg a' cheile. Bithidh atharraichean a' teachd, agus cuisean a' tachairt, chum a bhi 'gar teagasg maraon."

C. "Gle cheart, a' Mhurachaidh, is fhad o'n chual sinn gu'n 'D'thig ri uair, nach d'thig ri aimsir,' no gu'n 'D'thig ri latha, nach d'thig ri linn.' Ach, a' charaid, bha mi los foighneachd dhiot an la roimh, ach chaidh e as mo chuimhne, co e am fear a chuir leabhar a mach o cheann da mhile bliadhna no tuilleadh air ais, anns an robh e a' toirt air eunlaith nan speur, agus air beathaichibh na macharach dhe gach gne, a bhi 'labhairt r'a cheile, agus a bhi gu minic a' tagradh, agus a' cogadh an aghaidh a' cheile?"

M. "Tha mi 'gad thuigsinn, a' Choinnich. Ochan! nach robh 'Bun Lochabair' a'n so, oir is esan an treun-fhear foghluinte aig am bheil eolas air na h-uile nithibh. Tha fios aige-san air gach eun iteagach, air gach ainmhidh ceithir-chosach, air gach iasg lannach agus sligeach, air gach beathach, meanbh-bhith, cuileag, cnuimh, agus daolag fo'n ghrein. Tha fios aig air an cruth, an cleachdannaibh, am buaidhibh, an nadar, an gne, agus air am feartaibh eugsamhla, o na mucaibh-mara mora sios dh'ionnsuidh a' mheanbh-bheathaich a's lugha, a ta 'seoladh agus a' snamhadh gu'n bhi 'ga fhaicinn leis an t-suil luim anns a' bhoinne uisge a thuiteas o ghob na snathaide !"

C. "Ud ! Ud ! a' Mhurachaidh, tha do cheann na bhreislich ! Cha'n fheud e bhith, gu'm bheil 'Bun Lochabair,' no duine Foghluimte idir eile ann, a ta 'cumail a mach gu'm bheil meanbh-bheathaichean anns an uisge shoilleir ghlan a tha mi gach la ag ol as an tobair ! "

M. "Tha gu'n teagamh, a' Ghoistidh, na miltean dhiubh sin dhe gach cruth agus cumachd anns gach deoch-uisge a dh'olas tu, agus air gach duilleach agus luibh a dh'fhasas as an talamh. Uair eigin an deigh so, ma chaomhnar sinn, leudaichidh sinn air so, agus bheir mi leam gloineachan araidh trid am faic thu le do shuilibh fein na meanbh-bheathaichean sin a tha thu a' slugadh gach la 'na d'dheoch, gu'n fhios gu'n aire dhuit fein."

C. "Leigidh sinn leis na nithibh sin, ma ta, an diugh, a' Mhurachaidh, ach innis domh co a chuir an leabhar a mach mu na h-aimhidhean a bha 'comhradh ri cheile ? "

M. "Ma ta, a' Choinnich is e am fear a dhealbh an leabhar sin Esop, Greugach araidh a rugadh mu shea ceud bliadhna roimh linn an t-Slanuighir. Rinn e suas an leabhar aige le lionmhorachd dhe na samhluidhean sin a chaidh eadar-theangachadh o'n Ghreugais chum gach canain eile ach beag air uachdar na talmhainn. Rinneadh so do bhrigh gu'm bheil Esop a' deanamh nam firinnean a tha e 'teagasg gle shoilleir ann am beagan bhriathraibh."

C. "Tha iad soilleir da rireadh, agus cha'n fhasainn idir sgith ag eisdeachd riu."

M. "Is samhla-bhriathra iad a tha druidteach, so-thuigsinn, agus goirid, air chor is nach bi neach ullamh air an dichuimhneachadh. Tha mar a dh'eirich do'n chu le' fhaileas fein, co maith ann an seadh ri searmoin o sheann Mhaighstir Domhnull coir, agus moran ni's fhasadh a chuimhneachadh."

C. "Cuir an ceill domh mu'n chu agus fhaileas fein, oir cha'n 'eil beachd agam sin a chluinntinn riamh ? "

M. "So agad mar a dh'eirich dha mata, agus gabh suim dheth :"—

"Bha cu a' dol thairis air allt roimh so, aig an robh meall mor feola 'na bheul. Bha'n la soilleir, blath, agus grianach ; agus bha drochaid fhiodha air a cur tarsuing air poll a bha reidh mar sgathan. Air do'n chu a bhi mu leth na slighe a null air an allt, chunnaic e 'fhaileas fein gu riochdail soilleir gu h-iosal anns an uisge, agus shaoil leis gu'm bu chu eile a bha e 'faicinn le meall mor feola 'na bheul. Ghrad leum e sios do'n uisge chum greim a dheanamh air a' chu, agus chum an fheoil a spionadh uaith a dh'aindeoin. Ach mo thruaigh ! a'n ait buannachd a dheanamh o'n ghniomh shanntach, eucorach dhe'n robh e ciontach, chaill e a ghreim dhe'n mheall feola a bha 'na bheul fein, oir chaidh e sios leis an t-sruth, agus cha'n fhac e tuilleadh e."

Tha'n seann chosamhlachd so a' teagasg dhuinn gu'm bheil esan a tha deonach greim a dheanamh air tuilleadh na's leis fein, toilltinneach gu'n cailleadh e na tha aige. Is gniomh eucorach so, a tha gidheadh, ro chumanta r'a fhaicinn. Feudaidh an ti a tha 'ga chleachdadh soirbheachadh re sealain anns an t-saoghal aingidh so, ach cha'n fhad gus am feum e dealachadh ris na tha e sealbhachadh—agus cha'n fhad gus an caill e a chuid gu h-iomlan, mar a rinn an cu amaideach, sanntach an fheoil aige anns an t-sruth.

C. "O ! mile taing dhuit, a' Mhurachaidh, is truagh gu'm bheil iomadh cu anns an t-saoghal fathast; tha gu'n teagamh, dh'aindeoin gach dichioll a tha' ga dheanamh leis a' Chleir, agus leis gach luchd-teagaisg chum cur as doibh. Cha'n fhurasd do na brocairibh na sionnaich a chur as, a ta air feadh nan garbh-chrioch againn fein, ach cha'n fhusa idir do na Ciobairibh Spioradail na coin sin a lughdachadh ann an aireamh a tha ga'n truailleadh fein le foirneart agus sannt. Ach, am bheil Samhl'-fhocal idir eile air mheamhair agad, a' charaid, oir is grinn an teagasg iad?"

M. "Tha na ficheadan, a' Choinnich, ach air duit a bhi' labhairt mu na sionnaich a rinn greim gu minic air a' chuid a b'fhearr de na h-uain agad fein, leigidh mi ris duit mar a thainig eadar sionnach agus gobhar uair eigin roimh so, a dh'fheuchainn ciamar a chordas e riut."

"Air la araidh bha sionnach air na cuairttibh aige, agus thachair le tubaist gu'n do thuit e ann an tobar a bha gle dhomhainn. Bha e ann an droch sgailce, 'ga chathrachadh fein air gach taobh, ag eiridh agus a' tuiteam fa seach, ach dh'aindeoin gach innleachd a bha 'na chomas, dh'fhairtlich air faotuinn a mach. Mu dheireadh, thainig gobhar an rathad, agus air di sealltuinn sios anns an tobar an duil ri deoch fhaotuinn, chunnaic i an sionnach, agus chuir i a' cheist ris, ag radh, A shionnaich choir, am bheil an t-uisge sin maith? Maith! an e a thubhairt thu? Maith! cha'n fhaca mi' fheabhas riamh! Is uisge e a tha co fuar, fallain, milis, 's gu'n d'ol mi dheth gus am bheil mi'n impis sgaineadh. Air do'n ghabhair bhochd so a chluinntinn, gu'n tuilleadh a radh, ghrad leum i sios. Ann am priobadh na sula, rinn an sionnach greim air adhaircibh na gaibhre, agus le'n cuideachadh, ghrad leum e a mach, agus dh'fhag e a' ghobhar thruagh gu'n lus, gu'n treoir ann an grunnd an tobair gu dheanamh mar a dh'fheudadh i!"

Tha'n Samhl'-fhocal so a' teagasg dhuinn, gu'm bu choir duinn smuaineachadh co e a tha 'gar comhairleachadh mu'n gabh sinn a chomhairle. Ge b'e co aogasach 's gu'm feud a chomhairle a bhi, ma bheirear i le duine a tha comharraichte agus ainmeil air son foill, seoltachd, agus ceilge feudaidh sinn a bhi dearbhchinnteach gu'm bheil e' ag iarraidh a bhuannachd fein 'n'ar leir-sgrios, agus gu'm bheil e a' gabhail gach curaim na chomas chum leas "M' fheudail mi fein," ciod air bith a dh'eireadh dhuinne, no ciod air bith an calldach a bheireadh e oirnne.

C. "Mo bheannachd agad, a' Mhurachaidh, Ochan! be'n sionnach fein an laochan tapaidh, agus gu dearbh b'abhaist da sin. Bha e mu's seolta air son na gaibhre bochda. Tha e cianail, gidheadh, gu'm bheil na sionnaich sin fathast lionmhor, seadh sionnaich air dha-chois, agus is iad na h-aitean a's trice a bhios iad a' taoghal, na h-aitean anns am bheil iad cinnteach gu'n tachair iad air na gobhair."

M. "Tha thu gle cheart, a' Choinnich, ach tha sinn air ar teagasg gu soilleir leis na nithibh sin, gu bhi curamach, faiceallach, glice, agus steidhichte an comhnuidh air ceartas agus fireantachd a ghnathachadh 'nar gnothuichibh gu leir. Ma ni sinn sin, cha'n urrainn cu no sionnach ceithir-chosach no da-chosach dochunn 'sam bith a dheanamh oirnne, oir dionar sinn o'n ribeachaibh agus o'm fiaclaibh geura leis an fhreasdal sin, a tha do ghnath 'gar stiuireadh gach la agus oidhche, agus 'gar gleidheadh ann an tearuinteachd."

C. "Is iongantach an innleachd a bhi 'toirt comais labhairt mar sin do chreutairibh gu'n reusoin gu'n tuigse, mar a ta coin, sionnaich, caoraich, gabhair, geoidh, rocais, agus gach creutair eile, agus sin uile chum a bhi 'gar teagasg."

M. "Cha'n e sin a mhain, a' Choinnich, ach tha gu minic nithe aig nach 'eil beatha, mar an tuadh, an t-ord, a' chlach, an claidheamh, agus an leithidibh sin air an ullachadh le teangannaibh gu bhi 'comhradh agus a' tagradh chum gliocas a theagasg do'n chinne-daoine agus air so ma chaomhnar sinn bheirear eiseimpleir no dha an deigh so."

C. "Ro mhaith, a' Mhurachaidh, rachamaid a nis a dh'fhaicinn ciod a tha Seonaid a' deanamh, agus a dh'fheuchhainn am bheil ni sam bith aice a neartaicheas an duine o'n leth a stigh." Alasdair Ruadh.

BRÉIGEIN BRIONNACH.

Is ann air té a mhuinntir Ghlinne-Moireastainn a thathas ag càradh na duanaige so. Tha fada nan cian bho'n a bha i ann. Thug a h-athair oirre a làmh a thoirt do shuirdheach a mhuinntir na dùthcha, agus chuireadh a bainis gu dòigh. Ach mar nach do sheòl an Sealbh ise, thugar cion-falaich do fhear-fuadain a rinn luim, air sheòl air choiriginn, air luibh-an-tàlaidh a thoirt di. Chuir e na duibhean air na daithean agus bha ise, mo thruaighe, cho maol 's gu'n d'thug i làn-chreideas da, agus rinn iad suas ri chéile gu'n teicheadh iad 'am fuadach. Is e so a rinn iad. An uair a chuala ise "an fhead-ghlaice" thog i oirre 's dh'fhàg i 'n sid iad fhéin 's a' bhainis. Ach mar bu dù, bha latha bho'n aithreach aice, ni a tha i fhéin ag innse.

Cha tric a thachair a leithid 's a' Ghàidhealtachd: cha b'fhiach le Gàidheal a leithid a dhianamh; ach 's leasan e do nigheanan òga gun a bhi ro-dheas air feairt a thoirt air leannan-fuadain, air cho taitneach, tàlaiteach 's ga'm bì e.

Tha fonn ro bhinn, tiamhaidh, cianail air, ach a ghabhail le urra a thuigeas agus a chreideas cor na té. Chuir fear nach maireann (*Pattison's Gaelic Bards, p.* 137) 'am Béurla e fhéin no rud coltach ris.

BRÉIGEIN BRIONNACH.

Dh'fhalbh mi le Bréigein brionnach,
Dh'fhalbh mise le Bréigein;
Dh'fhalbh mi Bréigein brionnach,
Le mac Ghriogair Chléirich.

Thuirt e gu'n robh aige caisteal,
'N teachdadh na céudan;
'S cha robh aige tigh no sabhul,
'N laidhinn no'n éirinn.
Dh'fhalbh mi, &c.

Cha robh aige tigh no sabhul,
'N laidhinn no'n éirinn;
Ach bothan beag 'am bun a' bhruthaich,
'S bu le 'phiuthair-chéil' e.
Dh'fhalbh mi, &c.

Bothan beag 'am bun a' bhruthaich,
'S bu le 'phiuthair-chéil' e;
'S gun aic' ach am peice-ceannaich,
'S cha b'fhuilear dhi fhéin e.
Dh'fhalbh mi, &c.

Gun aic' ach am peice-ceannaich,
'S cha b'fhuilear dhi fhéin i;
'S anghlas de bhainne nan gobhar,
'S cha b'aithne dhi 'ghréidheadh.
Dh'fhalbh mi, &c.

Anghlas de bhainne nan gobhar,
'S cha b'aithne dhi 'ghréidheadh:
'S truagh nach mis' 'bha 's an teasaich,
Greis innte gun éirigh.
Dh'fhalbh mi, &c.

'S truagh nach mis' 'bha 's an teasaich,
Greis innte gun éirigh,
Mu'n do fhreagair mi'n fhead-ghlaice
'Bha'n innis na spréidhe.
Dh'fhalbh mi, &c.

Mu'n do fhreagair mi'n fhead-ghlaice
'Bha'n innis na spréidhe.—
Chaidh mi seachad air tigh m' athar,
'S a' bhainis ga 'gréidheadh.
Dh'fhalbh mi, &c.

Chaidh mi seachad air tigh m' athar,
'S a' bhainis ga 'gréidheadh:
Dh'fhàg mi an crodh-laoigh gun leigeil,
'S na laoigh bheaga 'géumraich.
Dh'fhalbh mi, &c.

Dh'fhàg mi an crodh-laoigh gun leigeil,
'S na laoigh bheaga géumraich:
Dh'fhàg mi'n cuman 'us a' bhuarach,
Tacan beag bho chéile.
Dh'fhalbh mi, &c.

Dh'fhàg mi'n cuman 'us a' bhuarach,
Tacan beag bho chéile :
'S dh'fhàg mi'm buachaille dubhach,
'S a' bhanarach déurach.
Dh'fhalbh mi, &c.

Dh'fhàg mi'm buachaille dubhach,
'S a' bhanarach déurach.—
Fios gu m' mhàthair 's gu m' athair,
Na'n gabhadh iad fhéin mi.
Dh'fhalbh mi, &c.

Fios gu 'm mhàthair 's gu m' athair,
Na'n gabhadh iad iad fhéin mi :
Nàile, rachainn dachaidh fhathast,
A bhleoghunn na spréidhe.
Dh'fhalbh mi, &c.

Nàile, rachainn dachaidh fhathast,
A bhleoghunn na spréidhe :
Dhianainn am bualadh a's t-sabhul,
'S chrathainn biadh na féudail.

Dh'fhalbh mi le Bréigein brionnach,
Dh'fhalbh mise le Bréigein:
Dh'fhalbh mi le Bréigein brionnach,
Le mac Ghriogair Chléirich.

——o——

AM FEAR-LAGHA AGUS AN FHIANUIS.

Air amannaibh tha e glé cheàrbach a bhi bodhair agus is minic a bheir dìth na claisneachd air duine a bhi air a mheas mar amadan. An uair nach clùinn e gu ceart na ceistean a chuirear air, tha e glé ealamh air freagairtean gu tur dochaireach a thoirt seachad. Tuigear so ni's feàrr an uair a bheirear fa'near an còmhradh a bha eadar fear-lagha agus fianuis a bha e 'ceasnachadh air cùirt an làthair a' bhreitheimh agus mhòrain sluàigh. Thachair nach robh claisneachd an fhianuis idir ceart agus firinneach, agus an déigh sin bu tàmailt leis aideachadh nach robh e a' clùinntinn mar mhùinntir eile. Mu dheireadh ghàirmeadh Dùghall a steach do'n chùirt, agus chuireadh 'na sheasamh e ann an crannaig nam fiànuis. An déigh a mhionnachadh leis a' bhreitheamh, thòisich am fear-lagha air Dùghall bochd a cheasnachadh mur a leanas :—

Fear-lagha. "A nis, a' Dhùghaill, dean seasamh gu stolda, fòighidinneach, agus freagair gu ciùin, soilleir, réidh na ceistean a chuirear ort :—càit am bheil thu 'fuireach, a' Dhughaill ?"

Dùghall. "Tha mi dìreach seachd agus tri fichead bliadhna, aig toiseach an earraich so chaidh ; agus rugadh m' athair ann am meadhon bhliadhua na peasrach."

Fear-lagha. "Cha'n 'eil mi' foighneachd c'uin a rugadh thu fein, no cuin a rugadh t-athair, ach c'àit am bheil do dhachaidh, a Dhùghaill ?"

Dùghall. "Cha'n fhac mi Dòmhnull Mòr, ann an Achadh-nam-bat, o cheann bliadhna gu leth, agus an slòightear dubh ! a mheall mi á luàch an daimh dhùinn, is comadh leam ged nach faicinn gu bràth e."

Fear-lagha. "Cha dean so an gnothuch idir, a' Dhùghaill, féumaidh tu innseadh c'àit am bheil thu 'fuireach ?"

Dùghall. "Direach air a' shùil, ro cheart, oir bha mi glé eòlach air o làithibh m' òige, ach chaochail e an uiridh, agus bu laoghach, neolochdach an créutair e."

Fear-lagha. "A' bhreitheimh urramaich, cha'n fhios domh ciod a ni mi ris an fhianuis so, oir tha thu' faicinn nach freagair e aon de na ceistibh a chuirear air."

Breitheamh. "Rach sùas am fagus da, cuir do bhéul rá chluàis, agus fòighneachd dheth am bheil eòlas aige air a' phriosanach a ta na shuidh a'n sud eadar an dithis mhàor ?"

Fear-lagha. "A Dhùghaill, an clùinn thu mi, an aithne dhuit am priosanach ud a ta eadar an dithis fhear air am bheil na biorraidean àrda air an cìnn ?"

Dùghall. "Tha mi 'faicinn na ban-tighearna aluinn ud thàll a tha thu comharrachadh a mach dhomh ; tha i air a deanamh suas mar dhealbhan-dé ; na bi 'deanamh fanoid orm. Cha d'thugainn mo sheann Ealasaid fein air fichead dhi. Fhirlagha, cùimhnich nach d'thàinig mise ann so gu bhi deanamh fochaid orm. Cha'n 'eil mi idir a'n eiseimeil sin, agus cha seas mi ris."

Fear-lagha. "Cha'n fhios domh ciod a ni mi dhiot idir, a' Dùhghaill, oir ma tha thu 'gam chlùinntinn, agus a' diùltadh aig an àm cheudna mo cheistean a fhreagradh is droch dhuine thu a thoill a bhi air do dhruideadh suas 'sa phriosain, air son a bhi 'deanamh tàir air a' chuirt."

Dùghall. "Tha'n t-àm a nis a bhi 'falbh dhachaidh gu bhi 'cur an àrbhair air muin a' cheile, ach cha'n fhalbh mi gu'n tàing a thoirt do na daoin'-uàillse a thug mi a dh'fhaicinn na cùirte agus a chàruich mi ann an àite co follaiseach far an robh comas agam mo shùilean a thilgeadh air gach neach agus ni."

Breitheamh. "Tha e 'cur iongantais orm ciamar a fhreagair e briàthra nam mionnan mar cùal e iad."

Fear-lagha. "Cha robh e gabhail sùim diubh idir 'san àm, thog e a làmh gu'n teagamh, ach cha d'aithris e lide de bhriathraibh nam mionnan. Ged a dheanadh e sin, mar nach d'rinn, cha b'fhurast a chluinntinn leis an odhail agus an ùpraid a bha 'san àm ann na seòmair na cùirte."

Breitheamh. "Am bheil neach sam bith 'sa chùirt aig am bheil fior eòlas air gnàthannaibh agus cleachdannaibh an fhianuis so? Ma tha, seasadh e suas."

Dh'éirich triùir no ceathrar suas air am bonnaibh còmhladh, ach chomharraich am breitheamh aon diubh a mach d'am bàinm Niall Mac Ruàiridh Mhic Uilleim, agus air da a bhi air a mhionnachadh, chuireadh a' cheist air leis a'.

Bhreitheamh. "A nis, a' Neill, am bheil eòlas agad air an fhianuis Dughall Mac Iain Mhic Shéumais?"

Niall. "Tha mi co eòlach air 's a tha'n ladar air a' phoit, o cheann da fhichead bliadhna, oir rè na h-ùine sin bha e 'fuireach aig an ath dhorus domh."

Breitheamh. "Ciod a' ghnè dhuine a th'ann, oir a réir mo bheachd-sa, is ùmaidh gu'n tuigse e, ceothlan bodaich, a tha gu'n nàire, gu'n mhodh, a' deanamh fochaid air a' chùirt le a' fhreagairtibh mhi-iomchuidh, agus le'ghiùlan tàireil."

Niall. "Le'r cead, a' Bhreitheimh urramaich, tha sibh meallta 'n'ur barail mu Dhughall Mac Iain Mhic Shéumais, oir is duine ionraic, onoireach, firinneach, agus ceart e,—duine nach deanadh éucoir air anam beò, agus duine a rachadh gu 'dhùlain gu comain a chur air coimhearsnach."

Breitheamh. "C'arson, uime sin, nach freagradh e aon de na ceistibh a chuireadh air anns a' chrannaig sin?"

Niall. "Air son deagh aòbhair, a' Bhreitheimh urramaich, agus is e sin, nach cùal e focal de na ceistibh a chuireadh air."

Breitheamh. "Nach cùal e focal de na ceistibh a chuireadh air! An e sin a thubhairt thu, a' Neill? Is e sin a deiream a ris agus a ris, oir cha chuàl an duine bochd lide dhe na nithe a labhradh ris."

Breitheamh. "Tha mi gu cinnteach air mo mhealladh gu mòr, oir bha dùil agam gu'n robh e ri cleasaibh, agus a' deanamh tàir air a' chùirt!"

Niall. "Meallar daoine glice 'nam barail air amannaibh, oir is minic a chuàladh gu'n tuit an t-each ceithirchosach fein air uairibh. Ghabh Dùghall bochd éuslaint 'na cheann mu thri bliadhna air ais, agus le sin chàill e a chlaisneachd co buileach is nach cluinneadh e tairneanach a' ghunna mhòir ged a loisgteadh r'a chluais e. Léughaidh e sgriobhadh, agus làbhraidh e gu tuigseach mu gach ni a chuirear f'a chomhair gu réidh air paipeir, ach cha chluinneadh e ged a dh'éireadh na beanntan o'm bunaitibh, agus ged a chas-bhuàileadh iad r'a chéile."

Breitheamh. "C'arson a thugadh Dùghall mar fhianuis gu'n fhéum a'n so, agus c'arson nach robh fios ni b' fhearr aige-san a thug sumain dha mu thimchioll?"

Niall. "Ann so, dh'éirich earraid suas, agus a' sealltuinn ris a' Bhreitheamh, thubhairt e, nach robh fianuis ni b'fheàrr na Dùghall Mac Iain Mhic Shéumais 'san duthaich air fad, n'am biodh e air a cheasnachadh le ceistibh air an sgriobhadh sios, ach o nach d'rinneadh sin, cha robh e chum féuma, a thoirt air aghaidh."

Breitheamh. "So, so, rachamaid air ar 'n-aghaidh le obair na cùirte, agus faigheadh Dughall a' chead. Faigheadh e a dhuàis mar fhianuis oir cha'n esan a tha ri choireachadh noch d'fhuair a' chùirt eòlas uaith air gach ni mu'n robh fios aige mu' thimchioll a' phriosanaich."

SGIATHANACH.

—o—

CUMHA

Miss Seàrlot agus Miss Sìne Nic-Phearsain, an dithis mu dheireadh de theaghlach Lachainn, Fear an Ràth-léith am Bàideanach, a chaidh a losgadh gu bàs na'n tigh fhéin ann an Crùbainn-bheag, an uair a chaidh e na'theine air 16mh latha de Thoiseach a' Gheamhraidh, 1866: Le Emili Dhònullaich a thug ochd bliadhn' diag na'n seirbhis.

Air fonn—"*An fhéisd mhór a rinn d'athair.*"

'S mi 'bhi 'dìreadh nan stùcan,
'Cur mo chùil ri tigh Chrùbainn,
'S mór mo mhulad am mùthadh a thà air.
'S mor mo mhulad, &c.*

'S ann 'an clachan na créathach,
Mu choinnimh na gréine,
'Dh'fhàg mi Miss Séine na 'smàlan.

'S ann a dh'fhàg mi na h-uaislean,
Anns an *rùm* mar bu dual daibh,
'S bu bhanail an gluasad 's bu chòmhnard.

'S ann a dh'fhàg mi 'n dà phiuthair,
Anns an aon *rùm* na'n suidhe,
'S beag a shaoil leams' nach suidhinn ri m'bheò ann.

Ach mu'n d'thàinig cóig uairean,
Fhuair mi rabhadh 'bha cruaidh leam,
Iad 'bhi na'n guaillein na'n seòmar.

Ach, Fhir a chruthaich an saoghal,
Agus anmannan dhaoine,
Tha mi'n dùil gu'n d'thug thu saors' ann an glòir dhaibh.

Thàinig breitheanas tìmeil,
Oirnne uil' anns an àm ud,
A dh'fhàg sinn mar chaoraich air àilein:

A dh'fhàg sinne gun bhuachaill,
Gun h-aon 'ghabhadh truas ruinn,
Ach, fàth mo ghearain nach d'fhuair iad ur cnàimhean.

Gus ur cur far 'm bu dual duibh,
Ann an cairidh nan uaislean,
Far am beil a' chuid eile bha suairce de'r càirdean.

Bha sibh 'thoiseach nan uaislean,
Bho Noid 'us bho Chluainidh,
Ged nach robh iad mu'n cuairt duibh gu'r teàrnadh.

Na'm biodh Gleanntruim 'us am Màidseir,
Aig a' bhaile mar b' àbhaist,
Cha bhiodh a' chùis mar a bhà i 's an àm ud.

Bu trom céum a' pharsain,
'Tighinn gu'r n-ionnsaidh 's a' mhadainn,
'S a chrìdh' ga 'sgaradh mu'r déighinn.

Bha 'choire air Miss Seàrlot,
Gur h-i 'rinn an fhàillinn;
Cha leig mise gu bràth air a taobh e.

Ach ma bha coir' ris aig daoine,
Thig latha 'ni innseadh,
Ge nach leighis sin m' inntinn an dràsta.

Tha snidh' air mo ghruaidhean,
Le 'bhi tric oirbh a' smuaineach,
'S liuthad latha mu'n cuairt duibh a bhà mi.

Chaill mi nise na càirdean,
Nach rachadh seachad gun m'fhoighneachd,
'S luchd-sheasamh mo chòrach na'm b'éudar.

Bidh mi nis ag co-dhùnadh,
Le deòir air mo shùilean,
Bho'n nach aithne dhomh 'n cliù uile léughadh.

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* Aithris gach treas sreath dà uair.

A' MHISG.

GABH mo chomhairle, 'dhuin' òig,
Anns a' phòit na cuir do spéis ;
Air uaislead 's ge 'm bi do sheòl,
Truaillear leis an òl do bhéus.

'S o dhut comharr' air a' mhisg,
Cha chòmhnuich tuigse ri 'taobh ;
Faic am fear s' air call a chéill,
Bu choltach an dé ri naomh.

'S am fear ud eile 'b'uaisle béus,
Bu sgàthan 's bu réul do chàch,
Sid e nis le toil a mhiann,
'An lìn an diabhuil 'an sàs.

'Anam prìseil, suilbhir, sèimh,
'B'àilne sgèimh le ìomhaigh Dhé ;
Mùchte nis na 'mhiannaibh colluidh,
'M prìosan mollaicht', doilleir, cré.

'S mairg a roghnaich craos mar dhia,
Chuir a chuid 's a chiall na 'bholg ;
S truagh an t-anam 'an guais phian,
Le riarach anmhianna borb.

'S baoghalach an leannan a' mhisg,
'S e 'sàimh 'bhi 'sgrios a h-aois-ghraidh ;
Ri slaid do thuigse 's do bhrìgh,
Do chliù, do nì, 'us do shlàint'.

So barr cumhang gach droch bhéus,
A dh'fhosglas gèimhlean gach uilc ;
Sìochadh cogais, mùchadh réusain,
Lagaicheas na ceudan mar uisg'.

'An subhailc cha'n 'eil a spéis,
'An lagh Dhé cha'n eil a meas ;
'S a miann gu bristeadh gach fàinte,
'S chum gach sàraich' 's ullamh, deas.

'S toigh leath' strìopachas 'us strìth,
Falachd, mìorun, fuath, 'us fearg,
'S gach lasan buairidh 's an inntinn,
Càrnaidh i riu grìosach dhearg.

'N a còmhradh bidh mionnan searbh,
'S briathran garg air bheagan céill ;
'S ainm naomh àrdrigh nan sluagh,
Le damnadh ga 'luadh 's gach béul.

Am bàs nach eagalach a dhàil,
Ma thig e 's tu bàite 'm misg ;
D'ùrnaigh dheireannach ri damnadh,
'S tu 'tiomnadh d'anma do sgrios.

'S soilleir gur h-i baoit an diabhuil,
A' mealladh i riamh le cluain,
Leis am moghadh e na ceudan
Air géur an céudfaith na'n suain.

Mosgail, a dhuin', as do shuain,
'S bi 'g àireamh gu luath do lochd ;
Tha e sgrìbht' air cuimhne Dhé,
Bidh d'anam 's do chré fo sprochd.

Cuimhnich mathas Righ nan dùl,
'Shaor bho dhaorsa thù le buaidh ;
'S a chuir 'Aon-Mhac, air do sgàth,
Fo ifrinn, fo'n bhàs, 's fo'n uaigh.

——o——

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Nach mòr gur feàrr gu'n innseadh do charaid do lochdan dhuit ann an uaigneas, na gu'n cuireadh do nàmhaid a'n céill gu follaiseach ?

Dh'iarr fear de luchd-teagaisg Oil-thigh Chambridge air caraid dha iasad de leabhar a bha toil aig' fhaicinn. Chuir a charaid am fios a leanas thuige : "Cha 'n' eil mi uair sam bith a leigadh mo leabhraichean a mach as an tigh, ach ma thogras tusa tighinn an so 's i do bheatha bhi 'g an leughadh fhad 's a thogras tu." Beagan laithean na dhéigh so chuir a charaid a dh' iarraidh iasad de 'n bhalgshéididh air an fhear-theagaisg. A' cuimhneachadh mar a dhiultadh na leabhraichean dha chuir e fios air ais mar so: Cha 'n' eil mi uair sam bith a' leigeadh a' bhuilg-shéididh a mach as mo sheomar : ach ma thogras tusa tighinn an so 's i do bheatha bhi séideadh leis cho fad' 's a thogras tu.

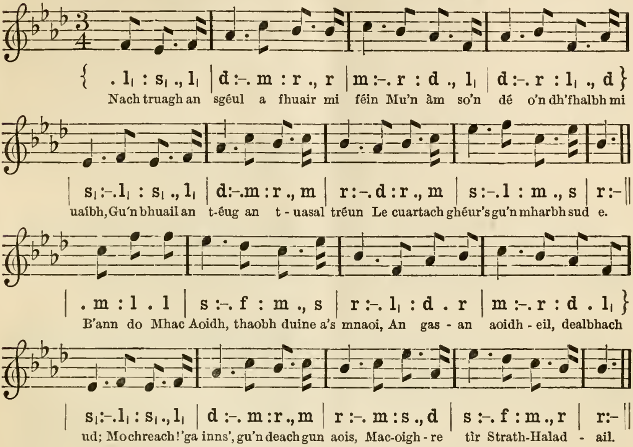
Tha'n Ti Uile-chumhachdach sin aig am bheil uachdaranachd os ceann nan uile, 'ga dheanamh fein 'na sheirbhiseach dhoibhsan a's ìllse agus a's lugha de na créutairibh aige fein. Am bu chòir do'n chinne-daoine, uime sin, a bhi co ùaibhreach agus co àrd-inntinneach, is nach dean iad cuideachadh le h-aon a' chéile ? Am bu choir doibh tair a dheanamh air an dleasnas sin trid an comh-pairtich iad an cumhachd, an trèoir, agus an co'-fhulangas fein riùsan a's lugha agus a's sùaraiche dhe'n co'-chréutairibh fein ? Ma bhios an nàdar so ann an aon 'nar measgne, nach tur suarach e ann an sùilibh an Ti Bheannuichte sin, d'am bheil cunntas aig gach neach ri thabhairt suas ?

Bu chòir do'n ti sin aig am bheil cumhachd ni's leòir chum an t-olc a spionadh as a chridhe, dol ni's faide, agus déuchainn a dheanamh chum subhailc a shuidheachadh 'na àite. Far am bheil fonn làidir a bheir luibhean gu pailt a mach, féudar toirt air barr cruithneachd a thoirt uaith air sheòl moran nis fhusa na bheirear air gu'n ni sam bith a thoirt uaith.

A ♭

CUMHA DO HUISTEIN MAC-AOIDH.

Focail a's fonn Le Rob Donn.


{ . l₁ : s₁ ., l₁ | d :-. m : r ., r | m :-. r : d ., l₁ | d :-. r : l₁ ., d }
Nach truagh an sgéul a fhuair mi féin Mu'n àm so'n dé o'n dh'fhalbh mi
| s₁ :-. l₁ : s₁ ., l₁ | d :-. m : r ., m | r :-. d : r ., m | s :-. l : m ., s | r :- ||
uaibh, Gu'n bhuail an t-éug an t - uasal trêun Le cuartach ghéur's gu'n mharbh sud e.
| . m : l . l | s :-. f : m ., s | r :-. l₁ : d . r | m :-. r : d . l₁ }
B'ann do Mhac Aoidh, thaobh duine a's mnaoi, An gas - an aoidh - eil, dealbhach
| s₁ :-. l₁ : s₁ ., l₁ | d :-. m : r ., m | r :-. m : s ., d | s :-. f : m ., r | r :- ||
ud; Mo chreach! 'ga inns', gu'n deach gun aois, Mac-oigh - re tìr Strath-Halad - ail.

NACH cruaidh an guth so 'th' aig an t-sluagh,
Bho'n deach thu luath's a dh'earb iad riut;
Tha ghaoir cho cumant aig daoin'-uaisl',
Aig mnàibh, aig tuath, 's aig searbhantan;
Cha'n 'eil bho'n Tòrr gu ruig an stòir,
Aon duine beò, bho'n dh'fhalbh thu bhuainn,
A's urrainn còmhradh mu na bhòrd,
Ach tùirseach, brònach, Marbhrannach.

Cha'n ann mu challan codach fhéin,
Tha'n sluagh gu léir cho càsmhorach,
Ach aon 'thoirt bhuap' gun aon fhear-fuath,
'S an robh gach buaidh cho fàsmhorach.
A phears' gu léir, a dhreach 's a chéill,
Anns nach bu léir dhuinn fàilligeadh;
Mach bho'n éug bhi 'cur 'an céill
Nach 'eil gach cré ach bàsmhorach.

Tha do chàirdean fala 's feòla,
'S do luchd-eòlais cianalach,
Air son do ghearradh as an t-saoghal,
Mu'n robh aon diubh riaraicht' dhiot.
'S e cùis am bròin nach d'fhàg thu beò dhuinn
Fear cho òg 's cho ciallach riut;
Ma sgrìbhear cliù do bheath air d'uaigh,
Gur lìonair' buaidh na bliadnaichean.

Ged bhiodh do ghnùis air duine bàth,
Cha bhiodh a bhàs neo-thùirseach dhuinn;
'S dhianadh do thoimhsean 'us do chàil,
Am fear bu ghràist' cho ciùrrtach dhuinn,
An tuigse gheur a thogail sgéil,
'S a' ghibht a b'fhèarr g'an cuimsicheadh;
'S tu 'n séud bu làin' tigh'inn h-uig' gach là
'S an t-slighe b'àillte cuimtidheachd.

'S lìonmhor cridhe 'thuit a mhàn
Mu'n cuairt, air là do thiodhlacaidh,
'Bha 'g earbsadh cinnteach ri do linn
'Bhi suidhicht' 'an inntinn shìorbheartaich;
Bha ioma ceud dhe d'fhine fhein
A' dianamh féum mar ìomhaigh dhiot;
Ach dhearbh am beum so dhuinn gu léir,
Nach 'eil fo'n ghréin ach dìomhanas.

Co an duine thug ort bàrr
Am breith, 'am pàirt, 's an ionnsachadh?
No co an t-aon a sheasas d'àit'
Dhe'n th'air an cràdh ga d'ionndraichinn?
Gach beag 'us mòr gach sean 'us òg,
Le gal, 'us deòir ga'n ceannsachadh.
Nach tric le bròn 'bhi tuisleach òirnn',
Cha tig an còrr le aon duin' dheth.

Tha sinn uile 'n ioma truas,
Na bha mu'n cuairt do theaghlaich-sa,
'Bhi gun aon a measg an t-sluaigh,
A dheanadh suas do chall-sa dhuinn:
Do thomult mòr, do chomunn còir,
Do chomas deònach, gealtanach,
Chuir buille bhróin 's na h-uile pòit,
'S a chuir gach ceòl mu Bhealltainn bhuainn.

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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THOMAS FORD HILL'S POEMS.

ODE TO OSCAR—*Continued.*

1.

I AM very sad after thee, Chaoilte! since those who were my contemporaries are departed. I am filled with Grief, Sorrow, and Pain, since my foster-brother is gone from me.*

2.

Chaoilte, my dear foster-brother! I would fight under thy banners in all weathers: Chaoilte! thou wert my support in times of success and honour.

3.

Did you hear of Fingal's journeys on every forest in Erin? Great Cairbar with his armour sent for us to destroy us.†

4 and 5.

We were not all of us about the house that were able to satisfy him: but nine score of noble riders, on great grey horses. We got honour and respect as we at all times acquired; but we got still more than that Comhal and Cairbar pursuing us.‡

6.

The last day of our drinking match, Cairbar spoke with his tremendous voice: "I want we should exchange arms, brown Oscar that comest from Albion.§

OSCAR. 7.

What exchange do you want to make, great Cairbar, who even press the Ships into your service; and to whom I and all my host belong, in time of war and battle?||

8.

Surely it is oppression to demand our heads when we have not arms to defend ourselves. The reason of your doing so is our being deprived of Fingal and his Son.

9.

Were Fingal and my Father with us as they used to be, you would not during your whole life obtain the breadth of your feet in Erin.¶

10.

The great hero (Cairbar) was filled with rage at the dispute which arose between them. There were exceeding horrible words between Cairbar and Oscar.

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* The intimate connection of fosterage here so strongly expressed is in a great degree peculiar to Ireland, and seems strongly to point out the origin of this song.

† This verse exactly agrees with the narrative of Macpherson.

‡ These verses are by no means consonant to the poems of Macpherson. Riding is a practice unknown in them: his heroes are all charioteers. The Comhal of Macpherson also is the father of Fingal; whereas he is here united with Cairbar, Fingal's greatest foe.

§ The quarrel in Macpherson begins after a treacherous feast, though not of so long duration as that here referred to. Cairbar in Macpherson does not desire Oscar to exchange, but to surrender his spear. "Oscar, said the dark red Cairbar, I behold the spear of Erin. The spear of Temora glitters in thy hand, son of Woody Morven!—Yield it, son of Ossian!—Yield it to carborne Cairbar!"—Temora Book I.

|| "Shall I yield, Oscar replied, the gift of Erin's insured King, &c." The reply of Oscar in the poem above by no means agrees with Macpherson, it even seems to represent Oscar as a vassal of Cairbar.

¶ "Were he who fought with little men (Fingal), near Atha's haughty chief (Cairbar), Atha's chief would yield green Erin to avoid his rage."

11.

That night the women had a warm dispute about the heroes, and even Cairbar and Oscar themselves were half and half angry.*

12.

Nine score men armed with Bows and Arrows, that came to destroy us ; all these fell by the hand of Oscar enraged at the sons of Ireland.†

13.

Nine score strong able Irishmen, that came bounding over the rough highland seas ; all these fell by the hand of Oscar enraged at the sons of Ireland.†

14.

Nine score brave sons of Albion, that came from rude and distant climes ; all these fell by the hand of Oscar enraged at the sons of Ireland.†

15.

When the red-haired Cairbar saw Oscar destroying his people, he threw his Javelin dipt in poison at Oscar.‡

16.

Oscar fell on his right knee, and the poisoned Javelin pierced through his heart : but before he expired, he struck a mortal blow, that killed the king of Erin.§

17.

Fingal addressed his grandson and said, " Do you remember the dreadful battle we fought on Ben-Erin ? You were sorely wounded on that day, yet you were cured by my hand.||

18.

Oscar replied to his grandfather, " My cure is not under the heavens ; for Cairbar plunged his Javelin, dipt in poison, between my Navel and my Reins.¶

19.

And there was great slaughter that day by the hand of Oscar : he slew Cairbar at one blow, and his son Arsht that great hero at the next.**

20.

We bore the corpse of the beautiful Oscar, sometimes on our shoulders, and sometimes on our Javelins. We carried him in the most respectful manner to the hall of his grand-father. ‡‡

21.

And Oscar said, The howlings of my own dogs, and the cries of the old heroes, with the dreadful lamentation of the women, grieve me more than the pain I feel from the poisoned Javelin. §§

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* What night is this ? What have these Women to do with the dispute ? There is no appearance of these circumstances in Macpherson. I suspect there is some omission in this part of the poem.

† The original I believe represents Oscar as a Giant, and as killing these multitudes at one stroke. The title of Great Hero given to Cairbar v. 10, and to Arst v. 19, I believe means also Giant in the Erse. See likewise Ossian agus an Clerich v. 10 and Note on the Cubha Fhinn, p. 19, about Gaul.—I do not understand why Irishmen are represented in v. 12, as bounding over the highland seas to Ireland.—" Behold, says Macpherson, they fall before Oscar like groves in the desert, when an angry ghost rushes through night, and takes their green heads in his hand. Morlath falls, Maronnan dies, Conachar trembles in his blood."

‡ "*Dark red Cairbar.*" See note § on v. 6. Macpherson does not mention poison. " Cairbar shrinks before Oscar's sword. He creeps in darkness behind a stone ; he lifts the spear in secret, and pierces Oscar's side."

§ " Oscar falls forward on his shield : his knee sustains the chief. But still his spear is in his hand. See gloomy Cairbar falls."

|| How came Fingal to his Grandson ? there seems to have been an omission in this place also.—Fingal is the Machaon of his army here, as in the song of the death of Dermid. See p. 15, and note ‡.

¶ The wound is described here with all the particularity of Homer.

** Arsht is not mentioned by Macpherson. See also note * on verses 12, 13, 14, above.

†† Fingal is evidently represented here as living in Ireland in spite of v. 6, and verses 12, 13, and 14. Macpherson transports the corpse by sea to Morven.

‡‡ When Oscar, says Macpherson, saw his friends around, his " heaving breast arose. The groans, he said, of aged chiefs, the howling of my dogs, the sudden bursts of the song of grief, have melted Oscar's soul : my soul that never melted before." The dogs are here represented as feeling a very extraordinary sympathy with the passions of the human race, a property they perhaps might acquire, by their perpetual communion with men in a savage state.

22.

Such were the distresses of the multitude for Oscar, that even the women forgot to grieve for their own husbands, or their brothers, as all that surrounded the house were mourning for Oscar.*

23.

Fingal said, "Thou wert my son, and the son of my son. Thou wert my love, and the love of my son. My heart beats sore at thy untimely end: it galls me to the soul that Oscar is no more.†

24.

It was never imagined by any person that your heart was made of any other materials than steel.‡

25.

Oscar, the son of my lucky beloved Ossian, raised the vast flag from off the head of the King; which was the last brave action of the hero.§

Mr. Macpherson in a note on his Temora || mentions an Irish Poem on this subject, which he had seen; and wherein the death of Oscar is related with many different circumstances. The quarrel is indeed ascribed to a dispute at a feast, about the exchange of arms: but it does not represent the Heroes as fighting, till some time after, upon Cairbar's meeting Oscar at the Pass of Gabhhra, through which Oscar was returning home with the spoils of Ireland, which he had been ravaging in consequence of the quarrel. Possibly Mr. Macpherson might say, the foregoing poem also is Irish; and indeed not without reason, notwithstanding it contains some of the very passages he has inserted in his Temora.

Since I sent you the two untranslated Poems, called Duan a Mhuileartich and Cubha Fhinn, p. 18 and 19, I have received the following account of their contents, in consequence of Dr. Willan's application to his friends at Edinburgh. The first of them, or the *Duan a Mhuileartich*, is "an account of a hideous monster called Muileartich, which swam by sea into Ireland, attacked Fingal's army, killed a number of his men, and was at last killed by his own hand." I ardently wish that this remarkable poetical romance was literally translated, as it probably may contain much curious knowledge. It strikingly resembles the serpent of Bagrada, which is said to have opposed the Roman army under Regulus, in Africa.

The first part of the other Poem, called *Cubha Fhinn do Riogh Lochlin*, describes "the compensation offered by Fingal to the King of Lochlin, to save Ireland from a threatened invasion.

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* "And they did weep, O Fingal! dear was the hero to their souls—No father mourned his son slain in youth: no brother his brother of love.—They fell without tears, for the chief of the people was low."

† Fingal in Macpherson says, "Art thou fallen, O Oscar, in the midst of thy course: the heart of the aged bears over thee.—Weep ye heroes of Morven, never more shall Oscar rise, &c."

‡ Oscar in Macpherson thus speaks of himself: "My soul that never melted before, it was like the steel of my sword." See the note on v. 21.

§ Mrs. Macleane, jun. to whose elegant abilities and hospitable friendship I was principally indebted for the foregoing song, honoured me with the traditional explication of this verse, which is in the true style of gigantic fable. It agrees with Macpherson, in respect to Cairbar's hiding himself in a hole, when he attacked Oscar (see the note on v. 15); and represents Oscar as possessing an invulnerability, very similar to that of Achilles and Orlando.—"The word flag, here used, relates to the following story: Oscar could only be slain by his own javelin: This Cairbar knew when he desired to exchange arms with him. After Cairbar had slain Oscar with his javelin, he hid himself in a hole of the earth, and covered himself with an enormous flag, which is above referred to."—Perhaps, however, the last verse affords some suspicion, that it is in itself an interpolation.

|| B. I. p. 14. edit. 8vo, 1773.

"A thousand whelps; a thousand dogs;
A thousand collars* upon a thousand dogs;
A thousand spears fit for battle; †
A thousand fine plaids of the brightest colours; ‡
A thousand hardy bay horses; §
A thousand nobles of red gold;
A thousand maidens with two gowns; ||
A thousand mantles of new silk; ¶
A thousand warriors wearing them;
A thousand bridles of gold and silver.

"Though the King of Lochlin should get these things, and all the wealth of Ireland, he and his people would not return back, till Ireland should be tributary to them." **

The remainder of this Poem is a description of the standards of Fingal's army, as they appeared in order. Perhaps this part may contain some of the passages of Mr. Macpherson's Ossian.

It is already observed, that these Poems evidently appear to attribute Fingal to Ireland, †† an assertion which the foregoing account of these two Poems so strongly corroborates, that I could not omit repeating it here.

I shall trouble you, Gentlemen, with another letter of conclusions, deducible as they appear to me, from the foregoing premises, but which I shall endeavour to render as concise as possible. I esteem myself much indebted to you for the attention you have already shewn, to,

Gentlemen,

Your very humble servant,

THO. F. HILL.

Ely-Place, Holborn.

CONCLUSION OF THE REMARKS ON OSSIAN.

I. *Of the Evidence afforded by the foregoing Poems, that there are Songs traditionally preserved in the Highlands and attributed to* Ossian; *containing Parts of the Poems, published by Mr.* Macpherson *and Mr.* Smith, *under the name of that Bard.*

II. *Of the Authenticity of the* Ossian *of* Macpherson *and* Smith: *how far it is founded upon the Highland Songs; and how far those Songs may be regarded as the real Works of* Ossian.

III. *Of the Country of* Ossian, *whether he was an Highlander or an Irishman?*

IV. *Of the real Character of* Ossian *and the* Fingalians, *and who they probably were.*

I.

It is evident, Mr. Urban, from the collection of Erse Poems which I have sent you, that there are many traditional Songs preserved in the Highlands relating to Fingal and his heroes, as well as to several other subjects. It is also evident, that these Songs contain portions of the very Poems published

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* Or *Chains to lead them.*

† Or *Lochaber Axes.*

‡ Or *fine wool or silk coverings.*

§ Or hard red breast plates.

|| Such maidens were probably scarce. See also p. 20, about the customs relating to women.

¶ See p. 10, v. 9.

** Mac-Nab translated part of this poem for me; yet tho' he wrote the copy of it, he did not seem clearly to understand it.

†† See p. 20.

by Mr. Macpherson and Mr. Smith, under the name of Ossian. We may therefore justly conclude, that those Poems are not wholly the forgery of their editors, but compiled at least from original Songs.* I by no means think it worth my while, to notice the various concessions in favour of this conclusion, which the minor antagonists of Ossian have of late been forced to make. I myself have given proofs of it, which need I hope no external confirmation. To these proofs might be added, that I met with many traditional preservers of these Songs, in every different part of the Highlands: some of whom, especially in Argyleshire, Lochaber, and on the rest of the western coast, were said to possess various Poems attributed to Ossian, although I had neither leisure nor opportunity to collect copies from them.—But enough has already been said on this subject, if my testimony deserves regard.

II.

These principles being established, it remains to be considered how far the Poems, published by Macpherson and Smith, deserve to be considered as the works of Ossian.

The foregoing Songs, attributed to that bard, which contain passages of the Ossian of Macpherson and Smith, are by no means uniformly consistent with the Poems in which the parallel passages are found, but frequently relate to different events, and even contain different circumstances. From hence it seems probable, that Mr. Macpherson and Mr. Smith compiled their publications from those parts of the Highland Songs which they most approved, combining them into such forms as, according to their ideas, were most excellent, retaining the old names and the leading events.† In this process they were supported and encouraged by the variety of Songs preserved in the Highlands upon the same subject, and by the various modes in which the same event is related. Mr. Macpherson may indeed have MSS. of all the Poems he has published; which MSS. may have been compiled by their collector; or they may possibly contain entire Poems really ancient. But Mr. Smith has honestly acknowledged, that he himself compiled his Ossian in the manner above described. "After the materials were collected," says he, "the next labour was to compare the different editions; to strike off several parts that were manifestly spurious; ‡ to bring together some episodes that appeared to have a relation to one another, though repeated separately; and restore to their proper places some incidents that seemed to have run from one Poem into another:—and hence it was unavoidably necessary to throw in sometimes a few lines or sentences to join some of the episodes together.—I am sensible that the form of these Poems is considerably altered from what is found in any one of the editions from which they are compiled. They have assumed somewhat more of the appearance of regularity and art than that bold and irregular manner, in which they are originally delivered."

Mr. Smith also speaks of the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson in a somewhat similar manner: § "That we have not the whole of the Poems of Ossian, or even of the collection translated by Mr. Macpherson, we allow; yet still we have many of them, and of almost all a part. The building is not entire, but we have still the grand ruins of it.

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* See p. 6. † See p. 7.

‡ Such as the Chuach Fhin, &c. See pp. 15 and 16.

§ Smith, Galic Antiq. pp. 123, 128 to 130.

What portion, therefore, of the Ossian of Macpherson and Smith is original, no man can determine except themselves. Smith indeed says, that he has mentioned all his *material* alterations, transpositions, and additions, in his notes; and that, *for the most part*, he was guided in them by the Sgeulachds, or traditionary tales accompanying the songs: but there are few such notes in his book, and perhaps as few *such* Sgeulachds in the mouths of the Highlanders. In Macpherson and Smith also we see these Poems divested of their idiomatic peculiarities and fabulous ornaments; which renders it impossible to discover what manners and opinions are really ancient, and what are of modern invention. Yet it is remarkable, that in spite of all the objections to their authenticity, necessarily produced by such a treatment of them, they still possess an internal evidence of originality, which has enabled them hitherto to withstand all the torrent of opposition.

The Ossian of Macpherson and Smith appears therefore to be a mutilated work; even though we should suppose that the songs they originally compiled from were the undoubted works of that celebrated bard. But this is far from being the case; for even allowing that an Ossian ever existed and wrote, yet time must have introduced such material changes in his works, if preserved merely by tradition during so long a period, that their own author would hardly know them again. I think it, however, doubtful, whether such a being as Ossian ever appeared in the world.

All the Songs which I met with in the Highlands, relative to the Feinne, or Fingalians, were attributed to Ossian: his name seems merely a common title, which is ascribed to all the poetic annals of his race.*

From these considerations we seem authorised finally to conclude, that the Ossian of Macpherson and Smith is a mutilated compilation from Highland Songs, ascribed indeed to that bard, yet very little likely to be his composition. Out of these they selected the best parts, and rejected such as they thought might discredit the character of Highland antiquity; attributing them to later times, and the ignorant bards of the fifteenth century. Perhaps even the works of Homer himself, which had so many different editions, very considerably varying from each other, were compiled by a somewhat similar process from the ancient Greek Songs.†

III.

Another question remains to be considered: Whether these Songs are the compositions of the Highlands or of Ireland? and, Whether Ossian was an Irish or Caledonian Scot? I have already expressed my opinion, that the Songs in this collection evidently manifest a connection with Ireland, though their traditional preservation in Scotland has sometimes introduced the name of Scotland in its stead.‡ One of their principal personages is St. Patrick, the peculiar Apostle of Ireland, which alone seems sufficient to mark their origin.* If therefore we may reason from a part to the whole, it is just to conclude, that all the other Songs preserved in the Highlands relative to the Fingalians are also Irish. They are wholly confined to the Western coast of the Highlands, opposite Ireland,† and the very traditions of the country themselves acknowledge the Fingalians to be originally Irish. The genealogy of Fingal was there given me as follows : Fion Mac Coul, Mac Trathal, Mac Arsht Riogh Erin, or King of Ireland, thus attributing the origin of his race to the Irish. I am inclined to believe that these notions about Fingal were common to the Scots in the most ancient times, and brought by them from Ireland to Scotland, the hereditary superstition of both races; for, notwithstanding it may appear more probable that Ireland should receive colonies from Scotland than the contrary, we have direct historic evidences that Scotland received them from Ireland; and no bare theoretic probability deserves to be opposed to the positive assertions of history.

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* See hereafter, p. 33.

† See Mr. Raspe's ingenious Remarks on Ossian in his German translation of it, Blackwell's Life of Homer, &c. We have heard of a very curious MS. of Homer, discovered at Venice, containing the various readings of all the different editions. I sincerely wish the rumour may not prove fallacious.

‡ See pp. 9, 18, 20 and 29.

With regard to the Erse manuscripts, about which so much has been said; it becomes me to acknowledge, that I have never seen enough of them, to give any decided opinion : those which I have seen induce me to think, they principally owe their existence to Ireland.‡

I shall not repeat what others have said to prove the Fingalians Irish : though the connection of Fingal with Ireland has been already warmly asserted.§

Keating, in his fabulous History of Ireland,‖ expressly speaks of Fion Mac Cumhail as an Irish hero, and as Commander of the Fion, a pretended body of ancient Irish Militia. He particularly mentions Fingal's jealousy of Dhiarmid Mac Dhuibne, on account of Grainé, Fingal's Wife, as represented in the songs on that subject of which I have given an account already.¶

But an unnoticed though curious passage in Camden affords us the most remarkable, and perhaps the most satisfactory proof that Fingal is an Irish Hero, demonstrating at least, that he was indisputably claimed by the Irish, two hundred years ago. It is contained in an extract, made by Camden, from an acconnt of the manners of the native Irish written by one *Good,* a schoolmaster at Limerick, in 1566. "They think," says he, speaking of Ireland and its inhabitants, "the souls of the deceased are in communion with the famous men of those places, of whom they retain many stories and sonnets : as of the Giants Fin-Mac-Huyle, Osker-Mac-Osshin, or Osshin-Mac-Owim ; and they say thro' illusion that they often see them."**

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* The Scotch indeed lay claim to the birth of St. Patrick, and boast also his burial-place. Camden, edit. Gibson, 1695, pp. 921, 1014. And so also do the Britons, ib. p. 631, 1014. But his life and miracles all agree to attribute to Ireland.

† See pp. 6 and 7.

‡ See p. 18.

§ See Shaw's Enquiry into the Truth of Ossian, edit. sec. p. 37, cum append, &c. O'Flaherty's Hist. of Ireland, &c. &c.

‖ Page 267. edit. folio, 1738.

¶ See pp. 7 and 14.

** Camden, edit. Gibson, 1695, p. 1048, *Of the ancient and modern customs of Ireland.*—In this edition the giants are called Fin-Mac-Huyle and Osshin-Mac-Owim. In the 8vo edition, by Bishop, in 1600, and the correct folio edition of 1607, by Bishop also, they are called Fin-Mac-Huyle and Osker-Mac-Oshin. I have inserted both above, as both strongly relate to my subject. In the late English edition, of 1772, it is Osshin-Mac-Oshin. Fin-Mac-Huyle is the same with Fion-Mac-Cumhail and Fion-Mac-Coul, see pp. 6 and 7.—Camden in the same place, p. 1046, informs us, from Good, that to swear *by the hand* of any chieftain is one of the most sacred oaths among the Irish. This very oath is found in the Poem called Ossian agus an Clerich, v. 19, see before, p. 10.

THE CELTIC OF BRITTANY.

In a late number of the *Gael* we gave a few verses from the Breton New Testament which showed a very close resemblance to Scotch Gaelic. So close, indeed, was the resemblance that, without changing the bony skeleton of a single word, we were able to transform the passage into a rough-and-ready sort of Gaelic which none of our readers would have the least difficulty in understanding. We must not, however, be allowed to take this extract as a vaulting-pole, and with its help to swing ourselves and our readers in airy complacency to the sublime conclusion that the Breton and the Gaelic are substantially the same language. On the contrary, we freely confess that in the *Barzaz-Breiz* (Bardachd?), and even in the Breton Testament, we have met with many passages through whose thorny tangled undergrowth we could not possibly make way without the dictionary. So to speak, the oaks and the fir-trees of the old Breton speech are the same as our own, and the birds singing in their branches do not greatly differ; but the underwood of the language knows little of the gorse and broom and trailing bramble and bonnie blooming heather of Caledonia. On the following page we give another extract from the Breton Testament (Rev. xxi. 1-4); and side by side with the Breton version we show also the Irish, Manx, and Welsh. Had the size of the page permitted, we would have added the Gaelic version as well; but for all practical uses the Gaelic and the Irish may be taken as wellnigh identical.

Let us examine this passage, keeping our eye mainly on the Breton, but glancing as occasion calls at the three sisters by her side. *Ha* and *Hag* we have seen to be *agus*. *Me a ouelaz, I saw.* The four sister forms of this expression are—*do chonnairc me, hunnick mee, me a ouelaz,* and *mi a welais.*

In our last paper the same verb occurred in the subjunctive mood, past tense, as *goueled, that he should see.* We then suggested, though only provisionally, that this might be taken as equivalent to our Gaelic particle *gu, that,* marking the subjunctive mood, and the noun *suil, the eye,* used as a verb—*gu-shuil-ed,* in phonetic form *gu-'uil-ed.* In the main, we hold still to the same conclusion. We are not now more confident than we were about the *gu*, but we stand by *ouel*(az) as the aspirated form of *suil,* and of kin to *sheall, looked.* This matter of aspiration has indeed much to answer for even in regard to the Irish and Manx forms of the word; for *chonnairc*, written as it sounds, is *'onn*(airc), and *hunnick* is *'unn*-(ik); and we all know how the letters *n* and *l* delight to show their agility in a game of hide-and-seek that is often perplexing to young philologers, so that, to the linguistic eye, these forms of the word do not by any means differ so widely from the Breton as does the mere outward appearance of the words on the printed page. But there is more than this. The Breton column of our tabular sheet is taken from the small pocket Testament published at Brest in 1866; but in the octavo edition published at that place in 1870 *me a ouelaz* is printed *me a welaz,* making *ou* phonetically equivalent to *w.* This, it will be observed, makes the Breton identical with the Welsh. But the Welsh *w* is our Gaelic *g.* It is so also in French, as it was of old in Latin. The most popular foreigner on the boulevards of Paris and in the Bois de Boulogne is our Prince de Galles; and the Emperor Guillaume will long be the "black man" of

REVELATION xxi. 1-4.

IRISH.	MANX.	BRETON.	WELSH.
1. Agus do chonnairc me neamh nuadh agus talamh nuadh; oir do chuaidh an ceud neamh agus an ceud thalamh thorruinn; agus ni raibh fairrge ann ni sa mho.	1. As hunnick mee niau noa as seihil noa; son va'n chied niau as y cheid seihil er n'gholl shaghey; as cha row faarkey ayn arragh.	1. Ha me a ouelaz un env nevez, hag an douar nevez; rag an env kenta hag an douar kenta a zo tremenet, hag ar mor n'ema mui.	1. Ac mi a welais nef newydd a daear newydd: canys y nef gyntaf a'r ddaear gyntaf a aeth heibio; a'r mor nid oedd mwyach.
2. Agus do chonnairc mis Eoin an chathair naomhtha Ierusalem nuadh ag techd o Dhia a nuas o neamh air na hullmhughadh amhuil ghleusas bean nuadh phosda i fein fa chomhair a fir.	2. As hunnick mish Ean yn ard valley casherick yn Ierusalem noa, cheet neose veih Jee ass niau soit magh myr ben-phoosee coamrit son e sheshey.	2. Ha me, Ian, a ouelaz ar ger zantel, ar Ierusalem nevez, o tisken eus an env, a berz Doue ornet evel ur oureg iaouank kemp-enet evit he fried.	2. A mysi Ioan a welais y ddinas sanctaidd, Irusalem newydd, yn dyfod oddi wrth Dduw i wared o'r nef, wedi ei pharottoi fel priodasferch wedi ei thrwsio i'w gwr.
3. Agus do chuala me guth mor o neamh ag radh, Feuch tabernacuil De ag daoinibh, agus do dheunuidh seision comhnuidhe na bhfochair, agus teid siadsan na bpubal aige, agus biaidh Dia fein na bhfochairsion (agus budh he) a Ndia.	3. As cheayll mee corra mooar veih niau, gra, cur-my-ner ta cabbane-agglish yee marish deiney, as nee eh cummal maroo, as bee ad e phobble, as bee Jee eh hene maroo, as bee eh yn Jee oc.	3. Hag e cleviz ur voues vraz eus an env, hag a lavare: Setu tanten Doue gand an dud, hag hen a choumo gantei; hag hei a vezo e bobl, ha Doue e-unan a vezo gantei, da Zoue dezei.	3. Ac mi a glywais lef uchel allan o'r nef, yn dywedyd, Wele, y mac pabell Duw gyda dynion, ac efe a drig gyda hwynt, a hwy a fyddant bobl iddo ef, a Duw ei hun a fydd gyda hwynt, ac a fydd yn Dduw iddynt.
4. Agus glanfuidh Dia gach uile dheor o na suilibh; agus ni bhiaidh bas ann ni sa mho, na caoi, na eighmhe, agus ni bhiaidh saothair ann ni sa mho: oir do chuadar na ceid neithe thoruinn.	4. As glennee Jee ersooyl dy chooilley yeir veih ny sooillyn oc, as cha bee baase ayn maghey shen, cha moo trimshey, ny dobberan, cha mo vees veg y phian arragh: son ta ny reddyn va roie er n'gholl shaghey.	4. Ha Doue a zec'ho an hoil zaerou eus o daoulagad: hag ar maro na vezo mui; ha na vezo mui na glac'har, na cri, na poan: rag an traou kenta a zo tremenet.	4. Ac fe sych Duw ymaith bob deigr oddi wrth llygaid hwynt; a marwolaeth ni hydd mwyach, na thristwch, na llefain, na phoen ni bydd mwyach: oblegid y pethan cyntaf a aeth heibio.

French nurseries. Similarly, also, the Galatians of St. Paul become the Wallachians of "Our Own Correspondent." And it is this use of the letter *g*, which, in the various forms of *ch*, *h*, and *w*, would find a place in the parallel Irish, Manx, and Welsh, that causes our misgiving about the *gu*-theory of our former paper.

But we must proceed, and as we have not unfortunately *carte blanche* from the Editor, we must condense. For *heaven* we have *neamh*, *niau*, *env*, and *nef*. For *new* we have *nuadh*, *noa*, *nevez*, and *newydd*. Max Müller tells us that in all the Aryan languages the words which designate the peaceful occupations are the same, while the arts and processes of war are all differently named; and he reasons hence that the old Aryan mother nation, before the dispersion of her children, must have led a calm Elysian existence. Perhaps it is for this reason that the Celts are all linguistically unanimous, so long as they abide in the celestial regions. But when once they touch our luckless planet their harmony is broken and many-voiced. For the *earth* we have thus *talamh*, *seihil*, *douar*, and *daear*. The discord is, however, more apparent than real. The first look of *seihil* is, we grant, painfully Israelitish; but, after all, it is really nothing else than *saoghal*, the world, which is as good Gaelic as *talamh*. And both *douar* and *daear* may, without any violent wrench of philologic propriety, be regarded as the definite form of *uir*, *earth*: thus, *uir*, *earth*; *an d-uir*, the earth—like *an d-ord*, the hammer; *an d-uan*, the lamb; *an d-ubh*, the egg. *An çeud*, the first, *cheid*, *kenta*, *gyntaf* need no remark; and the same may be said of *fairrge*, the sea, *faarkey*, and *mor*. For "passed away" we have *chuaidh thorruinn*, *er n'ghol shaghey*, *a zo tremenet*, and *a aeth heibio*. *Chaidh tharruinn*, literally "hath passed over us," is a well-known Gaelic provincialism for *chaidh tharais*, and to the eye of a Highlander *er n'ghol shaghey* will look strange by reason only of the shagginess of its orthography. It is evidently *air dol seachad*. *A zo tremenet* seems also to reflect a whispered echo of *thorruinn*; and *heibio* has a something about it that faintly suggests a possible affinity with our own defective verb *theab*; but we must repress all such flights of a too playful fancy. *Ni sa mho*, *arragh*, *n'ema mui*, and *mwyach*—for "no more"—may be transformed into *n'is mo*, *gu brath*, *n'is mo*, and (uaith-so) *mach*. *Cathair*, a city, *ard valley*, *ger*, and *ddinas* need little explanation; for *ard-bhaile* and *daighneachd* are good Gaelic, and *ger* is very nearly the phonetic scription of *cathair*. Such forms of the same word as *teachd*, *cheet*, *tisken* (cf. *tighinn*, coming), and *fir*, *fried*, *gwr* might be studied with special interest. For the careful comparison of a sufficient number of such *word-growths* might enable us to determine some general laws as to the specialities of linguistic circumstance under which, during these latter centuries, the different members of the great Celtic family have been marching on in their several diverging ways. And any general linguistic laws, evolved on sure ground in this one field of the great Aryan inquiry, could not fail to be also materially useful in the wide domain of that grand science which Max Müller has made his own.

In the prosecution of such an inquiry, all due regard must be paid to the uniform and, on the whole, well-chosen mode of Gaelic scription which was perfected by the Stewarts and their fellow-labourers in our modern Gaelic version of the Bible. For that scription to an educated Highlander has fixed for ever, as in a photograph, the lights and shades of the spoken Gaelic of the day. Let people speak as they may of our *eadhs* and our *achds* and our *eamhs*, to the educated ear they have *that* value at least, and it is, even in a philologic point of view, a thing of great price. But, after all, the phonetic writing of Gaelic is that to which in the main we must trust. Irish and Scotch Gaelic were, no doubt, written on the same plan, if one may so speak. Indeed, our Gaelic translators of nearly a hundred years ago seem to have always written with the Irish Bible before them. But the other Celtic languages were written each on its own different plan, or on no plan or principle at all, and so not the eye but the ear must usually be our guide in comparing them. With an example of this taken from verse 2, we close our paper. The Manx for husband is *sheshey.* What on earth can a man accustomed to read Gaelic, as the Stewarts wrote it, make of such a word? But to the ear it's all right. We know that the chief man is just *e fhein, himself,* a common form of which is (*sh*)*esan* (cf. *seision,* Irish, verse 3); and *sheshey* comes to the ear as near this spoken sound as, for such a purpose, one could well desire.

Our space is exhausted, but much of the text remains yet to be annotated. This we leave to the independent study of our readers, some of whom will, it is hoped, keep up the ball we have set a-rolling.

D. T. M.

AN
GAIDHEAL.

“Mar ghath soluis do m' anam fein
Tha sgeula na h-aimsir a dh' fhalbh.”—Oisean.

VI. Leabh.] DARA MÌOS A' GHEAMHRAIDH, 1877. [72 Air.

LITREACHAS NAN GAIDHEAL.

XIII. BARDACHD NADUIR.

Anns an rann mu dheireadh de *Oran an t-samhraidh* tha Eoghan MacLachlainn a' seinn mar so :—

“M'an innsinn sios gach ni bu mhiann leam,
Ann am briathran seolta,
Cha chuirinn crioch le dealbh am bliadhna
Air ceathramh trian de'n b'eol domh,
Mu ghloir nan speur, 's an t-saoghail gu leir
A lion le h-eibhneas mor mi,
'N uair rinn mi eirigh madainn cheitein
'S dealt air feur nan lointean.”

Ciod an dearbhadh a gheibhear 'n ar Litreachas air a bheachd a ghabh ar Sluagh agus gu sonruichte ar Baird,

“Mu ghloir nan speur 's an t-saoghail gu leir,”

a lion Eoghan MacLachlainn le “h-eibhneas” cho mor? Ciod an daimh no an ceangal a bha an Gaidheal a' creidsinn a bha eadar e fein agus an cruthachadh faicsinneach so anns a' bheil a chrannchur? An robh e a' creidsinn, mar bha cuid de dhaoine anns gach linn, air aon doigh no doigh eile, gu'm b'e an cruthachadh so na h-uile ; gu'n robh e fein, air dhoigh nach b'aithne dha, a' siubhal mar bhith reusonta air uachdar re tamuill ; ach gu'n robh e air tus a' tarruing a bheatha uaith, agus fadheoidh a' tiomnadh a bheatha dha ; gu'm b'e an cruinne-cé, ann an seadh, athair agus a mhac, a phiuthar agus a bhrathair, a mhaighstir agus a sheirbhiseach, a Chruithfhear agus a chreutair? 'S e mo bheachd gu'n robh cuid d'ar Sluagh co-dhiu ag altrum barailean leth-choltach riu so mu'n chruitheachd mhoir, agus gu'm faighear dearbhadh air a' chuis 'n ar litreachas gus an là diugh. Ma tha Oisean, cia b'e a sgriobh an leabhar, a' toirt cunntas cothromach air beachdan ar Sluaigh, tha mi meas gur eigin aideachadh gu'n robh roinn mhor de chreidimh nan Gaidheal o shean de'n ghne so.

Agus ma ghabhas sinn na sgeulachdan a gheibhear gus an là diugh cho siubhlach am beul an t-sluaigh mar dhearbhadh air beachdan ar n-aithrichean mu thimchioll a' chruthachaidh no Naduir, mar their sinn air uairean, a' gnathachadh focal freagarrach a thug na Sasunnaich o na Romanaich, chi sinn gu soilleir gu'n robh an creidimh ceudna no creidimh gle choltach ris beo 'nar measg o chionn fior bheagan uine, mur 'eil fathasd. Co againn do nach aithne cnoc no tom no tolman gorm a tha 'na aite comhnuidh aig na “daoine sithe” no na “daoine beaga?” Nach 'eil am beachd fathasd beo 'nar measg, gu bheil a leithid so de dhaoine—de fhir agus de mhnathan—a rireadh ann ; gu bheil co-aigne aca ruinn fein ; agus gu bheil iad deas gus an cairdeas no an naimhdeas a dhearbhadh dhuinn? A ris, cia meud d'ar Sluagh nach 'eil a' creidsinn gu bheil spiorad nam marbh air uairean a' siubhal an fhuinn air an do thuinich iad an uair a bha iad anns a' choluinn? Nach lionmhor iad a tha a ndiugh a' creidsinn, cho fior agus a bha gaisgich Oisean a' creidsinn, gu bheil na cairdean a dh'fhalbh air uairean a' siubhal air "charbadan na gaoithe," a' sealltuinn le gruaim no le tlachd air deanadas nan cairdean a dh'fhag iad 'n an deigh, agus a' leantuinn anns na neoil nan cleachduinean air an robh an deigh air thalamh :—

"Tha'n t-aonach, a Bhaird, ro-gheal,
Is faileas na rè air Caothan,
Taibhsean an t-sleibh a' labhairt,
'S guth thannas an luib na gaoithe.
Ach 's caochla cruth am bheil ar beachd,
Dà dhuisneul am feachd na h-oiche ;
Ta'n imeachd air Albha nam boc,
'S an ciabha clearc air osunn an aonaich,
Le aon diu doilleir tha dhà chù,
'S a bhogha iughrach dorch' air lagh,
Bho shlios na h-oighe tha sruthan daithte,
A falluing dearg 's a h-aghaidh bronach.

"Cum air t-ais, a ghaoth,
Gus am faic sinn aogas na deise,
Na sguab ad sgiobul araon iad,
'S na sgap air faondra' am maise.
—Thar ghleann na luachrach 's cruaidh nan eilde,
Ta'n leumnaich feadh ànraidh a cheo ;
A Bhaird aosda nan linn a thrèig,
Co iad ri am dhoibh bhi beo ?"
Sean Dana Mhic-a-Ghobhainn.

Feudaidh thusa agus mise, a' charaid, a bhi 'g amharc sios air beachdan de'n t-seorsa so; agus 'n ar feindhiongmhaltachd a bhi 'g radh nach 'eil annta ach saobh-chreidimh,—beachdan faoin, feallsa nach airidh air geill no air umhlachd dhaoine tuigseach. Their sinn gu fior. Bu choir dhuinne a bhi taingeil gu'n d'fhuair sinn eolas air beachdan agus air creidimh fallain. Ach bha na beachdan so aon uair cumanta 'nar measg. Gheibhear iad anns gach meur d'ar litreachas. Is gann a chaidh iad fathasd gu buileach a dhith. Bha cumhachd mor aca, mearachdach agus mar bha iad, thairis air creidimh agus air cleachduin ar sluaigh. Agus cha'n 'eil mi idir ro chinnteach, ged nach aidich thu fein no mise gu bheil sinn a' creidsinn annta, nach gabhadh moran do'd dheanadas-sa agus do'm dheanadas-sa, agus ma dh'fhaodte roinn de'n chuid is cliuitiche dheth, a' lorgachadh gu saobh-chreidimh ar n-aithrichean.

Ach biodh so mar dh'fhaodas. Cha'n e so doigh anns an d'fhuair Eoghan MacLachlainn a leithid de thoilinntinn ann a bhi beachdachadh air "gloir nan speur 's an t-saoghail gu leir ;" agus cha'n e so meur d'ar cliù a tha ann am rùn a shoillearachadh air an àm. Cia ar bith beachd ar sluaigh mu thimchioll a' cheangail a bha eadar iad fein agus a' chruitheachd, ciod an dearbhadh a gheibh sinn 'nar canain agus 'nar litreachas air an tlachd no an toilinntinn no an t-aoibhneas a bha ar daoine a' mealtainn ann a bhi beachdachadh air aghaidh a chruthachaidh fhaicsinnich mar bha e air a nochdadh dhoibh ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba? Tha Eoghan MacLachlainn ag radh gu'n robh e fein air a lionadh le h-aoibhneas mor le "gloir nan speur 's an t-saoghail gu leir" air maduinn cheitein. Bha Eoghan MacLachluinn air na daoine a b'fhoghluimte anns an Roinn-Eorpa 'na latha fein ; agus bha e a chomhnuidh air Galldachd. An ne so a b'aobhar gu'n robh e faotainn a leithid de thoilinntinn ann an oibre Naduir, no an robh e a' labhairt smuaintean a luchd-duthcha an uair a sgriobh e an rann? Tha mi meas gu'n robh. Saoilidh mi gu'n dearbh ar canain agus gach meur d'ar litreachas gu'n robh ar luchd-duthcha anns gach linn d'an Eachdraidh a' faighinn àrd thoilinntinn ann am maise agus ann an greadhnachas an duthcha fein.

Ach theirear gu tric gur e 'n t-atharrach a tha fior. Thilg na Goill oirnn uair agus uair mar athais gur iad fein a fhuair a mach agus a dh'iunnsaich dhuinne maise na duthcha anns a' bheil ar dachaidh.

O chionn bliadhna no dhà dh'innis aon de'n luchd-teagaisg so d'an aithne na h-uile ni ach Gaidhlig agus Litreachas nan Gaidheal—dh'innis am fear so do'n t-saoghal gu'm b'eigin gur e Seumas MacMhuirich a sgriobh "Oisean," agus gur ann anns a' Bheurla a sgriobh e 'n toiseach e, a chionn gu'n robh na Gaidheil an comhnuidh suarach mu mhaise an duthcha fein, ach gu'n robh greadhnachas agus aillidheachd na duthcha a' faotainn lan cheartas o "Oisean." Is eigin gu'n do leig an duine foghluimte so—*John Hill Burton*—as a chuimhne, an uair a bha e sgriobhadh mar so, gu'm bu Ghaidheal Seumas MacMhuirich, co-dhiu a b'e no nach b'e a sgriobh "Oisean." Ach cluinnear an teagasg ceudna gu tric—nach 'eil meas dligheach againne air maise ar duthcha fein. Tha fios aig gach aon againn gur e an t-atharrach a tha fior; ach ma dh'fhaodte gur fhiach e an t-saothair beagan dearbhaidh a thoirt air a' chuis.

Tha fios againn uile gu leir mar tha a' Ghaidhealtachd, o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan, air a lionadh le luchd-turuis 'as gach cearn de'n t-saoghal. Co-dhiu chuidicheas no nach cuidich

"An t-uisge glan 's an àile
Thar mullach nam beann àrda"

fàs a thoirt do inntinnean an luchd-turuis, cha'n eil teagamh nach toir iad slainte agus fallaineachd d'an cuirp; agus tha so 'na aobhar thaingealachd. Ach saoilidh mi nach 'eil aon a chunnaic a' bheag de'n luchd-turuis so air clar-uachdrach bàta-smùid a' spleuchdachadh mu'n cuairt doibh, no a dh'eisd r'an seanachas, nach bi deas gu radh gur h-e a' cholunn is mo a bhuannaichdeas na'n inntinn. Tha a' chleachduin o chionn dà fhichead bliadhna air fas fasanta; agus cha bhi thu anns an fhasan mur lean thu a' chleachduin. Tha rathaidean-mòra, bàtan-smùid, agus carbaid-iaruinn aig t-iarrtus a chum do thabhairt do na h-àitean is iomraitaiche, agus tha tighean-osda air an deagh orduchadh faisge air na cuiltean is iomallaiche. Chi thu na glinn is duirche, na beanntan is àirde, na lochan is uaigniche ás do shuidhe ann an carbad no am bàta, agus tha thu cinnteach gu bheil bord air a dheagh chuirneachadh, agus leaba air a deagh chàradh, romhad air teachd an anmoich. Tha socair agus comfhurtachd agus tearuinteachd aig an fhear-thuruis anns a' Ghaidhealtachd an diugh; agus tha bhuil, chithear gu tric ann e. Mar is trice, 's e bharail nach 'eil a dhleasdanas coimhlionta gus an innis e do'n t-saoghal na seallaidhean a chunnaic e, agus saoilidh tu an sin gu'n do chuir gloir 'us greadhnachas na Gaidhealtachd a cheann bochd 'na bhreislich le "h-ioghnadh, gradh, 'us cliu."

Cha saoil mi gur duine an Gall no an Sasunnach a tha gu nadurra teom air toilinntinn fhaotainn ann am maise no an greadhnachas oibre a chruthachaidh. Co-dhiu, cho fada agus is leir dhomh, cha'n fhaighear dearbhadh 'nan litreachas, gus o chionn tri fichead bliadhna, gu'n robh aon chuid an suil no an cluas no an cridhe ro fhosgailte do na faireachduinean soluimte agus taitneach a mheal daoine anns gach linn aig an robh ceangal na bu dluithe na bha aca-san ri beinn 'us traigh, ri uisge 'us sliabh. Chi sinn, ann an Sailm Dhaibhidh agus an leabhraichean Iob agus nam Faidhean mar a bha na h-inntinnean a b'airde am measg nan Iudhach air an lionadh le maise agus le gloir an duthcha fein. Ann an tomhas na's lugha, gheibhear an fhianuis cheudna am measg nan Greugach agus nan Romanach. Ach gus o cheann tri no ceithir de fhicheadan bliadhna cha'n fhaighear a' bheag de'n fhianuis so ann an litreachas nan Gall no nan Sasunnach. Bha e 'na chleachduin am measg nam Bard Ghreugach agus Romanach a bhi seinn mu thoilinntinn agus mu aoibhneas caithebeatha air an duthaich eadar-dhealaichte o stri, o sharuchadh, agus o upraid nam bailte-mora. An uair a bhiodh toil aig na Baird so sith agus toilinntinn agus neo-chiontas a mholadh dhuit, sheinneadh iad mu bhuachaillean agus mu bhana-bhuachaillean a' cur seachad an saoghail ag ionaltradh an treudan anns na h-àitean a bu taitniche, a' tighinn beo air an toradh, agus a' seinn ciuil a là agus a dh'oidhche. Thug na Baird Ghallda agus Shusunnach oidhearp no dhà air a ghne Bhardachd so a thàladh do na rioghachdan so agus, cleas nan Gall an comhnuidh, ghoid iad an t-ainm—*pastoral poetry*—cho maith ris an ni leo—a' dearbhadh nach robh iad a' gabhail naire ás a' ghnothuch. Ach cha do chinn a' ghne Bhardachd so am measg nan Gall; agus ged chinneadh cha dearbhadh i gu'n robh tlachd an t-sluaigh ann an oibre naduir.

Tha e 'na chuis-ioghnaidh dhuinne an diugh a bhi leughadh beachdan luchd-turuis mu'n Ghaidhealtachd corr agus ceud bliadhna roimhe so. Chaidh aon no dhà de Shasunnaich a dh'fhag cunntas 'nan deigh d'ar duthaich mu'n robh rathaidean-mòra, no carbadan, no bàtan-smùid, no tighean-osda a' freasdal orra. Ciod am barail-san mu mhaise ghleann, lochan, 'us bheanntan na Gaidhealtachd. Tha aon diu a sgriobh fo'n ainm *R. Franck Philanthropos*, anns a' bhliadhna 1694, ag innseadh dhuinn gu bheil ar duthaich air a deanamh suas de "shalachar a thilgeadh a thaobh an uair a chaidh aitreabh ghreadhnach an t-saoghail a chur suas;" gu bheil i "cho fada air deireadh ann am maise agus a tha an luchd-aiteachaidh ann am modh agus ann an deadh-bheus." Tha aon eile dhiu, duine tuigseach, beachdail, a sgriobh mu chuig-bliadhna-deug roimh Chuilfhodair, *Mr. Burt*, a' coimeas mullach nam beann àrda ri "ceann sgreabach;" ag innseadh "cho uamhasach agus a tha an sealladh an uair a dh'amhaircear air ar beanntan o'n ear gus an iar agus a chithear am meudachd anacuibhseach, an cumadh oillteil, agus an dorchadas eagalach a tha eatorra leis an dubhar a tha gach aon a' tilgeadh." Ach dh'fhalbh an latha so. Thug Seumas MacMhuirich seachad Bardachd Oisean anns a' Bheurla o chionn cuig-deug-agus-cuigfichead bliadhna; agus riamh o'n am sin tha Litreachas nan Gall agus nan Sasunnach cho lan de mhaise na tìre agus a bha i roimhe sin cho falamh. Coma an traths' co-dhiu is e MacMhuirich e fein a rinn "Oisean" no nach e. B'fhior Ghaidheal e a dh'aon chor. B'e a' cheud aon a sheinn am port so do na Goill; agus tha iad gu dichiollach 'g a dhannsadh gus an là diugh.

Ann am Bardachd Oisean gheibh sinn an dearbhadh is laidire a tha againn air a' bhuaidh a bha aig cumhachdan an t-saoghail mu'n cuairt doibh thairis air inntinnean ar sluaigh o shean. Cha'n aithne dhomh gu'm faighear ann an rioghachd no ann an linn eile fo'n ghrein duine a bha air a lionadh le morachd, le maise, agus le greadhnachas na tìre mar a bha priomh Bhard ar duthcha fein. Agus troimh ar Litreachas anns gach meur agus anns gach linn saoilidh mi gu'm faighear dearbhadh nach aich'ear gu'm be faireachduinean Oisean anns a' chuis so fior fhaireachduinean a shluaigh. Bha a bhuaidhean-san àrd os cionn buaidhean a shluaigh. Bha a shuil na bu ghloine; bha inntinn na b'fharsuinge; bha a chridhe na bu mho agus na bu bhlaithe. Ach cha'n fhac e, agus cha do bhreithniche, agus cha d'fhairich e, agus cha do sheinne e, ach mar a chunnaic, agus mar a bhreithnich, agus mar a dh'fhairich, agus mar a sheinn a luchd-duthcha anns gach linn, a reir nam buaidhean a bhuineadh dhoibh. Cha'n aithne dhomh ni eile ann an Litreachas ar sluaigh a tha cho comharraichte agus cho so-dhearbhta, anns gach linn d'ar n-eachdraidh, ris a' chumhachd a bha aig oibre Naduir thairis air an inntinnean, agus ris an fhior thoilinntinn a bha iad a' faotainn ann am maise na tìre anns an robh an comhnuidh. Gheibhear an dearbhadh 'nar n-ainmean, 'nar focail, 'nar coimeasan, 'nar sean-fhocail, 'nar sgeulachdan, 'nar bardachd, agus 'nar seanachas anns gach linn.

Saoilidh mi nach 'eil aon a shiubhail a' bheag de'n Ghaidhealtachd, agus a chleachd a bhi feoraich ainm nan àitean a bu chomharraichte nach d'thug an aire cho freagarrach agus a bha na h-ainmean do na h-àitean. Bha a' chleachduin anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, mar bha an àitean eile, a bhi 'g ainmeachadh àitean comharraichte air daoine ainmeil, no airson nithean sonruichte a rinneadh annta. Tha ciall moran de na h-ainmean a nis air chall. Ach tha moran diu fathasd a' giulan am brigh air clar an eudainn agus a' toirt fianuis fhollaiseach do na h-uile a thuigeas Gaidhlig gu'n robh lan fhaireachduin aca-san a bhaist iad air maise na tìre. A rìs ma sheallas tu gu curamach roimh an Fhoclair Ghaidhlig, saoilidh mi gu'm faigh thu ann an uine ghoirid dearbhadh air an dà ni so: gu bheil moran d'ar focail ghnathaichte a tha tarruing am fior bhrigh o'n tìr anns an d'fhàs iad; agus gu bheil na focail a tha againn a dh'ainmeachadh roinnean an fhearainn,—nan cnoc agus nan sliabh, nam machraichean agus nan srath, nan aibhnichean, nan lochan, nan caol, agus na mara, ro lionmhor. Fhuair sinn gun teagamh moran fhocal a' canainean eile; agus faodaidh e bhi gu'n d'thug sinn moran seachad. Fhuair sinn sgaoth as an Laidinn o'n t-seann Eaglais Ghaidhealaich. Dh'fhag na Lochluinneach dreach an canain fein ri taobh na mara. Thug sinn iomadh focal cumanta o ar coimhearsnaich na Goill; agus thug sinn rè ar coimhearsnachd fhada iomadh focal dhoibh. Ach tha mi meas gu'n d'thug na Goill bhuainn o chionn tri fichead bliadhna barrachd fhocal na thug iad dhuinn. Cha leugh thu leabhar Beurla an diugh nach faigh thu gach duilleag air a breacadh le focail Ghaidhlig—*beinn* 'us *gleann*, *coire* 'us *srath* 'us *carn*—na ficheadan de'n t-seorsa a' dearbhadh cho beachdail agus a bha ar n-aithrichean-ne air dreach na tìre, agus cho suarach agus a bha na Goill anns an àm a dh'fhalbh mu mhaise an duthcha fein.

Innsidh ar coluadar, ar sean-fhocail, ar sgeulachdan, agus ar searmoinean an sgeul cheudna. Agus ma ghabhas sinn ar Bardachd o'n a tha cunntas earbsach againn mu deidhinn gheibh sinn, saoilidh mi, fianuis nach faighear ann am Bardachd fo'n ghrein air a ghreim theann a rinn maise na tìre air inntinnean ar an sluaigh. Cha'n ann diugh no an dè a thoisich a' chleachduin againne air a bhi seinn

> "Mu ghloir nan speur 's an t-saoghail gu
> leir."

Feudaidh e bhi gur ann a leantainn fasan nan Gall a bha Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair an uair a rinn e Orain do na Raidhean ar leth. Cha'n 'eil teagamh agam nach e cleachduin a Bhaird so a lean Donnachadh Ban Mac-an-t-saoir, Dughall Buchannan, Rob Donn, Eoghan

MacLachuinn, agus Baird eile a b'isle cliù na iadsan, an uair a rinn iad orain do'n Earrach, do'n t-Samhradh, do'n Fhoghar, agus do'n Gheamhradh. Agus is e mo bheachd nach cailleadh ar Bardachd Ghaidhealach moran d'a cliù no d'a cumhachd ged bhiodh cuid de na h-orain so fein gu'n deanamh fathast. Ach 's e tha mi seasamh air gu'n dearbh ar Bardachd Ghaidhealach o linn Oisean no o linn Deadhan Lis-mhoir, ma tha thu a' creidsinn gur i sin linn is faide air ais, cia ar bith steigh no ceann-teagaisg a' Bhaird gu'm b'e maise na tìre anns an robh a chomhnuidh roinn mhor d'a shearmoin. Bhiodh e nadurra gu leoir gu'm biodh an Gaidheal ann an tìr chein no anns a' bhaile mhor a' seinn, na'n seinneadh e idir, mu aillidheachd agus mu mhaise na tìre

"Anns an d'fhuair e arach òg."

Ach gheibh thu am fear no a' bhean nach d'fhag riamh an sgireachd anns an do rugadh iad a' seinn cho binn agus cho caithreamach mu'n mhonadh, mu'n t-srath, mu'n choill, agus mu'n chaol, ris an eilthireach an tìr chein, no ris an oganach a tha sireadh fhortain anns a' bhaile-mhor. Cha'n 'eil gille no nighean a rinn Oran Gaoil o'n a tha cunntas againn orra nach d'thug an smuain a bu mhaisiche agus a' choimeas a bu fhreagarraiche o chanach an t-sleibh, o chobhar na tuinne, o'n smeoraich a bha seinn os an cionn, agus o na geugan dosrach a bha anns a' choill ud thall. Agus cha'n aithne dhomh dealachadh eadar na Baird is isle agus na Baird is àirde cliù 'nar measg is freagarraiche na so: mar is àirde cliù a' Bhaird, is ann is àirde agus is firinniche a bheachd mu mhaise a dhuthcha fein.

Anns a bhannal so thig Oisean gun teagamh air an toiseach—tha an ceann agus na guaillean aige-san os cionn ar Baird gu leir. Ach tha triuir a thig anns a' cheum so car dluth air. 'S iad sin Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair, Dughall Buchannan agus Donnachadh Ban Mac-an-t-Saoir. Cha'n 'eil neach a leugh "Latha Bhreathanais" Dhughaill Buchannain nach tuigeadh gu soilleir gur ann an duthaich mhaiseach Pheairt a dh'arachadh inntinn cho maith ri colunn a Bhaird sin. An uair a bha *Mr. Burt* a' sgriobhadh á Inbhirnis gu charaid ann an Lunuinn a bharail fein mu'n Ghaidhealtachd, bha Mac-Mhaighstir-Alastair a' seinn ann an Ardnamurchan nan oran a dh'fhag ainm cho iomraiteach. Cha'n ann anns a' ghne Bhardachd a tha fa'm chomhair an traths' a tha fìor luach Bardachd an Domhnullaich no Dhughaill Buchannain a' co-sheasamh; ach tha mi meas gur gann a gheibhear 'nar canain no ann an canain eile Bardachd de'n ghnè so is maisiche na cuid de rannan an dà Bhaird. Cha bhiodh e farasta barrachd a thoirt ann am firinn no ann am maise air a' chunntas so air madainn ghruamach earraich air an taobh-n-Iar:

"A' ghrian a' faoisgneadh gu h-òrbhuidh,
As a mogal;
Chinn an spéur gu dubhaidh, dòite,
Làn de ogl'achd;
Dh'fhàs i tonn-ghorm, tiugh, tàrr-lachdunn,
Odhar, iargalt;
Chinn gach dath bhiodh ann am breacan,
Air an iarmailt;
Fadadh-cruaidh 's an airde-n-Iar oirr',
Stoirm 'n a coltas;
Neoil shiùbhlach ag gaoith 'g an riasladh,
Fuaradh-frois' oirr'."

De na Baird ainmeil Ghaidhealach, a mach o Oisean, is e Donnachadh Ban Mac-an-t-Saoir, ma dh'fhaodte, is taitniche a sheinn mu mhaise na duthcha. Is ann anns a' mheur so d'ar Bardachd a tha, a reir mo bheachd, cliù Mhic-an-t-Saoir mar Bhard ri shireadh agus ri fhaotainn; agus gabhaidh mi an cothrom air a chliù agus a Bhardachd a' rannsachadh.

D. M'K.

AN SRUTHAN.

Chunnaic mi'n sruthan
Ag éiridh 's a' mhunadh
'S a' triall air a thurus
Feadh ghlumag a chà'ir ;
A' fiaradh a' mhullaich,
'S a' siaradh na tulaich,
Ag iaraidh le bruthach,
'S a thurus gu tràigh.

A shruthain, air d'athais,
Nach dean thu rium mailis,
Dé aobhar do chabhaig,
Fan tamull mar thà.
Na cluanagan uaine,
An achlais nam fuar-bheann
'Cur cagair 'ad chluasaibh,
Thu 'ghluasad gu fàil.

Chunnaic mi'n sruthan
A' tearnadh a' bhruthaich
Gu mear a' cur chuir dheth
'S na buinneachan blàth.
A' ruith mu na stacain,
A' léum bharr nam bacan,
'Us eòin bheag na h-ealtainn,
Ri caiseamachd dhà.

A shruthain, a shruthain,
Nach dean thu rium fuireach,
'S gur goirid an turus
Bho mhunadh gu tràigh.
'N uair 'ruigeas tu'n réidhlean,
Cha bhi thu cho éibhinn,
Theid moill' anns a' chéum a
Tha éutrom an dràsd.

Chunnaic mi'n sruthan,
Gu cianail a' siubhal,
A chuing air a mhuineal,
'S e umhal air fàs ;
A' gluasad gu dubhach
'An amar dubh giubhais
A thiondadh na cuidhil
Aig muileann a' ghràin.

A shruthain, a shruthain,
Gur mise tha duilich
A' faicinn na buil' gus
An d'chuireadh thu'n dràsd.
Do bhùrn air a thruailleadh,
Do shruth air a bhuaireadh,
'Us barag na druaipe
Mu d'bhruachaibh a' snàmh.

Chunnaic mi'n sruthan
Seach baile nan tuireid
A' giulan nan luingeis
Bu truime gu sàil'.
Air caochladh co buileach
An aogas 's an cruitheachd,
Bha'n caochan a chunnaic
Mi 'sruthadh troimh 'n chà'r.

A shruthain, a shruthain,
Mo bheannachd a d'chuideachd,
Cha'n fhada ceann-uidhe
Nan uile bho d'chàs ;
Tha fuaim a' chuain-bhithbhuain,
Ad chluasaibh a' dinneadh,
Gur suarach an t-slighe
'S i 'n giorrad a' fàs.

Tha feasgar an latha,
A' tarruinn 'am fagus,
An cala 's an t-sealladh,
'S an gabh thu gu tàmh ;
Ach chi mi thu fathast,
Air sgiathaibh na maidne
Ag iadhadh mu'n athar,
A'd bhaidealaibh bàn.

Am Bard Luideagach.

—o—

COMHRADH

EADAR MURACHADH BAN AGUS COINNEACH CIOBAIR.

Coin. "Thainig thu, a' Mhurachaidh, mar a gheall thu, agus feumaidh mi a radh, agus a radh le toilinntinn, nach do mheall thu riamh orm 'nad' ghealladh, o'n cheud la air an do chuir sinn eolas air a cheile. Fhuair mi do litir an de a' cur an ceill gu'm faicinn an diugh 'sa Ghoirtean-Fhraoich thu, agus a nis tha mo dha shuil a' togail fianuis gu'm bheil mo Ghoistidh firinneach, mar a bha agus mar a bhios e fhad 'sa bhios an deo ann. Thig air t-aghaidh, dean suidh, agus faigheam do naigheachd gus an d'thig Seonaid as a' mhainnir a dh' fhaotuinn ni eigin a bhlathaicheas thu."

Mur. "Na cuir dragh no trioblaid sam bith ort fein, a Ghraidh nam fear, cha'n 'eil dad a dhith orm, oir cha'n 'eil ach uine ghoirid on dh'fhag an gearran donn agus mi fein an Tom-aitinn, far an do chuir mi an oidhche seachad maille ri'r seann charaid coir Seumas Mor, agus b'e sin esan."

C. "Tha thu ceart, a'Mhurachaidh, oir bha eolas agam air Seumas Mor mu'n deachaidh e do'n Tom-aitinn, agus tha seachd bliadhna deug o sin, direach an samhradh air an d'rugadh Seonaid bheag againn, agus coimhearsnach ni's fearr, duine ni's ionraic', agus Gaidheal ni's cinneadail na Seumas coir, cha do chuir cas ann ann cuarain riamh."

M. "Tha thu gle cheart, a' Choinnich, is duine e aig am bheil morfhiosrachadh, gu sonraichte mu gach ni a bhuineas do na Gaidheil agus do'n Ghaidhealtachd. Tha'm bord aige air a chomhdachadh leis gach paipeir agus leabhar a tha 'gan cur a mach mu chanan bhlasda, bhinn ar duthcha fein. Chunnaic mi ann sin an t-Ard-Albannach, an Ceilteach, an Gaidheal, Mactalla Ghlascho, agus sgaoth de leabhraichibh eile, mar a ta an Teachdaire Gaidhealach, Cuairtear nan gleann, Fear-tathaich nam beann, agus na h-uiread eile air nach 'eil cuimhn' agamsa 'san am. Duine ni's taitniche na Fear-an-Tuim-aitinn, cha'n fhaca mi o cheannfada. Mar a thubhairt am bard,

'Tha e fearail, tapaidh, fialaidh,
Gu'n a choimeas anns na criochaibh,
Lean e dluth ri cliu a shinnsear
Le dheagh bhuaidhibh tha do-innseadh.'"

C. "Tha esan mar sin, a' Mhurachaidh, agus an uair a gheibh e greim air neach da'm bheil speis aige, cha'n fhurast leis dealachadh ris."

M. "Furast! Cha d'fhuair mi dh'ionnsuidh mo leapach gu da uair 'sa mhaduinn an diugh, air duinn a bhi labhairt mu chleachdannaibh nan Gaidheal, agus gu sonraichte mu na Sean-fhocail ghrinn sin a ghnathaicheadh leo."

C. "Tha mi'n duil nach 'eil treubh sluaigh fo'n ghrein aig am bheil co lion Sean-fhocal 'sa ta aig na Gaidheil."

M. "Tha thu ceart, a' Choinnich, ach mo leoin! bithidh moran diubh air an call, agus tha moran diubh air an call a cheana, do bhrigh nach robh iad air an tionaladh, agus air an clodh-bhualadh ann an leabhar le neach eigin comusach air sin a dheanamh. Bha mi comhairleachadh do Fhear-an-Tuim-Aitinn sin a dheanamh, ach chrath e a' cheann, ag radh nach robh e comusach air sin a dheanamh mar bu mhaith leis."

C. "Cha'n fhurast fear fhaotuinn aig am bheil an cumhachd, an toil, agus an uine chum na nithe luachmhor sin a chruinneachadh. Cha'n aithne dhomh neach a tha freagarrach air a shon."

M. "Is aithne dhomhsa, a thaobh iomraidh, duin'-uasal foghluimte, cinneadail, suairce, aig am bheil cumhachd chum na Sean-fhocail sin a chruinneachadh, agus a chruinnich, tha mi an duil na h-uiread dhiubh a cheana, agus tha mi a'n dochas gun d'theid e air aghaidh gus an toir e an obair ro thaitneach sin gu crich."

C. "Co e an t-uasal foghluimte sin a tha 'san amharc agad, agus c'ait am bheil e?"

M. "Thachair thu fein air roimh so, a' Choinnich, ma tha cuimhn' agad air, ann an Ard-chuirt nam Morair-dearga ann an Dunedin, an uair a chuir e a lamh air do ghualainn, agus a thubhairt e riut gu'n robh thu 'nad' dheagh fhianuis."

C. "Ochan! a' Ghraidh nam fear, tha cuimhn' agam air, as bithidh fhad s' is beo mi, an Siorram Mac Neachdail! mo mhile beannachd air a cheann 'sa choluinn."

M. "Deich mile beannachd, na'm biodh sin chum feum dhasan. A' Choinnich, ma's fior aithris 'nan uile a chuir riamh eolas air, cha'n fhurast a choimeas fhaotuinn ann an Gaidhealtachd na h-Alba, no ann an aite sam bith eile. Tha'n Sean-fhocal ag radh 'Nach d'fhuaireas saoi gu'n a shamhuil,' ach tha duil agam gu'm breugnaichear an Sean-fhocal sin leis an diulnach aluinn, uasal so, oir c'ait am faighear a shamhuil? A thaobh nan Gaidheal agus na Gaelig, a thaobh am bardachd agus an cleachdanna, a thaobh an dillseachd agus an deothais, c'ait am faighear a choimeas? Gu robh buaidh leis a bhos agus thall, oir cha'n 'eil a leithid ach ainneamh. Tha eagal mor orm gu'n do chailleadh a 'mhollt-air 'san d'rinneadh e."

C. "Tha mi'n dochas gu'n gabh e na Sean-fhocail os laimh, agus gu'n cruinnich e iad mar sheudan luachmhor chum nach caillear a h-aon diubh gu brath."

M. "Bha Fear an Tuim-aitinn agus mi fein a' toirt fa'near nach 'eil cor no staid anns am feud duine a bhith, air son nach faighear Sean-fhocal. M'as clann a th'ann, tha'n Sean-fhocal ag radh,—'Ni na big, mar a chith na big.' M'as muinntir a th'ann aig nach 'eil curam no speis do ghrunndalas tha rabhadh aca o'n t-Sean-fhocal;—

Se'm buileachadh ni'n cruinneachadh,
'Se'n cruinneachadh ni sguaban;
Na sguaban ni na muilleana,
'S na muilleana na cruachan.

C. "Mo bheannachd agad, a' Ghoistidh, is tu fein a chuireadh rogha caoin air comhradh; ach gabh mo leisgeil car tiota beag, tha neach eigin 'gam iarraidh."

M. "Thoir an dorus ort, ma ta, ach grad-thill. Na biodh faiteachas sam bith ort mise fhagail leam fein. Dean do ghnothuch, agus cuimhnich gur 'dana cu air otrach fein,'—no mar a deir cuid 'Is laidir coileach air a dhunan fein.' Uime sin, m'as cu no coileach thu,—tha mi 'g iarraidh maitheanais, dean do ghnothuch agus pill gu'n dail."

C. "Bha mo ghnothuch cianail, a' Mhurachaidh. Tha fios agad gu'n do phos Domhnull-Fidhleir an aghaidh toil a mhathar, nighean Sheumais Ghlais; agus o'n la air an deachaidh iad cuideachd, tha na mnathan gach mionaid ann an sgornannaibh a' cheile. Bha an t-seanabhean ag iarraidh m'fhaicinn aig an dorus far an robh i le 'gnùis lan fola o bhuillibh na mna oga, chum gu'n deanainn reite suas eatorra."

M. "Ubh! Ubh! is cianail an gnothuch sin da rireadh, a' Choinnich, ach is minic a thachair e, oir tha'n Sean-fhocal ag radh:

"Mar dhobhrain a'm buin uisge,
Mar sheabhag gu eun sleibhe,
Mar chu gu cat, 'smar chat gu luch,
Tha bean mic gu 'mathair-cheile!"

C. "Ochan! tha'n Sean-fhocal fior a thaobh sin, mar a chunnaic mise a' chianamh aig an dorus; agus cha'n fhurast an t-olc sin a leigheas, oir 'Cha soirbh seabhag a dheanamh dhe'n chlaman.' Ach, a' Mhurachaidh, cha'n 'eil mise gleusda air na Gnath-fhocail a tha a'm measg nan Gaidheal a chumail air chuimhne, ged a chual mi na ceudan dhiubh, ach, 'Is maith nach 'eil iuchraichean an domhain fo chrios na h-aoin mhna.'"

M. "Tha thu 'deanamh gu ro mhaith, a' Choinnich, oir 'Is buidhe le bochd beagan.' 'An ni nach 'eil 'sa cheann, cha'n aithrisear ach gu gann leis an teangaidh.' 'Cha'n 'eil saibhreas r'a fhaotuinn a' faochagan falamh.' Seadh, a' charaid, is mor do thlachd do gach ni a bhuineas do na Gaidheil, agus cha bheag do speis da'n cuideachd. Is mor an solas a nithear leat gach seachduin an uair a bheir an t-Ard-Albannach coir ceum a steach air do stairsnich, le 'lionmhorachd naigheachd mu do luchd-duthcha. Is mor do thlachd do shliochd nam beann. Is solas duit a bhi 'nam measg, a bhi cnuasachadh an eachdraidh, agus ag aithris an euchdan. Tha sin nadurra, oir tha a thlachd agus a mhiann fein aig gach duine, agus aig gach creutair eile; oir is

'Miann ba braon,
Miann caora teas;
Miann gaibhre gaoth
'Sa bhi'n aoduinn creig!'"

C. "Is gasda a dh'fhag thu e, a' Mhurachaidh, ach b'fhearr leam gu'n tugadh Seonaid a' chlann leatha gu ceann eile an tighe, oir cha chluinn sinn sinn fein le'n gleadhraich."

M. "Leig leis na paisdibh bochda, cha'n 'eil iad ri lochd sam bith, oir is taitneach a bhi ga'm faicinn ri mireadh agus ri cluich gu'n cheilg. An cual thu riamh, 'Tigh gu'n chu, gu'n chat, gu'n leanabh beag,—tigh gu'n ghean gu'n ghaire?'"

C. "A' Mhurachaidh ionmhuinn, feumaidh sinn a bhi 'bogadh nan gad, oir tha Seonaid ag eigheach irnne. 'Se deireadh gach comuinn dealachadh, ach tha dochas agam nach fhad gus an comhlaich sinn a ris. Bithidh sinn beo a'n dochas ro mhaith. Oir

> 'Thig ri uair nach d'thig ri aimsir ;
> Thig ri la nach d'thig ri linn.'

Theid sinn a nis a dh'amharc air bean-an-tighe, agus an deigh faicinn ciod a ni e ruinn, bheir sinn ar leapaichean oirnn, ann an dochas le beannachd an Fhreasdail, gu'm faicear sinn gu slan, fallain 'sa mhaduinn."

ALASDAIR RUADH.

AM MARAICHE 'S A LEANNAN.

FONN.—*Nighean bhàn Dhail-an-eas.*

O, 's mairg tha'n diugh feadh garbhlaich,
'S ri falbhan a measg fraoich ;
'Us gaithean gréin' gu h-òrbhuidh
A' dòrtadh air gach taobh.
Gu'm b'fhèarr a bhi air barr nan tonn
Air long nan cranna caol ;
'S a' faicinn nan seòl ùra
Ri sùgradh anns a' ghaoith.

O, 'fhleasgaich òig, gur gòrach leam
Do chòmhradh anns an uair,
An fhraoch-bheinn ghorm ga 'samhlachadh
Ri gleanntan glas a' chuain ;
'S gur tric is aobhar caoinidh leam
A h-aon dh'an d'thug mi luaidh,
'Bhi as mo shealladh fad air falbh
Air bharraibh garbh nan stuadh.

A rìmhinn òg dh'an d'thug mi gaol,
B'e 'bhi ri d'thaobh mo mhiann,
Bho'n chiad là riabh thug mi dhut spéis,
Bu tù mo réul 's mo ghrian,
Ach taobh ri taobh, a luaidh ri d'ghaol,
Tha m'aigne 'g aomadh riabh.
Gu marcachd nan tonn dùghorm
A dh-aindeoin dùdlachd shian.

O, leam bu mhiann a bhi 's an luing,
'S an stiùir a bhi na m' làimh,
An uair bhios muir gu nualanach,
Na 'glinn 's na stuadhan àrd,
A' brùchdadh barra-gheal fo a sròin,
'S le cronan seach a sàil ;
I 'g éirigh éutrom air gach tonn,
'Us fonn oirre ri gàir'.

I 'g éirigh éutrom air an t-snàmh,
Mar eala bhàin 's a' chaol ;
Gach sgòd aice a mach gu 'cheann,
'S gach seòl a' tarrainn gaoith' ;
I 'falbh le cuinnein fiadhta
Thair tuinn a b'fhiadhaich gaoir,
Mar stéud-each cruidheach, uaibhreach,
A thug mu 'chluasa 'n taod.

'Us ged a bhrùchdadh gaothan oirnn
Le neart nam Faoilleach fuar
'Us toirm na bagairt' bàsmhoire
'Bhi 'm bàirnich ard nan stuadh,
Le marachd mhath 'us cùram,
Gheabh an iùbhrach ghasd a' bhuaidh ;
'S thig fearalachd 'us mòralachd
Ri linn na comhstrìth cruaidh'.

'S an uair a thigeadh sìochaint,
'S a bhiodh grian a' dèarsadh caoin.
Gu'm b'aotrom 'bhi le ceòl 'us sunnt
'Cur siùil ri slatan caoil ;
'S an uair a bhiomaid dìomhanach,
Mo dhriamlach thair a taobh,
'Us mi gu h-ait a' seinn le fonn,
"Mo nighean donn mo ghaoil."

"O, 'òigeir ùir, nach éisd thu rium,
Ged 's mòr do spéis do'n chuan,
Cha mhair an òige daonnan,
'S 'n uair 'thig an aois le gruaim,
Gur bochd an obair seann-duine
'Bhi mach feadh ghreann nan stuadh
Fo chathadh geal nam bòc-thonna
Tre'n oidhche reòdhta fhuar.

"O, 's mairg ri dorchadas 'us stoirm,
'Bhios air a' chladach leis
Na gàirdeanan 'bha làidir
Air fàilneachadh gun treis',
Tigh-soluis air an fhuaradh,
'Us gaoth a's cruaidhe fead
Ga 'n sparradh chum an fhuathais
'S an long mu'n cuairt cha leig."

" O, 'ainnir dhonn, na sil do dheòir,
  Mu bhròn nach tig a chaoidh.
Tha'n tì a' riaghladh air a' chuan,
  'Tha 'riaghladh cluaintean fraoich ;
'Us ged, a luaidh, a thriallas mi
  Gu oirean cian an t-saoghail,
Le thoil-san thig mi sàbhailte
  Gu broilleach blàth mo ghaoil.

'Us ged is goirt an dealachadh,
  Bidh 'n coinneachadh d'a réir,
'S ar cridheachan 'an dealas ùr
  A' dlùthachadh ri chéil',
'An gaol gun mheirg, gun fhàilneachadh
  Ach mar a bhà gun bhéud ;
Gach turus-cuain ga 'ùrachadh,
  A mhùirneag a' chùil réidh.

MÀIRI NIC-EALAIR.

EARAILEAN DO LUCHD-IMRICHE THAR A CHUAIN T-SIAR.

AM feadh a tha mòran sluaigh a' fàgail tìr an dùthchais gu dol thairis gu fearann 's am bheil àiteach fo'n chrùn Bhreatunnach, ach mu'm bheil iad ach gann tur-aineolach a dh'aindeoin na chual iad 's na rinn iad do leughadh mu thimchioll, tha e iomchuidh beagan earalachaidh a dheanamh a bhios gu buannachd dhoibh-san a tha toirt an aghaidh, gu sònraichte, air America co dhiùbh 's ann air na *Stataibh*, a thilg iad fein saor o chuing Bhreatunn o cheann còrr agus ceud bliadhna, no air a chuid a tha fhathast an ceangal ris an rìoghachd so fein.

1. *A thaobh aodaich.* Tha e iomchuidh cleachdadh sluaigh na dùthcha a leantuinn co dhiùbh is ann ri aimsir teas no fuachd oir ged nach fairich Luchd-imrich teas no fuachd na tìre cho dian ri muinntir a th'air an deanamh riutha, bithidh iad mòran ni's diùbhalaiche dhoibh 's mar bi iad 'nan earalas bheir iad easlainte orra. Faodar a ràdh nach 'eil sa' bhliadhnaidh ach geamhradh agus samhradh.

2. *A thaobh airgid.* Is e cuinneadh a's freagaraiche na airgiod paipeir; oir ged a ruitheas gach gne airgid is tric nach faighear fhiach fein gu leir air a' phaipeir 's gheibh neach e fein ni's beartaiche le cùinneadh no le gne airgid air bith eile. Faodaidh e bhi ni's goireasaiche do neach : airgead a chur 'g a ghleidhead ann an *tigh-ionmhais* air bith san dùthaich so agus *aideach* air a thoirt leis agus ma bhios *tigh-ionmhais* dlù dha gheibh e airgead air a shon—no mar a bi bithidh luchd malairt ann a bhios toileach airgead Breatunnach 'fhaotuinn air son gach gne chuinnidh a tha ruith san dùthaich (agus is lionmhor iad) air son bathair a thoirt thairis; ach tha e ro fheumail a thoirt fainear gu'r th'ann ri luchd malairt measail cothromach a bhitheas gnothach aig neach anns gach cùis.

3. *A thaobh suidheachaidh.* Is iomchuidh do chosnaiche amharc air son oibre 's an sin air son mìr fearainn—'s tha an ni ceudna iomchuidh do fhear-ceirde 's uigh air 'n uigh faodar toiseachadh air malairt a dh'fhaodas a bhi ro bhuannachdail. Ged nach 'eil cùinneadh pailt ann am mòran aiteacha tha crodh, meanbh-chrodh, mucan 's toradh fearainn pailt agus faodaidh fear-malairte an cur gu margadh gu buannachd mhòr dha fein.

4. *A thaobh còraichean fearainn.* Anns a' chùis so feumar faicill agus earalas àraidh. Chuala sinn luchd-lagha a bha fiosrach mu iomadh cònnspaid fearainn gu fac iad fichead còir mu aon mhìr 's nach robh còir cheart 'n a measg. Tha cuid a ghabhas seilbh air fearann 's a nì àiteach ann 's nach feòraich co leis e 's theagamh an ceann fhichead bliadhna gu'n teid gluasad as. Ged b'e fearann a' chrùin fein a bhiodh ann 's ged bhiodh gealladh air 'fhaotuinn a nasguidh dh'fheumta còir 'fhaotuinn o'n Fhear-riaghlaidh (Governor) 's a' chòir a bhi air a cur

sìos ann an leabhraichibh an Ard-chleirich aige (*Colonial Secretary*). Chunnacas e gu bitheanta 'tachairt 'n uair a gheibheadh fear amach gu'n robh e'n cunnart a bhi air a ghluasad 's e gun chòir air an fhearann 's an d'rinn e tuineachas iomadh bliadhna, a gheibheadh greim air duine bochd a dh'fhàgadh Muile no h-aon do na h-eileanaibh Gaidhealach eile 's a reiceadh ris am fearann 's a bheireadh sgriobhadh eigin dha mar chòir. Na'm biodh còir cheart aige fhein air 's e'n Albuinn no sa' Cheap (ann an Africa) no'n Demerara no'm Berbice, far am bheil na laghanna air an steigheachadh air lagh na h-Alba, theagamh gu'n deanadh a' chòir so an gnothach; ach far am bheil na laghanna air an steigheachadh air lagh Shasunn mar a tha iad sa' chuid a bhuineas do Bhreatunn do America, tha i gun fheum ged bhiodh còir cheart aig an fhear a reic e le sgriobhadh laghail no le seilbh dha fhichead bliadhna. Feumaidh an sgrìobhadh a bhi a reir lagh na dùthcha a th'air a steigheachadh air lagh Shasunn. Feumaidh a' chòir a bhi gu diongmhalta air a sgriobhadh 's ainm gach aon do theaghlach air a chur rithe. Ma tha cuid dhiubh an duthchaibh fad as, no fo aois, feumar urras'fhaotuinn gu'n teid an ainmean a chur rithe 'n uair a bhitheas e freagarach agus cothrom air. Cha-n e 'mhain gu bheil an t-ainm r'a bhi air a sgrìobhadh ach tha mìr paipeir, òirleach air fad 's air leud air a thàthadh aig ceann an ainm le abhlan no le ceir agus ris a so theirear an seula; 's 'n uair a chuirear an seula ri ceann gach ainme a tha ris a' chòir feumaidh gach aon ann an làthair fhianuisean so aideach agus gach aon a mheur-meadhoin a chur air a mhìr phaipeir ris an abrar an seula. 'N uair a tha gach cuis gu laghail riaghailteach air an socrachadh mar so, tha 'choir air a' toirt seachad do'n fhear-cheannaich, co dhiubh 's ann air tigh no fearann—'s tha esan an sin a' sineadh as le fear do na fianuisibh gu Ard-chleireach na dùthcha (*Colonial Secretary*) los gu'm biodh a' chòir air a sgriobhadh 'n a leabhraichibh, oir mar dean e cabhag faodaidh fear eile a bhi roimhe agus is i a' chòir a's toisiche a th'anns an leabhar a' chòir a sheasas, ged a bhiodh i cearr. Tha e iomchuidh comhairle a chur ri fear-lagha measail anns na cùisibh sin—innsidh e ciod a' chòir cheart 's chearr 's ma tha ainmheach air an tigh no air an fhearann a cheannachar; 's ni e cùisean ceart diongmhealta. Na'm bitheadh còir no bann air a cur a nall do'n dùthaich so, dh'fheumadh an duine 'gheibheadh i a' toirt am follais 'n uair a ruigeadh e's aideach 'fhaotuinn air na h-ainmibh 's air na seulachaibh a bhitheadh rithe. 'N uair a gheibheadh Ministear bann o mhuinntir eaglaise, theagamh nach biodh fhios aige air a so, 's 'n uair a bheireadh e oilbheum do pheasan air bith sa' choithional bheireadh am peasan sin oidhirp air daoinibh còire a chur air aimhreidh 's an cumail o bhi paigheadh am Fir-theagaisg. Gheibhear peasain mar so anns gach coithional nach urrainn a bhi beò gun a bhi 'g an cumail fhein agus dhaoine eile ann an uisge teth; ach gabhaidh iad am barrachd brath anns an duthaich ud.

Tha e r'a bhi air a thoirt fainear cuideachd; gu bheil cìs throm air gach bathar Breatunnach 's gu sònraichte air aodach. Bu choir aodach deanta a thoirt thairis oir bithidh cìs air mar bi e deanta. Tha nithean eile pailt ni's saoire thall na gheibhear san dùthaich so iad, 's gu sònraichte leathar-bhròg oir tha mòran cairtidh air a dheanamh san tìr 's tha an leathar pailt 's gheibhear caisbheart ni's saoire na gheibhear an so oir mar a thubhairt duine-uasal a sgrìobh eachdraidh air earrainn àraidh do America — " San dùthaich *so tha a h-uile duine a' cartadh a sheiche fhein—'Every man tans his own hide.'*"

A. M.

EÒLAS AGUS SEÒLADH DO LUCHD-EUSLAINTE.

Chaidh an leabhar beag so a chur amach sa' Ghaidhlic le Domhnull Mac "Illedhuibh Lighiche Ghearrloch" a tha 'na dhuine òg ach aig an robh cleachdadh fada 'na dhreuchd ann an Glascho, anns a' Ghaidhealtachd 's ann an cearnaibh do Shasunn. Cha-n 'eil fàrdach sa' Ghaidhealtachd anns nach bu chòir an leabhar so a bhi. Tha e air a chlo-bhualadh le G. Mac na Ceardaidh ann an Glascho.

IAIN BOTHERTON AGUS A CHOIG LÀITHEAN GRIANACH.

Fhuair mi (arsa Iain) moran de làithean deuchainn agus toilinntinn ann san t-saoghal an cursa mo bheatha. Ach làithean mo dheuchainn thilg mi air chul mar sheana Mhiosachan gun a bhi 'gan gairm gu tuillcadh cunntais. Ach is math a tha cuimhne agam air coig làithean grianach a bh'agam am measg uile laithean mo bheatha. Bha iad air an caitheamh ann an toilinntinn aoibhneach, sholasach, gun urad ball dubh no neul a' cur sgàil orra. Ghabh iad àite aig caochladh amaibh. Re na h-aimsir, bha moran de làithean grianach blà air nach robh cuimhne agam fad seachduin. Ach eadar-dhealaichte bho shamhuil so bha na coig laithean air a bheil mi toirt iomradh. Bha iad 'nan laithean a bhios air an cuimhneachadh le dearsadh greine ann am chridhe nach fhag e, am feadh 'sa bhios an t-anam am chom. A nis bheir mi dhuibh cunntas mar a thachair a cheud latha de'n choig. Air mìos meadhonach an Fhoghair, agus an dara latha, agus mu shea uairean, an dheigh domh sgur de m'obair agus aodach glan a chuir orm, theann mi mach a' gabheil mo shràid fheasgair ri taobh na h-aibhne *Tweed.* Mar a ghabh mi air m'aghaidh, thachair buanaichan orm le'n corrain air an gàirdeanan, agus dh'fhàiltich iad mi le "tha i tìghinn Iain." Air a so rinn iad gàire. "Co tha tighinn," arsa mise. Ghàir iad a rithist, agus thubhairt iad. "Gabh air d' aghairt agus faic." Mar so ghabh mi air m'aghairt; agus O! aoibhneas nan aoibhneas, co chunnaic mi ach Caitriona Louri 'na seasamh aig geata a' toirt stob fothannain as a laimh. Nis tuigidh sibh gu'n robh mi an trom ghaol air Caitriona agus cha b'iongantach sin; oir 'si nighean a bu stolta, a bu mhodhaile, agus a bu bhreagha bha san duthaich gu h-iomlan.

A nis mheas mi freagarrach an cothrom so a ghabhail air rùn mo chridhe fhosgladh dhi. Oir ged is iomadh sràid a ghabh sinn comhla, bha daonnan de naire orm nach b'urrainn mi cheisd a chur oirre, "am pòs thu mi." Ach air an am so cha b'urrainn mi cumail orm féin na b'fhaide. Air an aobhar sin ghabh mi far an robh i, agus thubhairt mi, "gu de dh'fhairich do lamh a Chaitriona. Dh'innis i gur stob fothannain a chaidh innte. An sin thubhairt mi, "leig fhaicinn dhomhsa i dh'fheuch an toir mi as e." An sin ghabh i athadh agus thainig rughadh innte. Dh'amhairc mi 'na h-aodan agus a dh'innseadh smior na firinn, cha'n fhaca mi sealladh riamh a thug bàrr air iomhaigh Chaitriona. Agus mar a bha ghrian a' dearrsadh 'na h-aodann 'sa cheart àm 'sann a bha 'ghrian ann am chridhe-sa. Tha mi làn chinnteach gu faodadh sibh coineal a lasadh ri m'chridhe le sòlas. Fhuair mi a lamh agus thug mi an stob aisde. Ach tha mi làn chinnteach nach leiginn as i air son lamh na ban-righ. Bha leithid de shòlas orm 'us nach b'urrainn mi 'leigadh as troimh aoibhneis. Beagan as beagan fhuair mi an lamh eile mu'n cuairt oirre—cha'n 'eil fhios agam ciamar. Ach co dhiu fhuair mi ann i. Agus ghabh sinn sràide—cha'n urrainn mi innseadh ionnus leis an staid san robh mi. Tha cuimhne agam uair 'us uair a teannachadh ri m'bhroilleach agus a radh rithe "A Chaitriona, am pòs thu mi? A nis abair am focal, an gabh thu mi?" An sin stad i beagan agus leig i le ceann tuiteam air mo ghàirdean. Agus le trom osna bho fhior ghaol thubhairt i, "posaidh Iain." O! na facaill a bha sin. Sann annta bha binneas dhomhsa. 'S iad ceol bu bhinne chuala mi riamh. Bha mi na leithid de staid agus gun do ghlaodh mi. "O! beannich mi, beannich mi, gu siorruidh beannaich mi. 'S mise 'n duine is sona tha air an t-saoghal." An sin dhanns mi le h-aoibhneas; agus ma bha duine riamh air mhisg le sòlas bha mise. Agus tha mi làn chinnteach gu'n robh Caitriona 's an t-suidheachadh cheudna. Mar so choisich sinn gu tigh a h-athar. 'S mar robh toilinntinn agamsa an latha sin cha robh aig duine riamh.

Agus their mi mo cheud latha grianach ris an latha so. A nis bha mi riamh a' sàbhaladh beagan air son àm feuma, agus ann a seachduin no dhà, ghabh mi tigh agus dh'airneisich mi e gu h-urramach. Agus b'e mo dhara latha grianach an latha ann san d'thainig Caitriona, a h-athair, 's a mathair, agus beagan chairdean maille rithe agus am Ministeir gun teagamh. An uair a chuala mise am Ministeir a' seirm dithis 'nan aon, leum mo chridhe le h-aoibhneas a' smaointeachadh air Caitriona, agus mise 'nar n-aon. Agus na's fearr na sin nach robh dealachadh ri bhith ann gus am bàs. Rug mi an sin air laimh oirre agus le deoir an aoibhneis ann am shuilean thubhairt mi, "O, mo Chaitriona fein, mo Chaitriona fein! saoil nach sinn a bhios sona ann san t-saoghal. 'N uair a bha am pòsadh thairis shuidh sinn uile ris an t-suipeir, agus air do uinneig an t-seomir a bhith leth fhosgailte agus eun a' seinn gu binn smaointich mi air an t-sòlas a bha gu bhith thairis an uair nach robh m' fhear-sa ach a' toiseachadh. Thug mi an ath shuil air Caitriona agus O a h-iomhaigh ghradhach! sann a dh'fhairich mi mar dhuine aig an robh sòlas neo-chriochnach. An iongantach a nis, ged a their mi mo dhara làtha grianach ris an làtha so? Bha mo threas a' leanachd ri tìom mac a bhith air a bhreith dhomh. Sann an sin a chunnaic mi gu dè bha mi, bean 'us mac agam. Thug mi an sin taing do Dhia an dà chuid air son an leinibh agus a mhathar. Bha mi san am so an coinneamh dol thar mo bheachd eadar na h-uile ni bh'ann. Cha robh ni nach robh a' lasadh a suas mo shòlais ann san t-saoghal. Tha mi làn chinnteach gu'n robh m'inntinn san am so cho àrd ri inntinn Righ. B'e so mo threas latha, agus mur robh e grianach fagaidh mi sin agaibh fein. Sann glan eadar-dhealaichte bhuaithe so a bha an ceathramh ged a chuir e aoibhneas thar tomhais orm. Tuigidh sibh gu'n d'rinn Caitriona bean dheanadach, ghlic, ghrunndail, agus 'se smaointich i, sea seachduinean an dèigh dhuinn pòsadh, ciste bheag a dheanadh agus tòll 'na mullach gus a h-uile sgillinn a ghabhadh seachnadh a chur innte. Mar so chaidh dheanadh—toiseachadh air a chiste lionadh le copar, airgead, agus òr, gus an d'fhas i cho trom 'us gur gann a b'urrainn domh a' togail. Agus cha b'iongantach sin, oir is iomadh latha a shaoithrich sinn moch agus anmoch gu bhi 'cur beagan mu seach, gus am biodh ceud pund Sassanach againn. Latha bha sin thubhairt Caitriona, "Iain, nach bu chòir a' chiste fhosgladh." "Tha mi toileach," arsa mise. Chaidh an sin an crann a chuir air an dorus, agus falach a chuir air na h-uinneagan, a chiste 'thoirt a nuas, agus a doirteadh air an ùrlar. Sann an sin a bha sealladh. Tha daoine a' bruidhinn mu'n bhogha-fhrois a bhi briagh, ach 'sann a bha am bogha-frois air an ùrlar agamsa, eadar Caitriona 'san t-airgiod. Ghabh e dhuinn ga chunntas bho dhà uair a latha gu sea uairean feasgar. Chunnt sinn e thàiris 'us thairis, agus fhuair sinn coig-fichead agus coig puinnd-deug Shassanoch, seachd tasdain, ochd sgillinnean, agus bonn-a-sea. Bha mi so beartach agus tha mi meas gu faod mi le h-aoibhneis mo cheathramh latha grianach a thoirt air an latha so. Sann orm fein a bha ghrian ag eirigh. Ghabh sinn an sin bùth agus thoisich sinn ri màlairt. Agus shoirbhich leinn gu math, ni thug mise gu meas anabàrrach mòr, ionnus gu'n robh mi air mo ghairm am àrd fhear comhairle aca. Thainig mi dhachaidh an sin agus dh'innis mi do Chaitriona mar a bha. Neo-ar-thaing mur robh ise cho ard agus cho grianach rium fein. Bha mi 'san am so an coinneamh dol thar mo bheachd leis an toilinntinn a bh'agam, agus Caitriona a mach 'sa mach rium fein. Thug mi sin greis a' spaidseireachd feadh an tighe le'm lamhan an ceannaibh mo leis. Mu dheiradh thubhairt mi ri Caitriona, "Cuir a mach a dh'iarraidh searrag de liunn laidir," "Searrag do liunn laidir," arsa Caitriona, "Cha chuir, cha chuir; cuimhneich thusa, Iain, gur ann le bhi ag òl uisge fionnar an fhuarain a fhuair thu cho math air d'aghaidh 'san t-saoghal." "Gle mhath, gle mhath, a Chaitriona; bha thu ceart riamh, 'us tha thu ceart an diugh." B'e so mo choigeamh latha grianach; agus 'si mo bharail gur h-e latha bu ghrianaiche de'n choig. Bha gach latha 'tòirt bàrr air a cheile. "Gach uan na's gile na mhathair, 's a' mathair cho geal ris an t-sneachda."

Cnap-an-tairbh.

SOP AS GACH SEID.

Ciod e saibhreas? Is saibhreas gach ni a ta daoine 'solaireadh 'san t-saoghal so air son am beo-shlaint agus an toilinntinn fein. Is e saothair a bheir saibhreas gu buil. Tha gliocas a' cumail saibhreis 'na chriochaibh fein, trid am bheil e cinnteach, agus a' dol ann am meud. Tha na daoine saibhir air an deanamh suas diubh-san a fhuair cuid o mhuinntir eile—diubh-san air an do thuit e gun fhios gun aire dhoibh—agus, mar an ceudna, diubh-san a choisinn e le fallus an gruaidhe fein. Air an doigh cheudna tha na daoine bochda air an deanamh suas duibh-san a shealbhaich bochdainn o mhuinntir eile—diubh-san air an d' thainig i gu'n fhios gu'n aire dhoibh—agus dhiubh-san a thug le h-amaideachd orra fein i. Ginidh leisg agus diomhanas bochdainn. An uair nach saothairich duine, agus an uair nach coisinn e na h-uiread le dhichill fein gach la, cha'n urrainn nach bi e bochd. Cha'n 'eil leigheas ann air son na bochdainn a ta 's ruthadh o'n leisg, ach dichioll agus saothair.

Is fearr beagan earnais na tigh falamh, fàs. Inn na h-amannaibh cruaidhe so ma gheibh daoine na bheathaicheas iad na biodh iad a' gearain. Is bochd an rud a bhi air greim cruaidh arain, ach is mò gur bochda bhi gun ghreim idir. Is fearr buth bheg na bhi falamh. Is fearr beagan malairt maille ri beagan buannachd na malairt mhòr maille ri call mòr. Is fearr an teine beag a gharas na'n teine mòr a lois geas.

IAN OG.

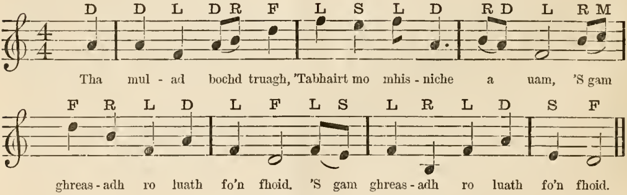
Amongst my pleasantest recollections of early days is the singing of Gaelic songs by my mother. The following is one of them. As far as I know, it has not been published until now. I cannot tell who the composer was, but it must have been popular during by-gone days in the Braes of Rannoch, where she learnt it amidst that family circle at Dunan, so graphically described by Mrs. Angus Fletcher in her Autobiography.

When I wrote in the *Gael* of May last on Gaelic music and poetry, I was unaware of any song melody on the fourth mode of the scale (Fa). Since then I have come to the opinion that this song has this peculiarity. I find, however, that a friend better able to judge is not quite satisfied as to this. It will be very interesting if some of your musical friends will test it.

I have endeavoured in the translation to give some of the feeling of the original; but all who know the difficulties in the way of transferring the peculiarities of Gaelic rhythmical pronunciation to English, will sympathise with me in deeply-felt shortcoming.

Charles Stewart.

Tighnduin, *November*, 1877.


D D L D R F L S L D R D L R M
Tha mul - ad bochd truagh, 'Tabhairt mo mhis - niche a uam, 'S gam
F R L D L F L S L R L D S F
ghreas - adh ro luath fo'n fhoid. 'S gam ghreas - adh ro luath fo'n fhoid.

1.

Tha mulad bochd truagh,
'Tabhairt mo mhisniche a uam,
'S gam ghreasadh ro luath fo'n fhoid.
'S gam ghreasadh, &c.

2.

Cha shiubhal mi fraoch,
Cha shiubhal cha'n fhaod,
Tha cumha do bhais 'gam leon.
Tha cumha do, &c.

3.

Cha shiubhal mi gleann,
Cha shiubhal ach fann,
Cha léir dhomh dol ann le ceò.
Cha léir dhomh, &c.

4.

Tha'm breac air an allt,
Ach tha'n t-iasgair air chall,
'S mor am briste' do bhàs Iain Oig.
'S mor am briste, &c.

1.

Much sorrow, great gloom,
All my joys deep entomb,
And speed me fast t'wards the grave.
And speed me, &c.

2.

O'er the heath I can't go,
Or my grief lays me low,
And thy death's-woe still wounds me more.
And thy death's-woe, &c.

3.

Passing down through the glen,
Passing weary and wan,
A tear-laden mist blinds my way.
A tear-laden, &c.

4.

There are fish in the stream,
Ah! no fisher, I deem,
Thy death's a keen stroke, Ian Oig.
Thy death's a, &c.

[Note.—In playing this melody on the pianoforte or other tempered instruments at this pitch, the F's and C must be sharpened.]

THE GAEL,

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

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THOMAS FORD HILL'S POEMS.

IV.

The very material importance of this curious passage, with relation to the present subject, it is unnecessary to urge: for every eye must see it. We also obtain from it new information in respect to the last part of the History of Fingal and his Heroes: as it enables us to determine who they were, with a precision which must otherwise have been wanting, to complete these remarks on the Highland songs.

The singular agreement of this passage with the accounts of Ossian which were taught me in Scotland, and which I have already inserted in your Magazine, is worthy particular remark: it confirms them even in the most novel and peculiar instances. I have already given many reasons for believing that the Fingalians are generally regarded as Giants;* but this is no novel idea: the most remarkable concurrence is in the mythologic character attributed by both to Fingal, Oscar, and Ossian. I have before remarked, that Mac-Nab described Fingal as the Odin of the Scots; and that the song called Urnigh Ossian † evidently speaks of him as such. This curious passage represents him exactly in the same character; a Hero with whom the spirits of the deceased are in communion, who is their Chieftain, and the Lord of the Feasts. The Gods of all the Northern Nations seem to have been of this class: mighty Heroes, esteemed once to have been invincible on earth, though perhaps not ever strictly men, nor yet constantly regarded as Giants. Such are Odin, Thor, and the other Teutonic Gods; ‡ such are Fingal, Oscar, and the rest of the Fingalians among the antient Scots: § Such also are Hercules, Bacchus, and even Jupiter himself, with all his sons and daughters, among the original Greeks; a people who agreed in many particulars with our own ancestors in Northern Europe. The notions entertained about ghosts, as an intermediate order of beings between men and divinities, endowed with some share of power to do evil, is also remarkably congruous with this mythology.

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* See above, p. 15, note *, *the gigantic Boar;* also pp. 19, 22, 27 and 28, &c. Irish tradition says, that Fingal, finding the stride too great from Ireland quite to Scotland, flung a handful of earth out of the county of Down into the middle of the sea, for a stepping place, which formed the Isle of Man. Our many similar stories of Giants are perhaps more ancient than is generally imagined.

† See p. 21; and the Urnigh Ossian passim.

‡ The Weird Sisters of these nations were regarded in like manner as beings little superior to witches.

§ As Hengist, Horsa, and the other Saxon Chiefs, derived their pedigree from Odin, so the Campbells, &c. derive their's from Dermid and the rest of the Fingalians. See above, p. 15. Thus likewise the Grecian Chieftains claimed their descent from Jupiter and his children.

As Fingal was a divine Hero, so Ossian seems to have been a divine Bard. Some of the Gods of the Teutons were Bards in like manner: the God Niord and his wife Skada quarrelled in elegant verse of their own composition;* and Odin is the relater of his own Edda.† Apollo, the poetic deity to Greece, likewise sung the history of his fellow deities to men on earth, as well as Orpheus his son.‡ The Bards and traditional preservers of songs in Scotland and Ireland have ever been fond of ascribing all ancient poems to this Ossian, and especially those relating to his own race; and from this cause, the poems ascribed to Ossian are become so voluminous.§ The antient Egyptians had a similar custom of ascribing their works to Hermes: *οι ημετεροι ϖρογονοι τα αυτων της σοφιας ευρηματα αυτω ανετιθεσαν ερμου ϖαντα τα οικεια συγγραμματα εποιμαζοντες*, says Jamblichus, S. l. c. I, which rendered the Hermetic writings equally voluminous. The Egyptians, who possessed the art of writing, deposited their works in the adyta of their temples; as the Arabians deposited their poems of old in the Temple of Mecca: but because the Egyptians affixed to them no author's name, except that of Hermes; to him, as to the Scottish Ossian, almost all the national literature was attributed by religious flattery.

I sincerely wish, that some gentleman possessed of adequate abilities and acquaintance with the Erse language, would undertake to collect these Ossianic songs in their simple original state, as they undoubtedly contain much curious knowledge, accumulated in the various ages through which they have descended to us, and would probably afford much new information on subjects at present very ill understood. I own, however, that I should rather chuse to seek for them in Ireland than in Scotland: but neither country should be unexplored.

After having thus freely, though I hope not uncandidly, delivered my sentiments on the Ossian of Mr. Macpherson, it becomes me to acknowledge myself deeply indebted to it for the pleasure its perusal has frequently afforded me. I am willing, and indeed happy, thus publickly to declare myself a warm admirer of it as a literary composition. The novelty of its manner, of its ideas, and of the objects it describes, added to the strength and brilliancy of genius which frequently appears in it, have enabled me to read it with more delight, and to return to it more frequently, than almost any other work of modern times. And, let it be regarded in what light it may, the praise of elegant selection and composition certainly belongs to the editor. If I had not entertained these opinions of its merit, I should never have taken so much pains to investigate its authenticity; nor indeed can I believe, if the general opinion had not concurred with mine, that the world would ever have wasted so much time in disputing about it.

I cannot conclude without confessing the obligation I am under to the inhabitants of Scotland for the hospitality with which I was received by them, though a perfect stranger to much the greatest part of those who conferred such civilities upon me. If the Highlands are not distinguished for their fertility, their wealth, or the abundance of the elegancies of life, they are at least conspicuous for the generous friendship of the inhabitants, and for the performance of that benevolent Christian injunction, *Be not forgetful to entertain the stranger.* Such a reception necessarily induced me to think the best I could of their country, though it does not seem to have produced this effect upon some who had passed through it before me. I was indeed too fond of truth to shut my eyes against conviction; but I came away desirous to consider Scotland in its best point of view, although not anxious to believe in second sight.

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* Edda, fab. 12, from Mallet's North. Antiq. Eng. trans. edit. 1770, Vol. II. pp. 71, 309, fab. 13.

† Ibid. pp. 3, 6, 82.

‡ Virg. Eclog. VI. v. 82, 83.

§ See before, p. 31.

Yours, &c.

THO. F. HILL.

Ely Place, *July* 10.

THE FUNDAMENTAL DATA OF HIGHLAND EDUCATION.

I. THE DATA IN GENERAL.

Man is thrown upon the world trammelled by four grand conditions. Each of us is naturally endowed with certain capacities and tendencies, surrounded by certain physical circumstances, born into a certain society, and ruled by certain traditional ideas and institutions. These conditions, which may be distinguished briefly as psychological, physical, sociological, and historical, occur in every-varying degrees; and as they vary relatively to each other, so the product or resultant of their joint action—that is, individuals and communities—vary also. There is a necessary connection between structure and function—between the structure formed by these four conditions and the function, man. Now, since man is found thus conditioned, it is evident that he who addresses himself to the task of legislating for the education of particular communities, must first of all estimate, with as great exactness as the nature of the case permits, what the real significance of each of these four conditions is with respect to the community for whom he is to formulate educational laws. Yet indispensable as is this knowledge, our country cannot boast of having proposed even in theory a system of education which fully recognises the relative import of physical, psychical, and historical circumstances. Our theorists have contented themselves with the discussion of paltry methods, with the inculcation of a milk-and-water psychology, and with ill-advised experiments on the possibilities of the law of supply and demand. Thorough-going inquiry into educational phenomena, thorough-going determination of educational conditions, careful inductions from the facts thus obtained, correlating of educational laws to these inductions—these have not yet been attempted; and yet these, we conceive, constitute the very function of a sound educationist. For education is a science—a science, we say, having its data and its necessary laws. And since it is a science, educational systems ought to be determined by rigorous scientific inductions, and not, as they have been in this country, by rough-shod political circumstances. It is because this has not been recognised, because the necessary persistence of educational data, and the necessary perdurableness of educational laws have not been acknowledged—it is, in short, because the spirit of the nation has been so practical and so Philistine, so unrefined in sight and touch, that our educational systems evince so little of the solid strength of scientific fitness, and so little of the exquisite charm of esthetic beauty. A perfect educational system would present an exact reflection of conditioning data; but such is the present state of educational science in this country that not even the sphere of educational phenomena nor the very methods of treating educational facts are determined. Hence it is that system after system merely displays the deft facility with which a British legislator weaves around himself a fabric of bran-new shoddy, as the hounds of political or ecclesiastical party tear away at his cherished but none the less absurd habiliments. Little, indeed, is gained to the world by the change. Between sham and shoddy there is not much to choose.

While British education generally is so chaotic; while the arbitrary structures formed by man—that is, educational systems—bear so little relation to the necessary structures determined by nature—that is, to educational conditions; while this is the case with respect even to the dominant English community, it were, indeed, vain to look for a scientifically evolved educational organism among the subdued Celts. A careful student of the foreign policy of England might conclude pretty accurately *a priori* what particular kind of educational treatment Celtic Scotland would receive at the hands of her legislators. For of all the great political errors that have from time to time involved the foreign relations of England in perplexity, by far the most disastrous have found their origin in that fatal mental obtuseness which rendered English politicians incapable of recognising and estimating those grand national idiosyncracies which constitute the very key to national politics. What was good for Englishmen was held to be good all the world over. What was acknowledged and accepted by Englishmen ought, of course, to be acknowledged and accepted by all mankind—from the lowest African savage who could not count two and two without the aid of his fingers, to the loftiest German transcendentalist who could with infinite case merge thought and being into absolute identity. In all this we find the immediate result of the desperately practical genius of the English race—the result of that great national fact which will justify the historical conclusion, that Britain has maintained her high place among the nations more by the savage roar of British cannon than by the subtile archery of British intelligence.

In this overpowering English faith in horsemen and in chariots, in mere force as distinguished from the light of reason and the warmth of sympathetic emotion, is found the solution of the political relations which have subsisted between Saxon and Celt throughout the last century. Celtic ideas and traditions have been ignored, or indeed openly ridiculed, and English institutions have been forced upon Celtic communities in high defiance of the eternal fitness of things. Thus it happens that notwithstanding the striking peculiarities of the Celts in thought, feelings, traditions, and institutions, in social, historical, and physical circumstances, not even an attempt has ever been made to construct a distinctively Celtic system of education. What was good enough for the Romans ought surely to satisfy the provincials. The square pins of English legislation would, of course, fit into the round holes of Celtic necessity; at least they would with a proper application of Philistian force. Fatuous as this reasoning was, it was pre-eminently English.

It appears, then, that on account of two great legislative shortcomings England could not, except by chance, frame an educational system fitted to meet the requirements of the Highlands. For, in the first place, she has never been able to recognise the truly scientific character of education, and has thus relentlessly sacrificed the most sacred duty of a state—the development and civilisation of the people—to the exigencies of political and ecclesiastical party. Again, she has been unable to grasp the grand fact of national individuality, and consequently has failed to perceive that the Celts as a distinct people ought to receive distinct educational treatment.

We must look, therefore, into the natural circumstances of the Highlander himself for those elements from which alone a thoroughly sound system of Highland education can be constructed. It has already appeared that all of these circumstances may be referred to one or other of four grand primary divisions, which may for convenience' sake be known as the historical, psychological, physical, and sociological conditions of Highland education. It becomes necessary, then, that we should review the facts—that is, from our point of view, the educational data—which fall under each of these conditions.

II. HISTORICAL DATA.

"There are many echoes, but few voices," said Goethe. Our feelings and our thoughts are at best but broken lights, interesting only because the eternal radiance in passing through us is diffracted into colours ever new and ever fresh, into colours ever more and more beautiful, more and more harmonious, more and more near perfection, and thus more and more calculated to impress us with the infinite potentiality of this radiance, of this thought as an objective and ever-developing existence. Our own thoughts are finite enough, but these are merely reflections of a passing phase, specimens of a current type. To the succession of phases, to the evolution of types we can conceive no limit. Now, the relation of succeeding types to one another with respect to development depends in the main on the educational forces of one kind or another to which they have been subjected. These forces are—objective thought itself, society, and nature. And these three forces *will* act upon us all. We cannot escape them. What we can do, and ought to do, is to prepare ourselves for their agency, and this is accomplished only when we are trained by a course of primary education, framed in harmony with the actual significance of each of them.

Let us, then, proceed to analyse the first of these conditions, the condition formed by objective thought, or by historical circumstances; and let us endeavour to determine as accurately as possible what are the bearings of its phenomena.

We are all of us as specimens of a type born into a form, and this form is determined by the influence of

"The great of old,
The dead but sceptred sovrans, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

Well, then, what are the ultimate elements of this form; and what are the relations, in respect of quality and quantity, which subsist between these elements and the corresponding facts in the historical condition of English education?

The ideas of a people may be analysed into knowledge and superstitions. Interwoven with these ideas, and like them hereditary, we find esthetic, moral, and religious sentiments. Now, these ideas and sentiments objectified become a regulative force; applied, this force resolves itself into operative methods. Further, this force and these methods, viewed with respect to the necessities of the individual, are functional—considered in relation to the requirements of masses, they are structural.

An estimate, therefore, of the significance of the historical condition of Highland education involves an analysis of the structure of Highland society as a distinct social organism, and a consideration of the functions which are insensibly accepted by each individual in that society, and which thus become in the main the function of the individual himself.

1. Structure of the Highland Social Organism.—A first view of the structure of a state discloses two elements—an operative or industrial element, and a regulative or legislative element. Each of these elements demands some special consideration.

(*a.*) *Industrial Element.*—We must all of us do work of one kind or another. The nature of the work to which each of us is called is determined by the conditions under which we are born. Now, it is a main duty of education to prepare us for the proper discharge of this work. This, however, can be effected only when the natural conditions which determine the work are fully and clearly understood. There ought to be the closest correlation, in the first instance, between natural circumstances and the work done; and secondly, between this work and the course of training which aims at preparing boys and girls for the performance of it. Hence it follows that in whatever degree the industrial occupations of Highlanders are necessarily and perdurably specific, in exactly the same degree ought the system of Highland education to be specific also.

Modes of life are determined partly by the nature of a country, but mainly by the social and political ideas and general intelligence of the people. The physical resources of Manyuema in Central Africa are perhaps not inferior to those of Switzerland, but the inhabitants of the latter country stand in a more friendly relation to their political neighbours, and they are, besides, more intelligent. Races have to fight their way first against nature, then against rival peoples; and not until the condition of self-preservation has been secured can they turn their attention to the development of physical resources. The Celtic race had to fight for their existence as few other races had. For 2000 years they stood with their face to the foe. A warlike and desperate spirit was thus developed, which survives among the Scottish Celts to the present day. To the Highlander, war seemed the great business of life. Like the Spartan of old, he viewed industry as fit only for slaves. Thus it has happened that in the whole Gaelic vocabulary there is not a word more contemptuous than that which denotes the generic idea of *trade*. While there was no differentiation of industrial pursuits, the same word denoted not merely the abstract notion of trade itself, but also all those engaged in industrial labour. A tradesman, not less than a trade, was thus a *ceard*, and a *ceard* was a wretch doomed by physical or moral incapacity to make spoons and mend kettles, while the true clansman defended the interest of chief and kin with the claymore. With the decay of the military *régime* a new era has set in. Trade has now come to be looked upon as an occupation not only honest but even honourable. Much, however, of the old leaven is still left. For example, we do not know any young Highlander who could muster sufficient courage to set up as a tinsmith. Nay, it would be easier to produce ten Highlanders who would walk up to the cannon's mouth without flinching than one who could summon courage enough to become a weaver! Surely, then, the industrial ideas of the Celtic community are sufficiently distinct from those entertained by the people who form the first industrial nation in the world. Now, Highland education has a function here to perform. The educational structure to be in harmony with the natural structure must recognise and foster the new and better way of regarding industrial pursuits. But this is not all. Even industry is not entirely operative; it also has a regulative aspect. The legislative enactments relative to industry, therefore—more especially those referring to the industries most common in the North, fishing and husbandry—ought to receive attention.

It appears, then, that the ultimate facts in the industrial element of our social organism are marked by striking peculiarities. As a whole, they are decidedly specific, and thus they demand specific educational treatment. Let us now proceed to regard the legislative phase of Highland society.

(*b*). *Regulative Element.*—Looking at the regulative aspect of the organic structure, we discern two main forms of regulative energy, the political and the ecclesiastical.

(1.) What, then, are the political data of Highland education? In a healthy and independent state the ideas most generally acknowledged are placed upon the statute-book, and thus become legislative codes. Now, among the Celts it is notorious that there is utter discord between popular ideas and political structure. The question, then, is, whether Highland education is to harmonise with the structure formed by Celtic ideas, or with the political structure imposed upon Highlanders by the dominant race. The latter alternative is the one now accepted. The former is the one which science justifies, for through the sheer necessity of the fact that Highland education is based upon four Highland conditions, it is evident that the function of Highland education is to turn out, not Englishmen of any stamp, but the best possible Highlanders. This is nature's plan, and we cannot defeat it. The attempt has been made, and the result has been that there have been produced, not Englishmen, nor the best possible Highlanders, but men cowed and numbed by that cruel tyranny which disregarded—nay, laughed to shame, ideas and sentiments justified by the unanimous consent of a people; and imposed, instead of this Heaven-determined code, a political structure out of all relation to the most urgent necessities of the community. If Highlanders, therefore, are to become free and fearless again, Highland education must be brought into strict relation to Highland ideas. Celtic history—by which we mean, not so much an account of the achievements of Celtic warriors, nor the biography of Celtic chiefs, as a record of the social and political development of the Celtic race—this must receive a place in every curriculum of Highland education. From this study would emerge distinctively Celtic ideas respecting the rights and duties of landlords, the relations of the people to the soil, and the land question generally. Finally, these ideas should be taken up and their validity tested by the canons of political economy. Instead, therefore, of cramming Highland children with the facts and figures of English history, we should, in the first instance at least, cause them to understand the history of their own race, the evolutions of the matrix which has produced them and is conditioning them still; and we should also enable them to examine this matrix in the light of the great truths of political science.

(2.) Again, what are the relations which exist in the present, and ought to exist in the future, between our educational and ecclesiastical systems? It would be neither gracious nor just to deny that ecclesiastical bodies have attempted to do much for education in this country. At the same time, it must be said that such bodies are peculiarly disqualified for performing a function of this kind; for educational science is too vast in its range, too deep in its foundations, and too intricate in its connections to receive adequate treatment at the hands of any mere sectary, ecclesiastical or political. A safe educationist must be a profound philosopher, an acute man of science, and a shrewd, careful man of business. It is well for education, therefore, that it is being delivered from ecclesiastical guidance. Yet an educational structure must not be out of all relation to existing ecclesiastical organisms. These organisms are elements in the historical form into which every child is born. They cannot, therefore, be neglected. A Highland educational system ought thus to stand in a co-ordinate relation to Roman Catholicism on the one hand, and to Free Churchism on the other.

Well, then, we have discriminated two distinct elements in the structure of Highland society — distinct not only from each other, but also from the corresponding elements in English society; and we have found that the latter of these elements yields as a further result two classes of subordinate structures—the one class political, the other ecclesiastical. Now, it seems that all these social phenomena when closely examined give striking indications of a specific character. Many of the industrial and political data, indeed, when compared with the corresponding facts of English education, reveal differences not only of degree but of kind. Does it not appear, therefore, that the same educational system cannot possibly harmonise with the social structure both of England and of the Highlands?

The organisms just considered are direct developments of objective thought. Besides these we find in the Highlands another structure quite distinct in kind, and yielding in the ultimate analysis, not ideas and sentiments, but arbitrary symbols to represent these—we mean the structure of language. Now, if any historical evidence were still necessary to substantiate our double charge against English legislation, to prove that England not only did not, but could not frame a true educational system for the Highlands, such evidence, such a proof is found here. For had England realised the truly scientific character of education, had she perceived that true education is concerned more with ideas and sentiments than with technical routine—had she recognised this she would never have been a party to the barbarous policy which banished Gaelic from the schools of the Gael. No sane man in pleading for the most urgent necessaries would voluntarily do so in an unknown tongue; and no scientific Englishman would ever fancy that Highlanders could be transformed into Saxons by the magic of an English-speaking schoolmaster. Political force can crush a people, it can demoralise them, it can exterminate them, but it never can efface the individuality which time and nature stamp on the national character. A Highlander is a Highlander, and you can no more change him into an Englishman than you can metamorphose Parian marble into agate. True wisdom consists in conforming ourselves to nature, not in striving to change the character or obstruct the course of immutable and inevitable laws. A Philistine leaning on his weaver's beam may find it hard to realise this, and surely no one can have realised it who imagines that children who know only Gaelic may be educated or even instructed through the instrumentality of English. Yet this is exactly what English legislators have imagined. They fixed upon an idea, too absurd to claim the serious attention of any sane man, and this idea they applied to the problem of Highland education, or rather to the problem of Saxonising the Celt. In the presence of such a fact as this we presume few will care to deny that England has, either through inadequate knowledge or inadequate wisdom, utterly ignored the true character at once of education in general and of Highland society in particular.

But it is not merely because it is an intellectual impossibility to teach children through a language which they do not understand that Gaelic ought to constitute the vehicle of Highland education. For there is an unfailing correlation between language and ideas. Thus, to the extent that Highland ideas are specific, the Highland tongue is specific also. Further, whatever ideas are specific, whether in nature or in form, can be adequately conveyed to the mind only through the language which has been wedded by ages to these ideas. The full significance of Highland ethics, esthetics, and politics can never be felt by him who is not prepared to analyse the notions entertained on these subjects, as those notions are objectified and concreted in the Highland tongue. Thus, one great end of the higher education of Highland boys and girls can never be accomplished except by means of Gaelic. Much less can the religious, moral, esthetic, and national *sentiments* of Highland children be trained through the medium of a language which they but imperfectly understand, and which even if they did understand it, is not a natural exponent of these feelings. In the cultivation of the emotions, all the success we can achieve depends on the association of ideas. Now, all our holiest associations are connected with our infancy, and our mother-tongue. Gaelic becomes thus to the Highlander a moral agency of mysterious power. It brings him back in thought to the time when by his mother's side he threw himself down with infinite faith before the Great Unseen. It reminds him of a mother's anxious tears, a father's protecting hand. By its means, "trust in all things high comes easy to him." But for such associations as these, the hymn of hope with which we all set out on the march of life would all too soon become changed into a dirge of doom. Fatally false is it, then, to overlook in the education of Gaelic-speaking children the surpassing moral utility of their own language.

Nor can the esthetic sentiments of Highland children be adequately trained through the instrumentality of English. The Highlander is born in the grand theatre of nature. The eternal voices of the flood, the majesty of mountains, the pink and azure of distant headlands and hills, the splendour of an Atlantic sunset, the grandeur of the tempest—these form the materials of his imagination, the objects on which his artistic sensibilities are developed. Now, these objects are represented by terms and expressions which have no exact correlatives in English. The Saxon equivalents fail utterly in rousing in the Highlander's mind the feelings which the natural terms excite. English never can to a Gaelic-speaking Highlander fully interpret the realities of form, colour, motion, and music which surround him. Hitherto our educationists have evaded this difficulty by neglecting the training of the perceptive faculties altogether. This expedient, however, can hardly recommend itself long.

Surely, then, Gaelic has a great function to perform in Highland education—a function which ought to operate the first day a Highland child goes to school, and continue to operate to the very end of the school career.

It has already appeared that the industrial, political, and ecclesiastical ideas of the Highlanders are specific, and that the structures formed by these are notoriously out of relation to the present system of Highland education. We are now in a position to add that the symbols which represent these ideas are also specific, and constitute the only medium through which the Highland mind can be brought into full communication with the ideas and objects which surround it. Generally, therefore, we conclude that the structure of Highland society is strikingly distinctive; and we conclude further that Highland education, in so far as it does not recognise this structural individuality, and adapt itself to it, is unscientific and chaotic. We must now proceed to examine the other great class of historical data.

2. FUNCTION OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIAL ORGANISM.—Highland society as a distinct social organism must here be regarded not as a complete anatomical structure, but as a living, working machine. Looked at from this point of view the individual Highlander himself becomes the centre of interest. He is a factor in the hereditary condition of education, for his mind is loaded with hereditary ideas and sentiments. Now, as such a factor, a Highlander has two functions to perform—a regulative function, towards laws; and an operative function, towards actions.

(*a.*) *Regulative Function.*—Knowledge, moral sentiments, and religious beliefs are the main elements in the complex regulative force which conduces to action.

(1.) What, then, is the quantity and what the quality of pure knowledge which the historic heirloom of Highland ideas will yield to analysis? Of those kinds of knowledge into which the element of doubt enters least we find little. Accurate ideas about the properties of space, the function of energy, and the methods of classification there are none. But of more or less crude speculations as to the nature of being, of thoroughly sound ethical and esthetical conceptions, and of traditionary political notions there is no lack. Now, those rich treasures of moral truth and those charming realisations of form, colour, motion, and music which the literature and folk-lore of the Highlands yield should be utilised by Highland education. For as far as the finer culture of a Highland mind is concerned, a study of the rhythmic beauty and exquisite colouring of *Ben Dorain* would be found infinitely more effective than the most careful critical and rhetorical analyses of foreign literature, however classical.

(2.) But, again, the Highlander is

pre-eminently an emotional animal. His it is to know that wild hurricane of passion which in its moments of exultation carries everything before it —to experience that unquenchable thirst, that insatiate yearning, which lights up his character with the finest enthusiasm—to realise that strong ardent love for nature which twines every fibre of his heart around the memories of his native land—to feel the tenderest of all emotions so intensely that in his national music the burning elements of Sapphic passion become fused and distil tears of liquid fire, the dread heraldry of devotion unto death. Among a people so earnest it is not surprising to find that the grandeur, the beneficence, and the inevitableness of moral necessity have been realised in an extraordinary degree. Now, surely, one and the same educational system cannot possibly reflect the condition of a people so fervid and so Hebraistic as this, and at the same time that of a nation so practical and Philistine as the English.

(3.) We come now to the deepest and most mysterious of the springs of conduct—religion. And were it not that religious belief constitutes a powerful factor in the functional condition of education, we might well content ourselves here with the fashionable opinion, that religion has nothing to do with education. For of all the kinds of knowledge with which the human mind is concerned, religious knowledge is the most difficult to treat scientifically. As we rise from the concrete to the abstract, from individual facts to general conclusions, the element of doubt enters gradually into our speculations, and when at last we are carried to the most abstract conclusion of all, the conception of a Final Cause, we find ourselves striving to protrude our minds into a region in which the probable, the possible, and the unintelligible contend with each other. But although the religious sphere can yield so little positive knowledge to rigorous scientific inference, yet the personal experience of the Highlander enabled him to perceive, as the Hebrews perceived of old, that we all of us stand in the presence of a "not-ourselves, that makes for righteousness." These two grand realisations could not but powerfully affect conduct; yet they are in their nature much too general to afford complete satisfaction to the mind. Man thirsts after full and perfect knowledge—nay, not unfrequently he endeavours to overcome an inherent imperfection in thought by a proportionate strength of assertion. Accordingly, we find among nations an enormous mass of ultra-scientific beliefs, which are with the utmost confidence referred to a perfect source, and which thus obtain over conduct the force of the most necessary scientific conclusions. Now, education in dealing with religion can no more afford to neglect the ultra-scientific elements in belief than those which are purely rational. Our beliefs, such as they are, must affect our conduct, and the main duty of education is to prepare us for right conduct. Further, it is not for the educationist to say which elements in Highland belief are false and which are not. No doubt it is most cruel to nurture a child in beliefs which in after-years he must, after a terrible struggle, surrender. Nature, however, is rough in her ways, and deals by general laws. We cannot frame educational systems to meet the requirements of individuals, but only of communities. A national religion is a theoretical response to the deepest national necessities. As a special system, it is called into being by special wants, modified by specialities of thought, and illumined and coloured by specialities of feeling and of imagination. The lofty spiritualism of Highland religion, the intense urgency of its claims, the very incongruity of many of its relations are as strikingly distinctive as the Highlanders themselves are distinct as a people. Therefore, since religious training forms a necessary element in true education, and since Highland religion is distinctive in conception and function, the educational treatment of Highland religion ought to be distinctive also.

(*b.*) *Operative Function.* — We come now to deal with phenomena of a much more tangible and definite character. A treatment of the principles on which national character ultimately reposes must always form the most difficult section in educational science. In comparison with this a classification of the modes of action that minister more or less directly to self-preservation will be found comparatively easy. These modes of action come under one or other of four heads; they concern either food, clothing, dwelling, or tools. Now, in the exact proportion that facts become less and less general, a teacher becomes more and more justified in departing from the conclusions held by the masses of the people. Hence, although nothing could justify him in wilfully outraging a people's religious convictions, it becomes not only his privilege but his duty to apply strict science to current opinions on domestic and industrial economy. And science can teach Highland children a very great deal in this connection. It can teach them better methods of cultivating the soil, better methods of rearing the useful animals and of utilising their produce, better methods of fishing and navigation even; and, in general, better methods of living, at once as regards food and shelter. Science can also vastly develop the operative function of the Highlander by learning him how to use those tools which are laying the physical world at the feet of civilised man. Now, surely there is here the greatest necessity for a distinctively Highland system of education. The operative function of the Highlander is most distinctive; surely his education, to be true to its fundamental data, should be distinctive also.

It appears, then, that every element in the peculiar kind of life which national custom predetermines for a Highland child is specific. Many phenomena have doubtless much in common with the corresponding data of English education; but in every important case there are enormous differences. In traditions, in language, in thoughts, in feelings, and in habits the Gael stands apart as a distinct and peculiar people. It is impossible, therefore, to look upon this people as merged in the great Saxon community. Time, nature herself, may weld the two communities into one. We cannot. England may ignore Celtic individuality as she has ignored it in the past; she may imagine that she is able to proscribe Highland thought and feeling as she has proscribed the Highland garb. But nature is mightier than kings, and her devices more inevitable than the machinations of statesmen. And nature has traced a distinct national character on the heart and mind of the Highland people, and this character neither craft nor force nor any other power than nature herself can efface.

We conclude, therefore, that Highland education, to harmonise with its historical condition, must be emphatically distinctive.

It remains to be seen how an analysis of his psychological, physical, and sociological conditions will affect this conclusion.

MACHAON.

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